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# HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

## THE SPA HUNT.

*A Sporting Tale.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“JORROCKS’ JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES,” &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:  
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,  
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

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1843.





## P R E F A C E.

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THE outline of the following tale—for novel it does not pretend to be—appeared in a sporting periodical, from whence it was freely copied in this country and reprinted in America. That, with the “laborious lassitude” of a protracted snow-storm, induced the author to try if he could make any thing better of it,—and behold the result!

It is odd that, though we have knocked off these three volumes (which, by the way, contain as much as four or five, ordinary measure) with ease and rapidity, we feel rather bothered about this paltry Preface;\* but, as we have something to say, here goes.

\* A Preface is always printed, or generally written, last.

That *real* critic, the publisher, as the delectable author of "Cecil" calls him, approved of the work in manuscript, but objected to the title "Handley Cross; or, the Spa Hunt," on the ground that it would be taken for a mere fashionable, watering-place tale, and wished to substitute that of "THE FOX-HUNTER" for it.

The author stood out (right or wrong, the reader will be better able to judge when he gets through the third volume), and his reasons were, that there is no "fox-hunter," *par excellence*, in the work, and such a title would deter lady-readers from looking at it. But while the author feels that the work is not open to the objection taken by Mr. Colburn, he is by no means so sure that an opposite one may not prevail, viz., that it is not sufficiently "*genteel*." (O, that horrid word, we should like to knock it on the head!)

Once for all, then, let us state that it is *not* a genteel work—not one of your Lord Jeems (James), silver-fork school of writing—but a mere tale of ordinary, tradesman-like



sporting life, with scarcely a titled personage in it.

Having let the reader into one secret of the “prison-house,” we will disclose a little more, and then to the book or not, as he may.

“Prune down a little of the old fox-hunting grocer’s coarseness,” said the publisher.

“Prune down a little of the old fox-hunting grocer’s coarseness!” repeated we; “what, make old Jorrocks a gentleman? Impossible! The man’s a real character, and his friends wouldn’t know him. Call him Lord Jeems Jorrocks, if you like, and start him afresh, but don’t convert honest old John into a bag-wigged, bowing courtier.—‘If from high life high characters are drawn,’ from what class would you draw common life?”

Mr. Colburn was silent.

Reader! gentle—or *genteel* reader! a word with you. Don’t turn up your nose at old J. because he’s “vulgar.”

We think that is about all we have got to say. We might have observed upon the

overgrown establishments of modern times for the enjoyment of that sport of which the boast of every man is that his co-follower "knows nothing," and commented upon the influence reporting and the love of notoriety have had in making them so ; but Peel, we think, will cure the one, and the other will cure itself. So now, Reader, there's the whistle ! take your book, jump into the train and whisk away !

*Hoddesdon, Nov. 1842.*

# HANDLEY CROSS;

OR, THE

## SPA HUNT.

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### CHAPTER I.

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“ I respect hunting in whatever shape it appears ; it is a manly and a wholesome exercise, and seems by nature designed to be the amusement of the Briton.”—BECKFORD.

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WHEN Michael Hardey died, great was the difficulty in the Vale of Sheepwash to devise how the farmers' hunt was to be carried on. Michael, a venerable sportsman of the old school, had long been at the head of affairs, and without paying all expenses, had enjoyed an uninterrupted sway over the pack and country.

The hounds at first were of that primitive sort, upon which modern sportsmen look down with contempt. Few in number, uneven in size, and ill-matched in speed, they were trencher-fed\* all

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\* Unkenneled, or kept at farm-houses and cottages.

the year round, and upon any particular morning that was fixed on for a hunt, each man might be seen wending his way to the meet followed by his dog, or bringing him along in a string.

“ ‘There was Invincible Tom, and Invincible Towler, Invincible Jack, and Invincible Jowler.’ ”

Day would hardly have dawned ere the long-poled sportsmen assembled with their hounds. Then they would trail up to puss. Tipler would give the first intimation of her erratic wanderings o’er the dewy mead. Then it was, “well done Tipler! O, what a dog he is!” Then Mountain would throw his tongue, and flinging a pace or two in advance, would assume the lead. “Well done, Mountain! Mountain for ever”—would be the cry. Tapster next would give a long drawn howl, as if in confirmation of his comrades doings in front, and receive in turn the plaudits of his master. Thus they would unravel the gordian knot of puss’s wanderings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Other foot-people try the turnips, cross the stubbles, and beat the hedges.

Yon tuft upon the rising ground seems likely for her form. Aye, Tipler points towards it. Giles Jolter’s hand is raised to signal invincible Towler, but half the pack rush towards him, and Jolter kicks puss out of her form to save her from

their jaws. "*Hoop! Hoop! Hoop!* There she goes!" What a panic ensues! Puss lays her long ears upon her back, and starts for the hill with the fleetness of the wind. The pack with more noise than speed, strain every nerve, and the further they go the further they are left behind. The hare crosses over the summit of the hill, and the hounds are reduced to their noses for the line. "Now, Mountain! Now, Tipler! Now, Bonnets-o'-blue. Oh, what dogs they are!"

\* \* \* \* \*

*Puff, puff, puff*, go the sportsmen, running and rolling after their darlings, with little leisure for shouting. Then, having gained the summit of the hill, the panting pedestrians would stand lost in admiration at the doings of their favourites down below, while the more active follow in their wake, trusting to a check to let them in. When a check ensued how bipeds and quadrupeds worked! While the latter were sniffing about, going over the same ground half a dozen times, the former would call their hounds to them, and either by pricking or lifting over difficult ground contrive to give them a lead. The hunt is up aagin, and away they all go. The hounds strain over the grass, dash through the furze, making the spinney resound with their cry, and enter upon the fallow beyond. Mountain alone speaks to

the scent, and hill re-echoes his voice.—Now he's silent.—She's squatted.

The prickers are at work again, trying each furrow, and taking the rigs across. How close she lies !

\* \* \* \* \*

“ *Hoop !*” She jumps up in the middle of the pack, and Mountain gets a mouthful of fur. That was a close shave!—too close to be pleasant. The hill people view her, and now every move of puss and the pack is eagerly watched. “That's right! that's right! over the stubble. Tipler's just going her very line. Ah, he's taken up the hedge instead of down, and Mountain has it. Now, Mountain, my man !”

She runs round the sheep, but Mountain hits her off beyond. Now she doubles and springs back, but they work through the problem, and again puss has nothing to trust to but her speed. Her strength begins to fail. She makes a grand effort, and again leaves her pursuers in the lurch. Slow and sure they ring her funeral knell after her, each note striking terror into her breast, as she pricks her long ears and sits listening.

She nears her own haunt but dare not enter. The hill-people descend to join the tussle at the end. Poor puss! her large bright eyes are ready to start out of her head. Her clean brown fur is

clotted and begrimed, and her strength is all but exhausted. Another view!

“ Poor, is the triumph o’er the timid hare.”

Now what a noise of men and hounds as they view her again. It is a last chance. She passes into the next grass field, and a friendly hedge conceals her from their view. She steals up the furrow, and reaches the wall at the high end. It is high and loose, and a few stones are out in the middle. Puss jumps in.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Up come the hounds. Mountain and Tipler, and Gamester, and Bonnets-o’-blue, Merryman and Ferryman, and then a long tail, yelping, yapping, puffing, and blowing.

Over they go into the lame. Now up, now down, now backwards, now forwards, now round about, but no puss.

\* \* \* \* \*

Up come the field. “ Now, Mountain, my man, hit her off!” cries his master, vaulting over the wall, and stooping to prick the hare on the road. But no prints are there.

“ She must have flown!” observes one.

“ Or sunk into the ground,” says another.

“ Or yon tinker man’s knocked her on the

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\* The manœuvres of a hunted hare are truly astonishing.—  
The author witnessed the above.

head," observes a third, pointing to a gipsy camp at the cross roads, and away they all go to demand the body of puss.

\* \* \* \* \*

The tinker man shows fight on having his cauldron searched, and several stout wenches emerging from the tattered cart-awning, a battle royal ensues, and further attention is completely diverted from puss.

Well done, puss !

To proceed—

The next step in the Handley Cross hunt, was getting a boy to collect the hounds before hunting.\*

They lay wide, and sometimes Mountain's master couldn't come, consequently, Mountain was not there ; sometimes Tipler's master was absent, and the pack lost the services of Tipler's unerring nose.

Next, some of the farmers began to ride. At first they came out with young horses, just to let them see hounds—then as the horses got older they thought they might as well work them till they sold them, and at last it ended in their riding as a matter of course. Foremost among the riders was Michael Hardey. He had always

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\* It is only those who have witnessed it that can credit the sagacity evinced by trencher-fed hounds in knowing the hunting mornings, placing themselves ready for the summons, or rushing with joyous cry to meet the messenger.



been a great promoter of the hunt, breeding his hounds as he did his horses, for speed and substance. Some used to say they were *rayther* too swift for a hare. Others, however, followed his example, and in course of time the heavy towling harriers were converted into quick and dashing hounds.

Time rolled on, and Michael at length became looked upon as the master or manager of the pack. Having been always more addicted to fox than to hare, he had infused a spirit into the country which ended in making the wily animal their quarry.

The hounds were still kept at walks during the summer, but Michael fitted up a kennel at his farm to which they were brought towards the autumn. Peter, the pedestrian huntsman, was taken into Michael's service, clothed and mounted.

Of course all this was done by subscription. Some gave Michael cash, some gave him corn, some hay, others straw, and all the old horses in the country found their ways to his farm.

They were then called fox-hounds.

The first day of the first season, after their metamorphosis, the hounds met at Handley Cross—the Godfather of our work. It was a pretty village, standing on a gentle eminence, about the middle of the Vale of Sheepwash, a rich grazing

district, full of rural beauties, and renowned for the honest independence of its inhabitants. Neither factory nor foundry disturbed its morals or its quietude—steam and railroads were equally unknown. The clear curl of white smoke, that rose from its cottage chimneys, denoted the consumption of forest wood, with which the outskirts of the vale abounded. It was a nice clean country. The hazel grew with an eel-like skin, and the spiry larch shot up in a cane-coloured shoot. Wild roses filled the hedges, and fragrant woodbine clambered every where. Handley Cross was a picturesque spot.—It commanded an almost uninterrupted view over the whole vale—Far, to the north, the lofty Gayhurst hills formed a soft and sublime outline, while the rich vale stretched out, dotted with village spires, and brightened with winding silvery streams, closed in on either side with dark streaks of woodland tracts.—To the south, it stretched away to the sea. Handley Cross, was a simple, unpretending village—The white-washed, thatched-roofed cottages formed a straggling square, round a village green, in the centre of which, encircled with time-honoured firs, on a flight of rude stone steps, stood the village cross, the scene of country hirings. Basket-making was the trade of the inhabitants ; a healthy and prosperous one, if the looks of its followers, and the vine-clad and rose-

covered fronts of the cottages might be taken as an index. It had but one public-house—the sign of the Fox and Grapes, and that was little frequented—had it been, there would most likely have been two.

Thither our master brought his hounds the first day of the season in which they professedly began to hunt foxes. It was a day of interest in the vale, and people gathered from afar—The morning was beautifully fine, with a slight tinge of frost on the ground, that half-an-hour's sunshine would dissolve. A little before eight, the foot-people on the steps of the Cross, descried Michael crossing the vale by a line of hand-gates, from his house—the hounds clustered round his horse, and Peter bringing up the rear. On they come at an easy steady pace, and then the tall hedges below concealed them from their view—presently they rose the hill, and entered the village-green. “The hounds! the hounds!” cried the children, and away they rushed from the Cross to meet them.

Some of the hounds threw their tongues with delight, as they jumped and fawned on the hands that had fed them—Climbank met his master, and rushed to him with joy, while the honest fellow felt in his pocket for the accustomed crust. “Come-by-Chance,” recognized his mistress, and nearly threw her down with the vehemence of

his salute. All was cheerful and bright—Michael's black horse pawed the ground, and whinnied with delight, as the hounds bayed him, or leapt against his sides. His master had paid a little extra attention to his toilette that morning; his well-brushed broad-brimmed hat, pressed gently on his close-lying nut-brown curls, his whiskers were newly trimmed, and he had evidently had a keen-edged razor to shave with—Health was on his brow, and a good-natured smile hovered o'er his swarthy face, displaying the brightness of his eyes and the whiteness and regularity of his teeth. Michael was then about forty; but for the fullness of his limbs one might have taken something off. The elements had rather hardened than sharpen'd the features of his face. He stood six feet high, with an amazing expanse of chest, and well-proportioned limbs. His hunting costume consisted of a good nut-brown coat, almost matching his complexion, a scrupulously clean white neckcloth, with a large flap-pocketed red waistcoat, patent cord breeches, and mahogany-coloured top boots. His undress, or home costume, was the same, with drab gaiters instead of boots; and his full, or evening costume, ditto, without the gaiters. A twisted hunting horn was slung across his shoulder, and he rode with a spare stirrup-leather round his horse's neck. This coal black steed was an animal of

amazing speed and power—nearly thorough-bred, with a light, well-set on head, clean flat legs, immense loins and hocks—he stood nearly sixteen hands, though the shortness of his tail made him look somewhat bigger—he was rising seven years old, and that was his first regular season. Peter was dressed like his master—coat, waistcoat, and breeches off the same web, and rode a wiry-looking bay mare, with white hind legs. He was then about thirty, short, light, and active, barely turning nine stone—Michael weighed fourteen.

Horsemen now began to arrive through the various openings among the cottages on the green. First came James Fairlamb, with his merry round face shining with the morning sun—He rode a crop-eared cob with a Roman nose; his dress consisted of a single-breasted plum-coloured coat, with large silver buttons, black boots, and white lambswool stockings drawn over his knees. Stephen Dumpling, the doctor, appeared at the door of the only four-windowed house on the green, followed by his maid with a foaming tankard. The contents being disposed of, he mounted his dun pony, and joined the group. He was dressed in orthodox black, with powder, and a pigtail, drab shorts, and top boots. The plot thickened—they came by twos and threes. Peter Jewitt, and Harry Jones; two

Smiths, and a Brown, then another Jewitt, then another Jones ; Morgan Hains, and John Thomas ; next a horse-breaker ; after him, Mr. Giles, the brewer, followed by the Exciseman, on a mule ; then Mr. Smith, the overseer, and Miss Fidget's young man with the letter-bag, a mole-catcher, and a gamekeeper.

All his comrades having come, Michael looked at his large silver hunting watch, and seeing it was half-past eight, prepared for throwing off. The couples were taken off the young hounds, master and man cocked forward their legs and tightened their girths, and then turned their horses' heads for the south, amid a chorus of delight from the hounds and the ill-suppressed cheers of the field.

A hazel copse or two were tried just for the sake of the chance, and on they trotted to a warm lying cover of gorse or brush wood, formed by the junction of two hills. Jolly-boy, Boniface, and Dexterous, feathered as they approached the spot, and the former dashing in with a whimper and a long drawn howl, Michael took off his broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, and waving in the pack, cheered them to the echo. His horse pricked his ears, and whinnied with delight, and could scarcely be brought to stand with his head towards the cover as Michael stood erect in his stirrups, with one hand on the cantrel of his

saddle and the other holding his whip and reins, while his eagle-eye roved over every part of the dell. “*Have at him there, my jewel!*” cried he to old Bonny-bell—a favourite white bitch that lived with him, and could scarcely ever be persuaded to quit his horse’s heels,—as she stood whining, lifting a foot, and looking him earnestly in the face;—“*Have at him there, my old lass!*” re-echoed he, looking down upon her, and waving his right hand, to induce her to join cry. The old bitch dashed in, and the chorus increased. The gorse was close, or the hounds must have chopped the fox, for he had made two efforts to break up hill so as to fly for the woodland country, and had twice been driven from his point by Michael’s voice and the crack of his whip. A momentary silence ensued, as they over-ran the scent, and Michael had just cried, “Look out, Peter!” to his whipper-in, who was stationed on the opposite hill, when the fox dashed over a piece of stone wall between two large ash trees in the high hedge at the bottom of the cover, and with a whisk of his brush, set his head straight down the vale, crossing over a large grazing ground of at least a hundred acres. “Silence!” cried Michael, holding up his hand to the foot people, who were congregated on the hill, as he turned his horse short and galloped to the point at which the fox broke away, where with a twang of his bugle, he

presently had the old hounds at his heels, and hat in hand he waved them over the wall. Jolly-boy feathered for a second on the grass, and then with a long-protracted howl, as if to draw his brethren to the spot, he went away with his head in the air, followed by Dexterous, Countryman, Bonny-bell, and True-boy, and after them went the body of the pack.

“*Gone away!*” cried Michael, “gone away! tally-ho! tally-ho! tally-ho!”

“Get away, hounds! get away!” holloed Peter, cracking his whip as he trotted down the steep hill; and putting his bay mare straight at the fence at the bottom, went crash through it, with a noise that resembled the out-bursting of a fire in a straw-yard. Then came the rush: the black threw the stone wall behind him, as a girl would her skipping-rope; and James Fairlamb’s cob came floundering after, bringing down the coping stones, with a rattle and clatter that would have been awful if hounds had not been running. The third man was the doctor on the dun, who made it still lower; and after him came Peter Jewitt and John Jones, (the latter leading over,) and impeding the progress of John Thomas, the other Jewitt, the other Jones, Morgan Hains, the overseer, and the parish-clerk of Welford, who all kept holloaing and swearing away—as obstructed gentlemen in a hurry generally do. The foot-people, seeing



how hopeless was the case, stood upon the hills, lost in mute astonishment, eyeing Michael on his black, careering over the meadows and hedges in a straight line with the pack, followed by Peter on his bay, and Fairlamb on his cob, until the plum-coloured coat of the latter assumed the hue of the others, and hounds, horses, and men, grew

“Small by degrees, and beautifully less.”

“*Gently !*” cried Michael, as the black horse bounded over the fifteenth fence, with all the dash and vigour with which he had cleared the wall, and the hounds threw up over a fallow, the first check they had come to. “Yon way !” cried a countryman on a bean-stack, who had headed the fox, extending his arm like a telegraph ; “to the left, past the hurdles.” “*Let them alone !*” cried Michael, “*let them alone !* Jolly-boy has it down the furrow ; hoic to Jolly-boy ! hoic !” and a wave of his hat brought the pack forward, and away they go full cry, making the welkin ring with the music of their deep-toned notes.

————— “A cry more tuneable  
Was never holloa’d to, nor cheer’d by horn !”

Forward they press; and Conqueror usurps the place of Jolly-boy. Poor dog, nature must not be denied, and age has slackened the vigour of his limbs! But they come to slow hunting, and the old hound’s unerring nose keeps the pack upon

the line. The ground is stained with sheep, which scampering in a half circle as the fox went pass, complete the ring, now that they hear the hounds. Michael pulls up, Peter is at his side, Fairlamb is in the next field—crack goes a rail, and the Roman-nosed cob is over, and the doctor's dun comes up just as Michael puts his finger in his ear, and screeches the pack forward to old Bonny-bell, who speaks to the villain under the gate. It is a rotten old thing upon one hinge, formed of at least twenty spars and rails, all rattling and jingling out of concert, and is fastened with hazel-bands and pieces of knotted rope. Michael's ponderous iron-headed whip breaks through them at a blow, and, thrusting the remains back with his right leg, he passes through and enters the open common beyond the vale. They are now upon the downs! all is brightness and space; Handley-cross appears like a speck in the distance, rendered visible only by the dark firs on the Green, and the vale looks like a web of green cloth stretched out behind.

They approach rising ground, and the pack no longer press forward in eager jealousy, but each hound seems settled in his place; in truth, the pace has told upon uneven condition, and four hounds alone carry the scent. The ground becomes steeper and steeper, and even the fox has traversed the "mountain's brow" at an angle. Now Clim-

bank's outline stands against the blue sky, and the pack wind after him in long drawn file. Michael jumps off his horse as he approaches the steep ascent, and runs up, leading; Peter follows his example, but Fairlamb sticks to the cob, and the Doctor begins kicking and digging the dun with his spurs.

The heights of Ashley Downs are gained, and the scene changes. The horizon is bounded by the sea, upon whose briny bosom float some pigmy vessels, and the white breakers of the shore are just visible to the eye. It may be five miles off, and the space between is undulating and open, save towards a tract of woodland that appears to join the coast. The Doctor reaches the summit of Ashley Downs, and pulls up fairly exhausted. He takes off his hat and mops the perspiration from his brow, as he sits viewing hounds, horses, and men, swinging away down the hill like a bundle of clock pendulums into the vale below. Not a house to be seen! no, not even a cottage, and as the hounds turn to the right, and run the depths of a rocky dell, whose projecting cliffs support venerable yews and red-berried hollies, their music rends the air,

“As if a double hunt were heard at once.”

“It's twenty years since I was here,” said Michael to himself, wiping the perspiration from

his forehead, "and the fox beat me I recollect. If we can but press him out, we must kill. That's the very crag!" added he, "just below the crooked oak. He has tried it, but, thank goodness, Jolly-boy carries the scent beyond! *Yooi on, hounds! yooi on!*" holloas Michael from above, with a crack of his whip to some tail hounds that kept snuffling at his sides; "*Forrard, away, forrard!*"

The dell opens into a broader expanse of better soil, and the whole pack pour forth into the vale beyond with a chorus and a melody "of musical discord and sweet thunder," that makes even Fairlamb's cob, though somewhat distressed, snort and prick up his ears with pleasure. Forward they go, with every hound upon the scent and speaking to it,

"What lengths they pass! where will the wandering chase  
Lead them bewilder'd!"

• • • •

"He's close *afoor* you!" cries a shepherd from a straw-thatched hut, whose dog having chased the fox had caused a check, and Michael cast forward at a trot. A flock of sheep wheeling round a field directed him to the line, and old Bonny-bell hits him off at the hedge-row. All the hounds then stoop to the scent and dash forward into the large wood beyond with mischief and venom in their cry. The wood is open at the

bottom and they get through it like wild-fire. Michael is with them, and Peter is outside, with Fairlamb behind. The wood becomes studded with evergreens and gradually opens upon a lake with a bridge of costly structure at the end; Michael views the fox dead beat, with his tongue out, and brush dragging along the ground just turning the corner to cross the bridge; and dashing forward, hat in hand, in another minute ran into him on the mossy lawn by the terrace of Ongar Castle, just as the Earl of Bramber and family were sitting down to breakfast.

Who shall describe Michael's ecstasy, as he picked up the fox and held him high 'above the baying pack'. There he stood on the well-kept lawn, with his fox grinning in grim death in one hand and his low-crowned hat in the other, whooping and holloaing old Bonny-bell and the pack up to him, while the colt in a smoking white lather, kept moving about, stamping and pawing up the mossy bank as he went. Then Michael pulled his bugle round and sounded a blast that brought Peter and Fairlamb along at the best pace they could muster, just as the Earl of Bramber threw up the breakfast-room window, and the towers of the castle flashed upon Michael's view. All, however, was right, for his lordship having been a sportsman himself entered into his feelings, and, stepping out

upon the lawn, banished the idea of intrusion by congratulating Michael on his sport. The ladies, too, followed his example, and even forgave the trampling of the horse on their mossy carpet. The horses and hounds were then withdrawn from the terrace to a corner of the park close by, where the fox's brush, mask, and pads, being cut off, Peter climbed up a neighbouring oak, extended himself along a strong arm across which he balanced the fox, whooping and holloaing to the hounds, while Michael and Fairlamb did the same below, and the hounds being tantalized by expectation, and baying in full chorus, down went the fox crash into their mouths ; "*tear him and eat him!*" was the cry, and he was riven to pieces in an instant.

Years rolled on with varying sport, but with Michael at the head of the hunt. Time slackened his pace and the pace of his field ; but they all grew fat, and old, and grey together, and no one noticed the change in his neighbour. The hounds got a name, and while in their zenith none could twist up a fox sooner or in better style. With plenty of music and mettle, they seldom over-ran the scent, were never pressed upon, or over-ridden. They turned like harriers. Kennel lameness was unknown.

As a huntsman Michael was super-excellent. He knew when to lay hold of his hounds, and

when to let them alone. His voice was shrill, clear, and musical, his eye quick and bright, and he saw things that others never noticed. It is told of him that one day having pressed his fox very hard, and lost him most unaccountably in a wood of some ten acres, as he was telling his hounds over preparatory to going home, he all at once rode back to the top of a hill that commanded a view of the other side of the cover and tallihoed *away!* The fox being blown, was soon after killed, and when Michael came to account for his movements, he said that knowing the hounds were all out, he heard a blackbird frightened in cover, and supposed it might be by the fox moving, after they were gone. Hundreds of similar stories might be told of him.

In his large woodlands with which the outskirts of the vale abounded, many a fox owed his death to the way Michael threw in his tail-hounds at head. He knew his country and the runs of his foxes, and where he gained an advantage one season he did not forget to repeat it in the next. His dog language was peculiar, partaking more of the nature of dialogue than the short monosyllabic cheering and rating of the present day. His hounds were strongly attached to him; and if by any chance he did not accompany them to cover, they would rush full cry from Peter and his boy to meet him on the road.

Peter was a capital coadjutor, and master and man played into each other's hands with keenness untinctured with jealousy. The whipper-in's nerve continued after his master's began to fail, and he might often be seen boring through a bullfinch to clear the way for old Michael, or stopping at a brook to give him a help over.

Peace to Michael's manes! He died at the good old age of seventy-four, without a groan or struggle. The lamp of life gradually flickered out, and his spirit passed away almost imperceptibly.

“ His memory is cherished yet : and many people say,  
With this good old English man good old times are gone for  
aye.’ ”



## CHAPTER II.

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“Throw physic to the dogs.”

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WELL, as we said before, when Michael Hardey died, great was the difficulty in the Vale of Sheepwash to devise how the farmer's hunt was to be carried on.

The difficulty was increased by the change that had come over the country itself. After upwards of thirty years occupancy of it, Michael witnessed one of those magical revolutions that appear to belong rather to fiction than reality.

One Roger Swizzle, a roistering, red-faced, round-about apothecary, who had somewhat impaired his constitution by his jolly performances while walking the hospitals in London, had settled at Appledove, a small market town in the vale, where he enjoyed a considerable want of practice in common with two or three other fortunate brethren. Hearing of a mineral spring at Handley Cross, which, according to usual country tradition, was capable of “curing everything,” he tried it on himself, and either the water or the exercise in walking to and fro had a very bene-

ficial effect on his somewhat deranged digestive powers. He analysed its contents, and finding the ingredients he expected, he set himself to work to turn it to his own advantage. Having secured a lease of the spring, he took the late Stephen Dumpling's house on the green, where at one or other of its four front windows, a numerous tribe of little Swizzles might be seen flattening their noses against the panes. Roger possessed every requisite for a great experimental (qy. quack) practitioner,—assurance, a wife and large family, and scarcely anything to keep them on.

Being a shrewd sort of fellow, he knew there was nothing like striking out a new light for attracting notice, and the more that light was in accordance with the wishes of the world, the more likely was it to turn to his own advantage. Half the complaints of the upper classes he knew arose from over eating and indolence, so he thought if he could originate a doctrine that with the use of Handley Cross waters people might eat and drink what they pleased, his fortune would be as good as made. To this end, therefore, he set himself manfully to work. Aided by the local press, he succeeded in drawing a certain attention to the water, the benefit of which soon began to be felt by the villagers of the place; and the landlord of the Fox and Grapes had his stable constantly filled with gigs and horses of the visitors. Presently lodgings were sought after, and carpeting

began to cover the before sanded staircases of the cottages. These were soon found insufficient; and an enterprising bricklayer got up a building society for the erection of a row of four-roomed cottages, called the Grand Esplanade. Others quickly followed, the last undertaking always eclipsing its predecessor, until that, which at first was regarded with astonishment, sunk into insignificance by its more pretending brethren.

The Doctor's practice "grew with the growth" of Handley Cross.

His rosy face glowed with health and good living, and his little black eyes twinkled with delight as he prescribed for each patient, sending them away as happy as princes.

"Ah, I see how it is," he would say, as a gouty alderman slowly disclosed the symptoms of his case. "Shut your potato trap! I see how it is. Soon set *you* on your legs again. Was *far* worse myself. All stomach, sir—all stomach, sir—all stomach—three-fourths of our complaints arise from stomach;" stroking his corpulent protuberancy with one hand, and twisting his patient's button with the other. "Clean you well out and then strengthen the system. Dine with me at five and we will talk it all over."

To the great and dignified he was more ceremonious. "You see, Sir Harry," he would say, "*it's all done by eating!* More people dig their

graves with their teeth than we imagine. Not that I would deny you the good things of this world, but I would recommend a few at a time, and no mixing. No side dishes. No liqueurs—only two or three wines. Whatever your stomach fancies *give it !* Begin now, to-morrow, with the waters. A pint before breakfast—half an hour after, tea, fried ham and eggs, brown bread, and a walk. Luncheon—another pint—a roast pigeon and fried potatoes, then a ride. Dinner at six, *not later mind* ; gravy soup, glass of sherry, nice fresh turbot and lobster sauce—wouldn't recommend salmon—another glass of sherry—then a good cut out of the middle of a well-browned saddle of mutton, wash it over with a few glasses of iced champagne ; and if you like a little light pastry to wind up with, well and good.—A pint of old port and a deviled biscuit can hurt no man. *Mind*, no sallads or cucumbers, or celery, at dinner, or fruit after. Turtle soup is very wholesome, so is venison. Don't let the punch be too acid though. Drink the waters, live on a *regimen*, and you'll be well in no time."

With these and such like comfortable assurances, he pocketed his guineas, and bowed his patients out by the dozen. The theory was pleasant both to doctor and patient, and peculiarly suited the jolly air of the giver. We beg pardon for not having drawn a more elaborate sketch of

Mr. Swizzle, before. In height he was exactly five feet eight, and forty years of age. He had a long fat red face, with little twinkling black eyes, set high in his forehead, surmounted by fullish eye-brows and short bristly iron-grey hair, brushed up like a hedgehog's back. His nose was snub, and he rejoiced in an ample double chin, rendered more conspicuous by the tightness of an ill-tied white neckcloth, and the absence of all whisker or hair from his face. A country-made snuff-coloured coat, black waistcoat, and short greenish drab trousers, with high-lows, were the adjuncts of his short ungainly figure. A peculiarly good-natured smile hovered round the dimples of his fat cheeks, which set a patient at ease on the instant. This, with his unaffected, cheery free and easy manner and the comfortable nature of his prescriptions, gained him innumerable patients. That to some he did good, there is no doubt. The mere early rising and exercise he insisted upon, would renovate a constitution impaired by too close application to business, and bad air; while the gourmand, among whom his principal practice lay, would be benefitted by abstinence and regular hours. The water no doubt had its merits, but, as usual, was greatly aided by early rising, pure air, the absence of cares, regular habits, and the other advantages, which mineral waters invariably claim as their own. One thing

the Doctor never wanted—a reason why it did not cure. If a patient went back on his hands, he soon hit off an excuse—"You surely didn't dine off goose, on Michaelmas-day?" or "Hadn't you some filberts for dessert?" &c., all which information he got from the servants or shopkeepers of the place. When a patient died on his hands, he would say, "He was as good as dead when he came."

The Handley Cross mania spread throughout the land ! Invalids in every stage of disease and suffering were attracted by Roger's name and fame. The village assumed the appearance of a town. A handsome crescent reared its porticoed front at the north end of the green, to the centre house of which the Doctor removed from his humble whitewashed cottage, which was immediately rased, to make way for a square of forty important houses. Buildings shot up in all directions. Streets branched out, and markets, and lawns, and terraces, stretched to the right and the left, the north, the south, the east, and the west. The suburbs built their Prospect Houses, Rose Hill Villas, Hope Cottages, Grove Places, Gilead Terraces, and Tower View Halls. A fortune was expended on a pump room, opening into spacious promenade and ball rooms, but the speculators never flagged, and new works were planned before those in hand were completed.

A thriving trade soon brings competition — another patientless doctor determined to try his luck in opposition to Roger Swizzle. Observing the fitness of that worthy's figure for the line he had taken, Dr. Sebastian Mello considered that his pale and sentimental countenance better became a grave and thoughtful character, so determined to devote himself to the serious portion of the population. He too was about forty, but a fair complexion, flowing sandy locks, and a slight figure, would let him pass for ten years younger. He had somewhat of a Grecian face, with blue eyes, and regular teeth, vieing the whiteness of his linen.

Determined to be Swizzle's opposite in every particular, he was studiously attentive to his dress. Not that he indulged in gay colours, but his black suit fitted without a wrinkle, and his thin dress boots, shone with patent polish ; turned-back cambric wristbands displayed the snowy whiteness of his hand, and set off a massive antique ring or two. He had four small frills to his shirt, and an auburn hair chain crossed his broad roll-collared waistcoat, and passed a most diminutive Geneva watch into its pocket. He was a widower with two children, a boy and a girl, one five and the other four. Mystery being his object, he avoided the public gaze. Unlike Roger Swizzle, who either trudged from patient to patient, or

whisked about in a gig, Dr. Sebastian Mello drove to and fro in a claret-coloured fly, drawn by dun ponies. Through the plate glass windows a glimpse of his reclining figure might be caught, lolling luxuriously in the depths of its swelling cushions, or musing complacently with his chin on a massive gold-headed cane. With the men he was shy and mysterious; but he could talk and flatter the women into a belief that they were almost as clever as himself.

As most of his fair patients were of the serious, or blue-stockings school, he quickly discovered the bent of each mind, and by studying the subject, astonished them by his genius and versatility. In practice he was also mysterious. Disdaining Roger Swizzle's one mode of treatment, he professed to take each case upon its merits, and kept a large quarto volume, into which he entered each case, and its daily symptoms. Thus, while Roger Swizzle was inviting an invalid to exhibit his tongue at the corner of a street—lecturing him, perhaps, with a friendly poke in the ribs, for over-night indulgence, Dr. Mello would be poring over his large volume, or writing Latin prescriptions for the chemists. Roger laughed at Sebastian, and Sebastian professed to treat Roger with contempt—still competition was good for both, and a watering-place



public, ever ready for excitement, soon divided the place into Swizzleites and Melloites.

Portraits appeared at the windows, bespeaking the characters of each—Swizzle sat with a patient at a round table, indulging in a bee's-winged bottle of port, while Mello reclined in a curiously carved chair, one be-ringed hand supporting his flowing-locked head, and the other holding a book. Swizzle's was painted by the artist who did the attractive window blind at the late cigar shop in the Piccadilly Circus, while Sebastian was indebted to Grant for the gentlemanly ease that artist invariably infuses into his admirable portraits.

Just as the rival doctors were starting into play, a third character slipped into Handley Cross, without which, a watering-place is incomplete. A tall, thin melancholy-looking man made his appearance at the Spa, and morning after morning, partook of its beverage, without eliciting from widow, wife, or maid, an inquiry as to who he was. He might be a methodist preacher, or a music-master, or a fidler, or a fencer, or a lawyer, or almost anything that one chose to fancy—he might also be any age, from five-and-thirty to fifty, or even more, for strongly indented lines furrowed the features of a square and cadaverous countenance, while intrusive grey hairs appeared among his thin black hair, plastered to advantage

over a flat low forehead—straggling whiskers fringed his hollow cheeks, growing into a stronger crop below the chin.

His costume consisted of an old well-brushed hat, lined throughout with black, a mohair stock, with a round embroidered shirt collar, an old white-elbowed, white-seamed black dress coat, while a scrimpey, ill-washed, buff waistcoat, exposed the upper buttons of a pair of much puckered Oxford-grey trowsers, and met, in their turn, a pair of square-cut black gaiters and shoes.

The place being yet in its infancy, and many of the company mere birds of passage, the “unnoticed” held on the even tenour of his way, until he eat himself into the President’s chair of the Dragon Hotel. He then became a man of importance. The after comers, having never known him in any other situation, paid him the deference due to a man who daily knocked the table with a hammer, and proposed the health of “Her Majesty the Queen,” while mutual convenience connived at the absurdity of being introduced by a man who knew nothing of either party. Being of a ferretting disposition, he soon got acquainted with people’s histories, and no impediment appearing in the way, he at length dubbed himself master of the ceremonies, and issued his cards,

“CAPTAIN DOLEFUL, M. C.”

Who, or what he was, where he came from, or any thing about him, no one ever cared to inquire. He was now "Master of the Ceremonies," and Masters of Ceremonies are not people to trifle with. The visitors who witnessed his self-installation having gone, and feeling his throne pretty firm under him, he abdicated the chair at the Dragon, and retiring to lodgings at Miss Jelly's, a pastry cook and confectioner, at the corner of two streets, opened books at the libraries for the reception and record of those complimentary fees that prudent mammas understand the use of too well for us to shock the delicacy of either party by relating it here.

This much, however, we should mention of Captain Doleful's history, for the due appreciation of his amiable character. He was pretty well off, that is to say, he had more than he spent, but money being the darling object of his heart, he perhaps saved more than others would have done out of the same income. He had been in the militia—the corps we forget—but he had afterwards turned coal merchant (at Stroud, we believe), an unprosperous speculation, so he sold the good-will of a bad business to a young gentleman anxious for a settlement, and sunk his money in an annuity. There are dozens of such men at every large watering-place. In this case, a master of the ceremonies was as much wanted

as any thing else, for the Pump and Promenade Rooms were on the eve of completion, and there would be no one to regulate the music in the morning, the dances in the evening, or the anticipated concerts of the season. It was out of Roger Swizzle's line, and, of course, Sebastian Mello disapproved of such frivolities.

Handley Cross had now assumed quite a different character. Instead of a quiet, secluded village, rarely visited by a stranger, and never by any vehicle of greater pretension than a gig, it had become a town of some pretension, with streets full of shops, large hotels, public buildings, public houses, and promenades. The little boys and girls left their labour in the fields, to become attendants on leg-weary donkeys, or curtseying offerers of wild flowers to the strangers. A lover's walk, a labyrinth, a waterfall, grottoes, and a robber's cave, were all established ; and as the controversy between the doctors waxed warmer, Sebastian Mello interdicted his patients from the use of Swizzle's Spa, and diluting a spring with Epsom salts and other ingredients, proclaimed it to be the genuine one, and all others spurious. He then, under the signature of "Galen," entered into a learned and rather acrimonious argument with himself, in the great London Medical Mediator, as to the wonderful virtues of the Handley Cross New Spa.

Galen, who led the charge, while admitting Dr. Mello's great talents, had described the waters as only so, so; while Dr. Sebastian Mello, disdaining the paltry subterfuge of an anonymous signature, boldly came forward, and stated facts to prove the contrary.

Galen, nothing daunted, quoted other places as superior; but his vehemence diminishing in the ratio of the doctor's eloquent confidence, he gradually died out, leaving the doctor the undisputed champion of a water capable of curing every disease under the sun. Parliament being up, and news scarce, the doctor contrived, through the medium of a brother, a selector of shocking accidents, to get sundry extracts inserted in a morning paper, from whence the evening ones gladly transplanting them, and the country ones rehashing them for their Saturday customers, the name of the waters, and the fame of the doctor, spread throughout the land, and caused a wonderful sensation in his favour.

The effects were soon felt, for lodgings and houses were written for from all parts, and as a crowning effort, a railway, for the purpose of supplying the metropolis with lily-white sand, passing a station within two miles, was just opened out, offering inexhaustible resources, from the wealth and complaints of the capital.

CHAPTER III.

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“He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.”—LOVE’S LABOUR LOST.

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THUS, then, matters stood at Michael Hardey’s death. A great town had risen in the centre of his country, the resort of the rich, the healthy, the sick, and the idle of the land. Rival doctors divided the medical throne, and Captain Doleful was the self-appointed *arbiter elegantiarum*. The hounds, though originally hardly a feature, had lately been appended to the list of attractions both in the way of newspaper encomiums, and in the more open notice of “Houses to Let.” Indeed, such was the fame of Michael and his pack, that several corpulent cob-riding bachelors had taken up their quarters at Handley Cross, for the purpose of combining morning exercise and evening amusements, and several young gentlemen had shown such an anxiety to get the horses out of the flies, that Duncan Nevin, the livery-stable-keeper, had begun to think seriously of keeping a hack hunter or two.

This worthy—a big consequential dark-haired dark-eyed, butler-marrying-housekeeper, having run the gauntlet of inn, public-house, and waiter, since he left service, had set up in Handley Cross, as spring-van luggage remover, waiter at short notice, and owner of a couple of flies, and three horses, which seemed more likely to do good than any of his previous speculations. Not that he knew any thing about horses, but having resolved that ten pounds was an outside price, he could not easily lose much. As a seller, he was less contracted in his estimates.

He it was who first heard of the death of Michael Hardey, and quickened by self-interest he was soon at Miss Jelly's with Captain Doleful. Roger Swizzle being seen feeling a patient's pulse in a donkey gig, was invited to the consultation, and though none of them saw how the thing was to be accomplished—they agreed that it would be a great feature to have the hounds at Handley Cross, and that a public meeting should be called to take the matter into consideration. Of course, like sensible people, the land-owners would take their tone from the town, it being an established rule at all watering places, that the visitors are the lords paramount of the soil.

The meeting, as all watering place meetings are, was most numerously attended; fortunately some were there who could direct the line of pro-

ceeding. On the motion of Captain Doleful, Augustus Barnington, Esq., a rich, red-headed, Cheshire 'Squire, took the chair, and not being a man of many words, contented himself by stammering something about honour, and happy to hear observations. We do not know that we need introduce Mr. Barnington further at present, save as the obedient husband of a very imperious lady, the self-appointed Queen of Handley Cross.

Captain Doleful then squared himself into attitude, and after three or four ghastly simpers and puckers of his mouth, complimented the husband of his great patron, upon the very able manner in which he had opened the business of the meeting. " It would be superfluous in him to waste their valuable time in dilating upon the monstrous advantages of a pack of hounds, not only in a health-giving point of view, but as regarded the prosperity of their beautiful and flourishing town. To what was the prosperity of Leamington and Cheltenham to be ascribed, but to their hunting establishments, for it was well known their waters were immeasurably inferior to what *they* enjoyed, not only in sulphuretted hydrogen, but also in iodine and potash. But that was beside the question. For his own part, he stood there upon public grounds alone (hear, hear). His numerous and arduous duties of regulating the Spas in the mornings, the prome-



nades at noon, and the balls and concerts of an evening, left him but too little leisure as it was to pay those polite attentions to the fashionable world which were invariably expected from a well-bred master of ceremonies. Many of the aristocratic visitors to be sure, he observed by the subscription book at the library, had kindly overlooked his remissness—unintentional and scarcely to be avoided as it was—and he trusted others would extend him a similar indulgence. With respect to the maintenance of the fox-hounds, he confessed he was incompetent to offer any suggestion; for though he had long worn a scarlet coat it was when in the army—a Militia captain—and hunting formed no part of their *exercise*. Perhaps some gentleman who understood something about the matter, would favour the meeting with his ideas upon the number of dogs and foxes they should keep (laughter); the probable expence of their maintenance (renewed laughter), and then they might set about seeing what they could raise by way of subscription.” The conclusion of his speech was greeted with loud applause, amid which the captain resumed his seat with a long-protracted mouth-stretching self-satisfied grin.

Mr. Dennis O'Brian, a big broad-shouldered, black-whiskered, card-playing, fortune-hunting Irishman, after a short pause rose to address the

meeting. "Upon his honour," said he, throwing open his coat, "but the last spoken honourable jontleman had made a mighty nate introduction of the matter in its true light, for there was no denying the fact that *money* was all that was wanted to carry on the war. He knew the Ballyshannon dogs in the county of Donegal, kept by Mr. Trodennick, which cost half nothing at all and a little over, which showed mighty nate sport, and that was all they wanted. By the powers! but they were the right sort, and followed by rale lovers of the sport from a genuine inclination that way, and not for mere show sake, like many of the spalpeens of this country (applause). If the company would appoint him manager-gineral, and give him a couple of hundred in hand, and three or four more at the end of the season, by the holy piper! he would undertake to do all that was nadeiful and proper, and make such an example of every thing that came in his way, as would astonish his own and their wake minds for iver. He would have foxes' *pates* by the dozen. He had no fear; faith none at all. By the great gun of Athlone he would ride in and out of the Ballydarton pound, or fly at a six-foot brick and mortar wall, dashed, spiked, and coped with broken bottles! He had a horse that he would match against any thing that iver was foaled, a perfect lump of elasticity from his

shoulder to the tip of his tail—the devil be with him! but when you got on his back it was ten to one but he sprung you over his head by the mere contraction of his muscles! Faith! at his castle in Connaught, he had many such, and he would give any jontleman or man of fortune in the company that would fetch a few over to England one for his trouble.” Thus Mr. Dennis O'Brian rattled on for ten minutes or more, without producing any favourable effect upon the meeting, for having won or borrowed money from most of them, no one felt inclined to allow him to increase his obligations.

When he had exhausted himself, Mr. Romeo Simpkins, a pert, but simple-looking, pink-and-white, yellow-haired youth, studying the law in Hare Court, in the Temple, being anxious to train his voice for the bar, came forward from the crowd that had congregated behind the chair, and looking very sheepish, after casting his eye into his hat, where he had a copious note of his speech, set off at a hand gallop with the first sentence as follows:—“Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, in presuming to introduce myself upon the notice of the meeting, I assure you I am actuated by no motive but an anxious desire such as must pervade the breast of every free-born Englishman, every lover of his country—every—I mean to say every—every”—here he looked

imploringly round the room, as much as to say, " what a mess I'm in !" and then casting his eyes into his hat again, attempted to read his notes, but he had made them so full, and the novelty of his situation had so bewildered him, that they were of no use, and, after a long string of stutters, he slunk back into the crowd amid the laughter and applause of the company. As he left the room he dropped his notes, which, as the reader will see from the following specimen, were framed for rather a *serious* infliction : "*Presume* to address—love of country—of all out-of-door amusements, nothing like hunting—encouraged by best authorities—practised by greatest men—*Sacred history*—Nimrod of Babylon—Venus took the field—Adonis killed in chase—Persians fond of hunting—Athenians ditto—Solon restrained ardour—Lacedemonians and their breed of speedy dogs—Xenophon—Olympic games—Romans—Aristotle—Oppian—Hadrian—Ascanius—Somerville—Beckford—Meynell—Colonel Cook—Nimrod of Calais—Thanks—Attentive hearing."

Mr. Abel Snorem next addressed the meeting. He was a grey-headed, sharp-visaged, long-nosed, but rather gentlemanly-looking, well-dressed man, who was notorious for addressing every meeting he could get to, and wearying the patience of his audiences by his long-winded orations. Throwing back his coat, he gave the

table a thump with his knuckles and immediately proceeded to speak, lest the Chairman should suffer any one else to catch his eye.—“Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,” said he, “if I am rightly informed, for I have not a copy of the proclamation with me, this meeting has been convened for the purpose of taking into consideration a very important question connected with the prosperity of this salubrious spot;—a spot I may say unrivalled both for its health-giving properties, and for those rural beauties that nature has so bountifully lavished around. In bringing our minds to the calm and deliberate consideration of the subject—fraught, as I may say it is, with the welfare, the happiness, the recreation, the enjoyment, of many of those around—I feel assured that it would be wholly superfluous in me to point out the propriety of exercising a sound, impartial, unbiassed judgment—dismissing from our minds all political bias, all party feeling, all invidious comparison, all speculative theories, and of looking at the question in its single capacity, weighing it according to its true merits, apart from all personal consideration, and legislating upon it in such a manner as we shall conceive will be most conducive to the true interest of this town, and to the honour and welfare of the British dominions. (Laughter and loud coughing, with cries of “question.”) The ques-

tion appeared to him to be one of great simplicity, and whether he regarded it in the aggregate, or considered it in detail, he found none of those perplexing difficulties, those aggravating technicalities, those harrowing, heart-burning jealousies, that too frequently enveloped matters of less serious import, and led the mind insensibly from the contemplation of the abstract question that should engage it, into those loftier fields of human speculation that better suited the discursive and ethereal genius of the philosopher, than the more substantial matter-of-fact understandings of sober-minded men of business (loud coughing and scraping of feet.) Neither was it tinctured with any considerations that could possibly provoke a comparison between the merits of the agricultural and manufacturing interests, or excite a surmise as to the stability of the lords, or the security of the church, or yet the constitution of the commons ; it was, in short, one of those questions upon which contending parties, meeting on neutral ground, might extend the right hand of fellowship and friendship, when peace and harmony might kiss each other, truth and justice join the embrace, and the lion and the lamb lie down together” — (“*cock a doodle doo !*” crowed some one, which produced a roar of laughter followed by cheers, whistles, coughs, scraping of feet, and great confusion.) Mr Snorem, quite undaunted and with

features perfectly unmoved, merely noticed the interruption by a wave of the right hand, and silence returning, in consequence of the exhaustion of the "movement" party, he drew breath and again went off at score.

"The question, he would repeat, was far from being one of difficulty—nay, so simple did it appear to his mind, that he should be greatly surprised if any difference of opinion existed upon it. He rejoiced to think so, for nothing was more conducive to the success of a measure than the unanimous support of all parties interested in it; and he did hope and trust, that the result of that meeting would show to the world how coinciding in sentiment had been the deliberation of the distinguished assembly which he then had the honour of addressing" (applause with loud coughing, and renewed cries of "question, question," "shut it up," "order, order.")—"He was dealing with it as closely, and acutely, as logic and the English language would allow (renewed uproar.) It appeared to him to be simply this—Divest the question of all superfluous matter, all redundant verbiage, and then, let the meeting declare that the establishment respecting whose future maintenance they had that day assembled, had been one of essential service to the place—upon that point, he had no doubt they would be unanimous—(yes, yes, we know all that). Secondly; they

should declare that its preservation was one of paramount importance to the place and neighbourhood, and then it would necessarily resolve itself into this (*"cock a doodle, do!"* with immense laughter)—those who were of opinion that the establishment was of importance would give it their countenance and support, while on the other hand those, who were of a contrary opinion, would have nothing whatever to say to it. He regretted the apparent reluctance of some of the company to grant him a fair and extended hearing, because, without vanity, he thought that a gentleman like himself in the habit of attending and addressing public meetings (laughter) was likely to clear away many of the cobwebs, films, mistifications, and obstructions that hung in the way of a clear and unprejudiced view and examination of the question; but such unfortunately being the case, he should content himself by simply moving the resolution which he held in his hand and would read to the company."

"That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the hounds which have hitherto hunted the vale of Sheepwash and adjacent country, have contributed very materially to the amusement of the inhabitants and visitors of Handley Cross Spa." Mr. Hookem, the librarian, seconded the resolution, which was put, and carried unanimously.



Mr. Fleeceall, the solicitor, a violent Swizzleite, then stood forward to address the meeting.—He was a tallish, middle-aged, very sinister-looking, bald-headed gentleman, with a green patch over one eye, and a roguish expression in the other. He was dressed in a claret-coloured duffle-frock coat, a buff kerseymere waistcoat with gilt buttons, drab trousers, with shoes and stockings. After two or three hems and haws, he began—"Very few countries," he said, "were now without hounds—certainly none in the neighbourhood of a town of the size, importance, and population of Handley Cross ; a population too, he should observe, composed almost entirely of the aristocracy and pleasure and health-hunting portions of society.—A couplet occurred to his recollection, which he thought was not inapplicable to the question before them, though he must observe that he introduced it without reference to any quarrel he might have had with a certain would-be medical man in the place, and without any intention of injuring that individual in the estimation of those, who were inclined to place confidence in his prescriptions ; he merely quoted the lines in illustration of his position, and as being better than his great and increasing business, not only as an Attorney at law, and Solicitor in the High Court of Chancery, but also as a Conveyancer, and Secretary of the Poor Law Board of Guardians, and Clerk of the

Mount Zion turnpike road, would allow him time to pen. They were these :

“ Better to rove in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught ;”

and he was sure no one there would deny that hunting, of all pursuits, was best calculated to restore or produce health and drive away dull care, the ills and evils of life, whether in mind or body (applause). Exercise, he would say, without invidious allusion, was the best of all *medicines*. They were standing in the garden of England. On every side Nature's charms were displayed around ; and Handley Cross was the capital of Beauty's empire (applause). Within her bounds an unrivalled Spa had burst into existence, the health-giving qualities of whose gushing waters would draw people from all nations of the earth (cheers). Air, water, and exercise, he contended, would cure anything that was capable of relief (cheers). Let them, then, take measures for inducing people to enjoy the pure atmosphere from other motives than mere change of air, and the day could not be far distant when quackery would fail and hunting flourish. His business, as he said before, was great—almost overpowering ; but such was his devotion to the place—such his detestation of humbug and knavery, that he would not hesitate to accept the situation of secretary to the hunt in

addition to his other numerous and arduous appointments, and accept it too upon terms much lower than any other man could afford to take it at."

Mr. Smith, a Hampshire gentleman one of the earliest patrons of Handley Cross Spa, who, from the circumstance of his lodging round the corner of Hookem's library, had acquired the name of "Round-the-corner Smith," next presented himself to the notice of the meeting. He was a smart, genteelly dressed man, apparently about five-and-thirty, or forty, with a tremendous impediment in his speech—so troublesome was it indeed, that it was hard to say whether it was most distressing to his hearers or himself. After opening a very natty single-breasted blue surtout, so as to exhibit a handsome double-breasted shawl waistcoat with a Venetian watch chain, he coughed, and commenced—not a speech, but a long string of stutters. "He felt con-sid-did-did-did-rable di-di-di-difficulty in pro-no-no-no-no-nouncing an o-p-p-p-pinion upon the matter under con-sid-did-did-de-ration, because he was not co-co-co-co-conversant with the c-c-country, b-b-but he t-t-took it to be an establish-lish-lished rule, that all men who h-h-hun-hunted regularly with a p-p-pack of ho-ho-ho-hounds, ought to contribute to their sup-sup-sup-port.—He knew something about h-h-h-hun-hunting, and if his hu-hu-hu-

humble services would be of any avail, the co-co-co-country might command them. At the same time he thought, that the h-h-h-hunt would be more li-li-likely to pros-pros-prosper if there were more ma-managers than one, and that a co-co-co-committee would be the likeliest thing under existing cir-cir-cir-circumstances to give sa-tis-tis-faction—He therefore be-be-begged to move the following resolution.”—“That it is expe-pedient that the Vale of She-she-sheepwash ho-ho-ho-hounds should in fu-fu-future be carried on by subscription, by a co-co-co-committee of management, under the name of the Ha-ha-ha-handley Cross ho-ho-ho-hounds.”

Captain Doleful begged to propose as a fit and proper person to be associated with the honourable gentleman who had just addressed them, in the future management of the pack, his worthy, excellent, public-spirited, and popular friend, Augustus Barnington, Esq., of Barnington Hall, Cheshire, who, he felt convinced, would prove a most valuable ally not only in the field but also in superintending the home department, and arrangements, such as hunt dinners, hunt balls, and other entertainments to the ladies, which, he felt assured, it would be equally the pride of the hunt to offer, and the pleasure of the fair sex to accept.” (applause)

Some one then proposed, that Stephen Dump-

ling, son of the dun-pony riding doctor, should form the third.

Old Dumpling was dead, leaving Stephen a nice farm, and somewhat independant, but the latter had a soul above the plough, and having got a cornetcy in the yeomanry, had started a gig and horse, and drove about with a clown at his side, with a cockade in his hat. Stephen was a goodish-looking half-farmer, half-gentleman, sort of fellow, half-buck and half-hawbuck. He was of middle stature, dark-complexioned, with dark eyes and dark hair; but there was a sort of unfinished style about him that prevented him passing for a gentleman. If his hat was good, his boots were bad, and a good coat would be spoilt by a vulgar waistcoat, or misfitting trousers. He grew whiskers under his chin—smoked cigars—and rode steeple-chases. Still he was an aspiring youth, and took, as a matter of right, that which was only done to keep the farmers and landowners quiet—namely, adding him to the committee.

All this being carried nem con, the uniform was next discussed, and great was the diversity of opinion as to colour. Some wanted yellow, some wanted green, others blue, some both blue and green; in short, all gay colours had their supporters, but the old scarlet at length carried it, with the addition of a blue collar.

But the resolutions will best describe the result of the meeting.

The following is a copy :—

At a meeting of the visitors and inhabitants of Handley Cross Spa, held at the Dragon Inn, in Handley Cross, on the                      day of  
to take into consideration the circumstances arising out of the lamented death of Michael Hardey, Esq., the late master of the hounds.

AUGUSTUS BARNINGTON, Esq., in the Chair.

It was resolved,

That it was highly expedient to continue the hunt, and remove the hounds to Handley Cross.

That Augustus Barnington, Henry Smith, and Stephen Dumpling, Esquires, be appointed a committee of management.

That a club be formed, called the Handley Cross Hunt Club, the subscription to be three guineas, to be paid annually in November, to which the first twenty members shall be elected by the committee, and the subsequent members by the club at large—one black ball in ten excluding.

That, in order to meet the wishes of gentlemen desirous of contributing more than the annual subscription of three guineas, the treasurer be fully authorized to take as much as any one will give.

That the undress uniform be a scarlet coat, with

a blue collar, and such a button as the masters may appoint, breeches and waistcoat *ad libitum*.

That the dress uniform be a sky-blue coat, lined with pink silk, canary-coloured shorts, and white silk stockings.

That any member appearing at the cover side, or at an evening meeting of the members, in any other dress, be fined one pound one, for the good of the hunt.

Signed, A. BARNINGTON, Chairman.

## CHAPTER IV.

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“Then round the room the circling Dowagers sweep,  
 Then in loose waltz their thin-clad daughters leap ;  
 The first in lengthened line majestic swim,  
 The last display the free unfettered limb ;”

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Joy, universal joy, prevailed at Handley Cross, when it became known that a committee of management had undertaken to hunt the Vale of Sheepwash. The place had not had such a fillip before—Farmers looked at their fields and their stacks, and calculated the consumption of corn.

Duncan Nevin took a six-stalled stable, and putting a splendid sign of a fox peeping over a rock at some rabbits, christened it, the

“ NIMROD MEWS

LIVERY AND BAIT STABLES.

HUNTERS, HACKS, AND PERFECT LADIES’ PADS.

N. B. A GLASS COACH.”

Emboldened by success, he scraped together five-and-twenty pounds, and asked every body he met, if he could tell him of a horse for the field. No one with money need long want a horse, but



Duncan saw so differently when purchasing, to what he did when selling, that he seemed to have two pair of eyes. To be sure, he was a good judge of a tail, and that, for a watering-place job-master, is something—"Don't tell me what Tattersall says about rat-tails," he used to observe, "I like them full, fine, and long. A horse with a full tail, looks well in the field, on the road, or in harness, and will always bring his price."

His first purchase was an old roman-nosed, white-faced, white-stockinged, brown horse, that had carried the huntsman of a pack of harriers for many a-year, and was known by the distinguished name of Bull-dog. He was a little, well-shaped, but remarkably ugly horse, and had a rheumatic affection in one of his hind legs, that caused him to limp, and occasionally to go on three legs. He was never fast, and sixteen or seventeen years had somewhat slackened the pace of his youth, but he was a remarkably hard-constituted animal, that no one could drive beyond his speed, and he could creep through or leap almost any thing he was put to.

The harriers being done up, the subscribers had handsomely presented the huntsman with his horse, which he came to offer Duncan Nevin for his stud. "He's varry like the field," observed Nevin, eying him, "but his tail's shocking shabby, more like a worn-out whitening brush

than anything else—our customers require them handsome—I fear he would only do for the field—I want them generally useful.”

The huntsman declared he would go twice a-week all the season, and offered to leap him over a gate—This he did so well, that Duncan Nevin priced him—fifteen pounds was all he asked, and he bought him for ten.

A sixteen hands, bad bay mare, with a very large head, very light middle, and tail down to the hocks, was his next purchase for the field. She was a showy, washy, useless beast, that could caper round a corner, or gallop half-mile heats, if allowed plenty of breathing time, but invariably pulled off her shoes at her leaps, and was a whistler to boot—she cut behind and dished before—still she had an undeniable tail, and her size, and great hocks, as she stood well-clothed and littered, gave her the appearance of a hunter. She was six years old, had never done any work—because she never could, and in all probability never would. The wags christened her De Melcis, on account of her musical powers.

Fair Rosamond, a little cantering up and down white hack, stood in the third stall; and when all the three fly-horses were in, which was never except at night, the six-stall stable was full. The news of the purchases flew like lightning,—the number was soon magnified into ten—crowds

besieged the mews to learn the terms, and the secretary wrote to know what Nevin meant to give to the hunt.

Every thing now looked cheerful and bright—the hounds were the finest play-things in the world—they furnished occupation morning, noon, and night. Every man that was ever known to have been on horseback was invited to qualify for wearing the unrivalled uniform. Names came rolling in rapidly—the farmers, to the number of fifteen, sent in their five and ten pound notes, while the visitors were extremely liberal with their names, especially on a representation from Fleeceall, that payment might be made at their convenience—their names, the *honour* of their names, in short, being the principal thing the committee looked to. Dennis O'Brian put his down for five-and-twenty guineas, Romeo Simpkins did the same for five, Abel Snorem promised "to see what he could do," and all wrote, either promisingly, encouragingly, or kindly.

Duncan Nevin converted a stable into a kennel and feeding-house, and gave up his wife's drying ground for an airing yard, into which the poor hounds were getting constantly turned from their comfortable benches, by one or other of the committee showing them off to his friends. Then the make, shape, and colour of every hound was discussed, and what some thought defects, others

considered beauties. The kennel was pretty strong in numbers, for all the old worn-out, blear-eyed hounds were scraped together from all parts of the Vale, to make a show ; while a white terrier, with a black patch on his eye—who was re-christened “ Mr. Fleeceall ”—and an elegantly clipped, curled, dressed, and arranged black French poodle, were engaged to attract the ladies, who seldom have any taste for fox-hounds. Every allurement was resorted to, to draw company.

Poor Peter soon began to feel the change of service. Instead of Michael Hardey’s friendly intercourse, almost of equality, he was ordered here, there, and every where, by his numerous masters ; it was Peter here, Peter there, and Peter every where, no two masters agreeing in orders. Smith would have the hounds exercised by day-break ; Barnington liked them to go out at noon, so that he could ride with them, and get them to know him ; and Dumpling thought the cool of the evening the pleasantest time. Then Barnington would direct Peter to go on the north road, to make the hounds handy among carriages, while Dumpling, perhaps, would write to have them brought south, to trot about the downs, and get them steady among mutton ; while Smith grumbled and muttered something about “ block-heads ”—“ knowing nothing about it.” Each

committee-man had his coterie, with whom he criticised the conduct of his colleagues.

Autumn "browned the beech," but the season being backwardly, and the managers not exactly agreeing in the choice of a whipper-in, the ceremony of cub-hunting was dispensed with, and Peter, with the aid of Barnington's groom, who had lived as a stable-boy with Sir Harry Mainwaring, was ordered to exercise his hounds among the deer parks and preserves in the neighbourhood. November at length approached; the latest packs began to advertise; and Kirby-gate stood forth on the Monday for the Melton hounds. All then was anxiety! Sadlers' shops were thronged at all hours. Griffith, the prince of whip-makers, opened an establishment containing every possible variety of hunting-whip; and Vincent appointed an agent for the sale of "persuaders." Ladies busied themselves with plaiting hat-cords for their favourites, and the low green chair at the boot-maker's was constantly occupied by some gentleman with his leg cocked in the air, as if he had taken a fit, getting measured for "a pair of tops."

How to commence the season most brilliantly was the question, and a most difficult one it was. Dumpling thought a "flare-up" of fireworks over night would be a flash thing; Round-the-corner Smith was all for a hunt dinner; and after due

discussion and the same happy difference of opinion that had characterised all their other consultations, Captain Doleful recommended a *ball*, in the delusive hope that it would have the effect of making friends and getting subscribers to the hounds, and be done, as all contemplated acts are, at a very trifling expense. There was no occasion to give a supper, he said ; refreshments—tea, coffee, ices, lemonade, and negus, handed on trays or set out in the ante-room, would be amply sufficient, nor was there any necessity for asking any one from whom they did not expect something in the way of support to the hounds. Round-the-corner Smith did not jump at the proposal, having been caught in a similar speculation of giving a ball to a *limited* party at Bath, and had been severely mulcted in the settling ; but Barnington stood in too wholesome a dread of his wife to venture any opposition to such a measure ; and Stephen Dumpling merged his fears in the honour, and the hopes of making it pay indirectly by gaining subscribers to the hounds. The majority carried it ; and Captain Doleful spread the news like wildfire ; of course, taking all the credit of the thing to himself.

What a bustle it created in Handley Cross ! The poor milliner-girls stitched their fingers into holes, and nothing was seen at the tailors' windows but sky-blue coats lined with pink silk, and

canary-coloured shorts. The thing looked well, for fourteen candidates appeared all ready to owe their three guineas, for the honour of wearing the uniform, or for the purpose of getting their wives and daughters invited to the ball. It was fixed for the first Monday in November, and it was arranged that the hounds should meet in the neighbourhood on the following day.

Meanwhile the committee of management and Doleful met every morning for the purpose of making arrangements, sending invitations, and replying to applications for tickets. The thing soon began to assume a serious aspect ; the names which at first amounted to fifty had swelled into a hundred and thirteen, and each day brought a more numerous accession of strength than its predecessor. Round-the-corner Smith's face lengthened as the list of guests increased, and Dumpling began to have his doubts about the safety of the speculation. Barnington took it very easily for he had plenty of money, and the excitement kept his peevish wife in occupation ; and she, moreover, had plenty of friends, whom she kept showering in upon them at a most unmerciful rate. Every morning a footman in red plush breeches and a short jacket arrived with names to be put down for invitations. Doleful was in great favour with her, and by her request he took his place every morning at the table of

the committee-room to keep her husband "right," as she called it. Of course, with such incongruous materials to work with, the thing was not arranged without great difficulty and dissention. Dumpling put down his cousins, the three Miss Dobbs's, whose father was a farmer and brewer, and making pretty good stuff; "Dobbs's Ale" was familiar at Handley Cross, and his name occupied divers conspicuous signs about the town. To these ladies Mrs. Barnington demurred, having no notion of "dancing in a hop-garden;" and it was with the greatest difficulty, and only on the urgent representation of Doleful, that their rejection would cause the secession of Dumpling, that she consented to their coming. To divers others she took similar objections, many being too low, and some few too high for her, and being the daughter of a Leeds manufacturer, she could not bear the idea of any thing connected with trade.

At the adjournment of each meeting, Doleful repaired to her and reported progress, carrying with him a list of invitations, acceptances, and refusals, with a prospectus of those they thought of inviting. These latter underwent a rigid scrutiny by Mrs. Barnington, in aid of which all Doleful's local knowledge, together with Mrs. Fribble's millinery knowledge, Debrett's Baronetage, and Burke's Landed Gentry of England, were called together, and the list was reduced by



striking out names with an elegant gold pencil-case with an amethyst seal, as she languished out her length on a chaise-longue. One hundred and fifty-three acceptances, and nineteen invitations out, were at length reported the strength of the party; and Mrs. Barnington, after a few thoughtful moments passed in contemplating the ceiling, expressed her opinion that there ought to be a regular supper, and desired Doleful to tell Barnington that he must do the thing as it ought to be, if it were only for her credit. Poor Doleful looked miserable at the mention of such a thing, for Smith and Dumpling had already begun to grumble and complain of the magnitude of the affair, which they had expected would have been a mere snug party among the members of the hunt and their friends, instead of beating up for recruits all the country round. Doleful, however, like a skilful militia-man, accomplished his object by gaining Dumpling over first, which he did by pointing out what an admirable opportunity it was for a handsome young man like himself, just beginning life, to get into good society, and perhaps marry an heiress; and Dumpling, being rather a pudding-headed sort of fellow, saw it exactly in that light, and agreed to support Doleful's motion, on the assurance that it made very little difference in the expence whether the eatables were set out lengthways on a table and called

“supper,” or handed about all the evening under the name of “refreshments.” Indeed, Doleful thought the supper might be the cheaper of the two, inasmuch as it would prevent the pilfering of servants, and the repeated attacks of the hungry water-drinking guests.

This matter settled, then came the fluttering and chopping-off of chickens’ heads, the wringing of turkeys’ necks, the soaking of tongues, the larding of hams, the plucking of pheasants, the skewering of partridges, the squeezing of lemons, the whipping of creams, the stiffening of jellies, the crossing of open tarts, the colouring of custards, the shaping of blanc-mange, the making of macaroons, the stewing of pears—all the cares and concomitants of ball-making and rout-giving ; and Spain, the “Gunter” of the place, wrote off to London for four-and-twenty sponge cake foxes, with canary-coloured rosettes for tags to their brushes.

The great, the important night at length arrived. The sun went down amidst a brilliant halo of purple light, illuminating the sky with a goodly promise of the coming day, but all minds were absorbed in the events of the evening, and for once the poet’s “gay to-morrow of the mind” was disregarded. Every fly in the town was engaged nine deep, and Thompson and Fleuris, the opposition London and Parisian perruquiers,

had dressed forty ladies each before five. Towards dusk, young gentlemen whose hair "curled naturally" came skulking into their shops to get the "points taken off;" after which, quite unconsciously, the irons were "run through," and the apprentice boys made door-mats of their heads by wiping their dirty hands upon them under pretence of putting a little "moisture in;" while sundry pretty maids kept handing little paste-board boxes over the counter, with whispered intimations that "*it* was wanted in time to dress for the ball." Master-tailors sat with their workmen, urging their needles to the plenitude of their pace; and at dinner time there were only three gentlemen in all the place minus the canary-coloured inexpressibles, and one whose sky-blue coat could not be lined until the Lily-white-sand train brought down a fresh supply of pink silk.

Doleful began dyeing his hair at three, and by five had it as dark as Warren's blacking. Mrs. Barnington did not rise until after the latter hour, having breakfasted in bed; and young ladies, having taken quiet walks into the fields with their mammas in the morning to get up complexions and receive instructions whom to repress and whom to encourage, sat without books or work, for fear of tarnishing the lustre of their eyes.

Night drew on—a death-like stillness reigned around, broken only by the occasional joke of a

stationary fly-man, or the passing jibe of a messenger from the baker's, tailor's, or milliner's. The lower rooms of all the houses at length became deserted, and lights glimmered only in the upper stories, as though the inhabitants of Handley Cross were retiring to early rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again, as if by general consent, the lights descended, and in drawing-rooms where the blinds had not been drawn or curtains closed, those who stood in the streets might see elegantly dressed young ladies entering with their flat candlesticks in their hands, and taking up their places before the fire, placing a satin-slippered foot on the fender, waiting with palpitating hearts for their flies, anxious for the arrival of the appointed time, but dreading to be early. Wheels had been heard, but they had only been "taking up," none as yet having started for the ball. At length the clatter of iron steps, the banging to of doors, and the superfluous cry of "To the Ongar Rooms!" resound throughout the town, and the streets become redolent of animal life.

A line of carriages and flies was soon formed in Bramber-street, and Hector Hardman the head constable, with his gilt-headed staff in his hand, had terrible difficulty in keeping order, and the horses' heads and carriage poles in their places. Vehicles from all quarters and of every

description came pouring in, and the greetings of the post-boys from a distance, the slangings of the flymen, with the dictatorial tones of gentlemen's coachmen and footmen, joined with the cries of the rabble round the door, as the sky-blue coats with pink silk linings popped out, resembled the noise and hubbub of the opera colonnade when a heavy shower greets the departing company.

The "Ongar Rooms" were just finished, and, with the exception of a charity bazaar for the purpose of establishing a Sunday school at Sierra Leone, had never been used. They were a handsome suite of rooms on the ground floor, entered from the street by two or three stone steps, under a temporary canopy, encircled with evergreens and variegated lamps. From the entrance-hall, in which at each end a good fire blazed, two rooms branched off, one for gentlemen's cloaks, the other for ladies. Immediately in front of the entrance, scarlet folding-doors with round panes opened into a well-proportioned ante-room, which again led into the ball-room.

Ranged in a circle before the folding doors, stood Barnington, Smith, Doleful, and Dumpling, all grinning, and dressed in sky-blue coats with pink linings, white waistcoats, canary-coloured shorts, and white silk stockings, except Doleful,

who had on a crumpled pair of nankeen trousers, cut out over the instep, and puckered round the waist. Dumpling's dress was very good, and would have been perfect, had he not sported a pair of half dirty yellow leather gloves, and a shabby black neckcloth with red ends. There they all stood grinning and bowing as the entrances were effected, and Doleful introduced their numerous friends with whom they had not the happiness of a previous acquaintance. The plot soon thickened so much, that after bowing their heads like Chinese mandarins to several successive parties who came pushing their way into the room without receiving any salutation in return, and the blue coats with pink linings becoming too numerous to afford any distinguishing mark to the visitors, our managers and master of the ceremonies got carried into the middle of the room, after which the company came elbowing in at their ease, making up to their mutual friends as though it were a public assembly.

The fiddlers next began scraping their instruments in the orchestra of the ball-room like horses anxious to be off, and divers puffs of the horn and bassoon sounded through the building, but still the doors remained closed, and Doleful cast many a longing anxious eye towards the folding doors. Need we say for whom he

looked?—Mrs. Barnington had not arrived. The music at length burst forth in good earnest, and Doleful, after numerous inquiries being made of him why the ball did not commence, at length asked Barnington if he thought his good lady was coming; when most opportunely, a buzz and noise were heard outside—the folding doors flew open, and in Mrs. Barnington sailed, with her niece, Miss Rider, on her arm.

Mrs. Barnington was a fine, tall, languishing-looking woman, somewhat getting on in years, but with marked remains of beauty, “sicklied over with the pale cast” of listlessness, produced by a mind unoccupied, and bodily strength unexercised. Her features were full-sized, good, and regular, her complexion clear, with dark eyes that sparkled when lighted with animation, but more generally reposing in a vacant stare whether she was engaged in conversation or not. In her head she wore a splendid tiara of diamonds, with costly necklace and ear-rings of the same. Her dress of the richest and palest pink satin, was girdled with a diamond stomacher, and a lengthening train swept majestically along the floor. Across her beautifully moulded neck and shoulders, in graceful folds, was thrown a white Cachmere shawl, and her ungloved arm exhibited a profusion of massive jewellery. Her entrance caused a buzz followed by silence throughout the

room, and she sailed gracefully up an avenue formed by the separation of the company,—

“ A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.”

Doleful and the managers came forward to receive her, and she inclined herself slightly towards them and the few people whom she deigned to recognize.

Having, after infinite persuasion, consented to open the ball with Dumpling, and having looked round the company with a vacant stare, and ascertained that there was no one who could vie with her in splendour, she resignedly took his arm, and the ball-room door being at length thrown open, she sailed up to the top of the room, followed by countless sky-blue-coated, and canary-legged gentry, escorting their wives, daughters, or partners, with here and there a naval or military uniform mingling among the gay throng of sportsmen and variously clad visitors. Most brilliant was the scene! The room was a perfect blaze of light, and luckless were the wearers of second-hand shoes or ball-stained gloves. There was Dennis O'Brian, towering over the head of every body else, with his luxuriant whiskers projecting from his cheeks, like cherubs' wings on church corners, with an open shirt collar, confined by a simple blue ribbon and a superabundant display of silk stocking



and calf from below his well-filled canary-coloured shorts,—for *smalls* would be a libel on the articles that held his middle man. His dark eyes sparkled with vivacity and keenness—not the keenness of pleasure, but the keenness of plunder, for Dennis had dined off chicken broth and lemonade to be ready to

“Cut the light pack or call the rattling main,”

as occasion might offer towards the morning. Snorem, too, had decked himself out in the uniform of the hunt, and this being his usual bed-time, he walked about the room like a man in a dream, or a tired dog looking where to lie down. Then there was Romeo Simpkins, who had just arrived by the last Lily-white-sand train, and had all his friends and acquaintances to greet, and to admire his own legs for the first time protruding through a pair of buff shorts. Fleeceall stood conspicuous with a blue patch on his eye, pointing out his new friends to his wife, who was lost in admiration at the smartness of her spouse, and her own ingenuity in applying the rose-coloured lining of an old bonnet to the laps of his sky-blue coat.

Now the music strikes up in full chorus, and Doleful walks about the room, clapping his hands like a farmer's boy frightening crows, to get the company to take their places in a country dance ; and Mrs. Barnington, having stationed herself at

the top, very complacently leads off with "hands across, down the middle, and up again," with Stephen Dumpling, who foots it away to the utmost of his ability, followed by Round-the-corner Smith with her niece, Barnington with Miss Some-body-else, Romeo Simpkins, with Miss Trollope, Dennis O'Brian, who looks like a capering light-house, with little old Miss Mor-decai, the rich money-lender's daughter, and some thirty or forty couples after them. Mrs. Barnington's train being inconvenient for dancing, and having been twice trodden upon, upon reaching the bottom on the third time down the middle, she very coolly takes Dumpling's arm, and walks off to the sofa in the bay window, where, having deposited herself, she dispatches Dumpling to desire her husband not to exert himself too much, and to come to her the moment the dance is done. The country dance being at length finished, a quadrille quickly followed ; after which came a waltz, then a gallope, then another quadrille, then another waltz, then a reel ; until the jaded musicians began to repent having been so anxious for the start.

Towards one o'clock, the supper-room door was heard to close with a gentle flap, and Doleful was seen stealing out, with a self-satisfied grin on his countenance, and immediately to proceed round the room, informing such of the company

as he was acquainted with, from having seen their names in his subscription book at the library, that the next would be the "supper dance;" a dance that all persons who have "serious intentions" avail themselves of, for the interesting purpose of seeing each other eat. Accordingly Dennis O'Brian went striding about the ball-room in search of little Miss Mordecai; Captain Doleful usurped Stephen Dumpling's place with Mrs. Barnington; Round-the-corner Smith started after the niece, and each man invested his person, in the way of a "pair-off," to the best of his ability. Barnington was under orders for Dowager Lady Turnabout, who toadied Mrs. Barnington, and got divers dinners and pineapples for her trouble; and Stephen Dumpling, being fairly "let into the thing," was left to lug in the two Miss Dobb's on one arm, and old mother Dobbs on the other. It was then "every man for himself."

The simple-minded couples then stand up to dance, and as soon as the quadrilles are in full activity, Doleful offers his arm to Mrs. Barnington and proceeds into the supper-room, followed by all the knowing-ones in waiting. But what a splendid supper it is! A cross table with two long ones down the centre, all set out with turkeys, chickens, hams, tongues, lobster sallads, spun sugar pyramids, towers, temples, grottoes, jellies,

tarts, creams, custards, pineapples, grapes, peaches, nectarines, ices, plovers' eggs, prawns, and four-and-twenty sponge-cake foxes, with blue, red, and canary-coloured rosettes for tags to their brushes ! Green bottles with card labels, and champagne bottles without labels, with sherry, &c., are placed at proper intervals down the table,—the champagne yielding a stronger crop upon the more fruitful soil of the cross table. Who ordered it, nobody knows, but there it is, and it is no time for inquiring.

Shortly after the first detachment have got comfortably settled in their places, the music stops, and the dancers come crowding in with their panting partners, all anxious for lemonade or any thing better. Then plates, knives, and forks are in request ; the "far gone" ones eating with the same fork or spoon, those only "half gone," contenting themselves with using one plate. Barnington is in the chair at the cross table, with a fine sporting device of a fox, that looks very like a wolf, at his back, on a white ground with "*Floreat Scientia*" on a scroll below, the whole tastefully decorated with ribbons and rosettes. Dumpling and Smith are Vice-Presidents. Hark to the clatter ! "Miss Thompson, some turkey ? allow me to send you a little ham with it ?" "Mrs. Jenkins, here's a delicious lobster salad." "Now, Fanny, my dear, see you're dropping the

preserve over your dress!" "Oh dear! there goes my knife!" "Never mind, ma'am, I'll get you another." "Waiter! bring a clean glass—two of them!" "What will you take?" "Champagne, if you please." "Delightful ball, isn't it?" "How's your sister?" "Who'll take some pineapple punch?" "I will, with pleasure." "I've burst my sandal, and my shoe will come off." "Dear, that great awkward man has knocked the comb out of my head." "Go to see the hounds in the morning!" "Susan, *mind*, there's mamma looking." "Waiter! get me some jelly." "Bachelors' balls always the pleasantest." "Barnington is married." "Oh, he's *nobody*!" "Dumpling does it and stuttering Smith, there's no *Mister* Barnington." "There's the captain—I wonder if he sees us." "Oh the *stupid*! he *won't* look this way. Should like to break his provoking head!" "How's your horse? Has it learned to canter?" "Take some tongue." "Champagne, if you please."

Thus went the rattle, prattle, jabber, and tattle, until Mr. Barnington, who had long been looking very uneasy, being unable to bear the further frowns of his wife, at length rose from his seat for the most awful of all purposes, that of monopolizing all the noise of the room,—a moment that can only be appreciated by those who have filled the unhappy situation of chairman in a company

of ladies and gentlemen, when every eye is pointed at the unfortunate victim, and all ears are open to catch and criticise what he says. “ Barnington ! Barnington ! chair ! chair ! order ! order ! silence ! ” cried a hundred voices, in the midst of which Mr. Barnington tried to steal away with his speech, but had to “ whip back ” and begin again.

“ Gentlemen and ladies, (order ! order !) I mean to say Mr. Vice-Presidents, ladies, and gentlemen (hear, hear), I beg to propose the health of the Queen—I mean to say, the ladies who have honoured us with their presence this evening.” Great applause, and every man drank to his sweetheart.

Mrs. Barnington looked unutterable things at her spouse as he sat down, for women are all orators or judges of oratory, and well poor Barnington knew the vigour of her eloquence. Beckoning Doleful to her side she desired him to tell Barnington not to look so like a sheepish schoolboy, but to hold himself straight, and speak out as if he were *somebody*. This Doleful interpreted into a handsome compliment, which so elated our unfortunate, that he immediately plucked up courage, and rising again gave the table a hearty thump, begged the company would fill a bumper to the health of the strangers who had honoured the Handley Cross hunt ball with their company. The strangers then began fidgetting and looking

out an orator among themselves, but were put out of suspense by the rising of Dennis O'Brian, who returned thanks in one of his usual felicitous and appropriate speeches, and concluded by proposing the health of the chairman. Barnington was again on his legs, thanking them, and giving "Success to fox-hunting," which was acknowledged by Snorem, who, being half asleep, mistook it for the time when he had to propose the healths of Smith and Dumpling, to whom he paid such lengthy compliments that the ladies cut him short by leaving the room. All restraint now being removed, the gentlemen crowded up to the cross table, when those who had been laying back for supper until they got rid of the women, went at it with vigorous determination,—corks flew—dishes disappeared, song, speech, and sentiment, were huddled in together, and in a very short time the majority of the company were surprised to find themselves amazingly funny.

## CHAPTER V.

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“ It is our opening day.”

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HANDLEY CROSS had a very debauched look the morning after the hunt ball. The Ongar rooms being lighted with windows round the top, with covered galleries outside, for the accommodation of milliners, ladies' maids, and such as wish to criticise their masters and mistresses, had no protecting blinds ; and a strong party having settled themselves into “ three-some ” reels—the gentlemen, for the purpose of dancing themselves sober, the ladies, like Goldsmith's clown, to try and tire out the orchestra—the ball seemed well-calculated to last for ever, when the appearance of day-light in the room, made the wax-lights look foolish, and caused all the old chaperons to rush to their charges and hurry them off, before bright Phoebus exposed the forced complexions of the night. All then was hurry-skurry ; carriages were called up, and hurried off as though the plague had broken out, and Johns and Jehus were astonished at the bustle of their “ mississes.”

The last fly at length drove off ; the variegated



lamps, round the festooned porch, began glimmering and dying in succession, as Doleful and the remaining gentlemen stood bowing, grinning, and kissing their hands to their departing partners, while their blue coats and canary-coloured shorts, exhibited every variety of shade and complexion that the colours are capable of. Doleful's hair, too, assumed a vermillion hue. The town was clear, bright, and tranquil; no sound disturbed the quiet streets, and there was a balmy freshness in the morning air, that breathed gratefully on the feverish frames of the heated dancers. The cock, "the trumpet of the morn," had just given his opening crow, in farmer Haycock's yard behind the rooms, and the tinkling bells of the oxen's yoke came softened on the air like the echoing cymbals of the orchestra.

St. George's chapel clock strikes! Its clear silvery notes fall full upon the listeners' ears. "One! two! three! four! five! six—six o'clock!" and youths say it is not worth while going to bed, while men of sense set off without a doubt on the matter. Some few return to the supper-room to share the ends of champagne bottles and lobster salads with the waiters.

Morning brought no rest to the jaded horses and helpers of the town. No sooner were the rosinantes released from the harness of the flies, than they were led to the stable-doors and wisped

and cleaned in a manner that plainly showed it was for coming service, and not for that performed. Bill Gibbon, the club-footed ostler of the "Swan Hotel and Livery Stables," had eight dirty fly-horses to polish into hunters before eleven o'clock, and Tom Turnbinn, and his deaf-and-dumb boy, had seven hunters and two flys ordered for the same hour. There was not a horse of any description but what was ordered for the coming day, and the donkeys were bespoke three deep.

If Duncan Nevin had had a dozen Bull-dogs and De Melcis, they would all have been engaged, and on his own terms too.

"Oh sir!" he would say to inquirers, "that Bull-dog's a smart horse—far too good for our work—he should be in a gentleman's stable—Did you ever see a horse so like the field, now? I'm only axin thirty pound for him, and it's really givin' of him away—I couldn't let him go out under two guineas a day, and then only with a very careful rider, like yourself—Cost me near what I ax for him, in the summer, and have had to put him into condition myself—Oats is very dear, I assure you—Perhaps you'd have the kindness not to say that he's hired, and save me the duty?"

A little before eleven, the bustle commenced; the first thing seen was Peter leaving the kennel with the hounds, Abelard, the black poodle, and 'Mr. Fleeceall,' the white terrier with a black

eye. Peter was dressed in a new scarlet frock-coat with a sky-blue collar, buff striped toilanette waistcoat, black cap, new leathers and boots. His whip, spurs, gloves, bridle, and saddle were also new, and he was riding a new white horse. Barnington's groom followed, similarly attired; and this being his first appearance in the character of a whipper-in, he acted fully up to the designation by flopping and cracking the hounds with his whip, and crying "Co'p, co'p, hounds!—go on, hounds—go on! drop it!—leave it!—to him, to him!" and making sundry other orthodox noises.

Lamp-black was that morning in great request. Broken knees, collar and crupper marks had to be effaced, and some required a touch of lamp-black on their heads, where they had knocked the hair off in their falls. The saddling and bridling were unique! No matter what sort of a mouth the horse had, the first bridle that came to hand was put into it.

Stephen Dumpling's horse, having travelled from home, was the first of the regulars to make his appearance in the street. He was a great, raking, sixteen hands chesnut, with "white stockings," and a bang tail down to the hocks. He was decorated with a new bridle with a blue silk front, and a new saddle with a hunting horn. Stephen's lad, dressed in an old blue dress-coat of his master's, with a blue and white striped

livery waistcoat, top-boots, and drab-cords, and having a cockade in his hat, kept walking the horse up and down before the Dragon Hotel, while Stephen, with a feverish pulse and aching head, kept sipping his coffee, endeavouring to make himself believe he was eating his breakfast. At last he lighted a cigar, and appeared whip in hand under the arched gate-way. He had on a new scarlet coat with a blue collar, the same old red-ended neck-cloth he had worn at the ball, an infinity of studs down an ill-fitting, badly-washed shirt, a buff waistcoat, and a pair of what are called "Dorsetshire leathers\*,"—a sort of white flannel, that after the roughings of one or two washings, give gentlemen the appearance of hunting in their drawers. His boots had not been "put straight" after the crumpling and creasing they had got in his "bags," consequently there were divers patches of blacking transferred to the tops, while sundry scrapings of putty, or of some other white and greasy matter, appeared on the legs. Independently of this, the tops retained lively evidence of their recent scouring in the shape of sundry up and down strokes, like the first coat of white-washing, or what house-painters call "priming," on a new door.

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\* These breeches used to be very popular with the members of Mr. Farquharson's hunt. Probably the gentlemen cleaned their breeches and coat collars (white) with the same article.

Dumpling's appearance in the street was the signal for many, who were still at their breakfasts, to bolt the last bits of muffin, drink up their tea, and straddle into the passage, to look for hats, gloves, and whips. Doors opened, and sportsmen emerged from every house. Round-the-corner Smith's roan mare, with a hunting horn at the saddle-bow, had been making the turn of Hookem's library for ten minutes and more; and the stud of Lieutenant Feelall, the flash riding-master,—seven "perfect broke horses for road or field," with two unrivalled ponies—had passed the Dragon for the eight Miss Mercers, and their brother Tom, to go out upon to "see the hounds." Then sorry steeds, with sorrier equipments, in the charge of very sorry-looking servants, paced up and down High-street, Paradise-row, and the Crescent; and a yellow fly, No. 34, with red wheels, drove off with Dumpling's nondescript servant on the box, and the three Miss Dobbs's, and Mother Dobbs, in scarlet silk pelisses, with sky-blue ribbons and handkerchiefs, inside. Jaded young ladies, whose looks belie their assertions, assure their mammas that they are not in the "least tired," step into flys and drive away through High Street, kissing their hands, bowing and smiling, right and left, as they go.

Abel Snorem, having purchased a pair of new top boots, appears in the sky-blue coat, lined with

pink silk, and the canary-coloured shorts of the previous evening, looking very much like a high-sheriff's horse *footman* going out to meet the judges. Not meaning to risk his neck, although booted, he makes the fourth in a fly with Mr. and Miss Mordecai, and fat old Mr. Guzzle, who goes from watering-place to watering-place, trying the comparative merits of the waters in restoring appetite after substantial meals : he looks the picture of health and apoplexy. Mrs. Barnington's dashing yellow barouche comes hurrying down the street, the bays bearing away from the pole, and the coachman's elbows sticking out in a corresponding form. Of course all the flies, horses, and passengers, that are not desirous of being driven over by "John Thomas," the London coachman, are obliged to get out of the way as fast as they can, and he pulls up with a jerk, as though he had discovered the house all of a sudden. Out rush two powdered flunkies in red plush breeches, pink silk stockings, and blue coatees, when, finding it is only their *own* carriage, a dialogue ensues between them and Mr. Coachman, as the latter lounges over the box and keeps flanking his horses to make them stand out and show themselves.

A few minutes elapse, and out comes the portly butler with a "*Now then ! Missis coming down !*" whereupon the Johnnies rush to their silver-laced

hats on the hall table, seize their gold-headed canes, pull their white Berlins out of their pockets, and take a position on each side of the barouche door. Mrs. Barnington sails majestically down stairs, dressed in a sky-blue satin pelisse, with a sky-blue bonnet, lined with pink, and a splendid white feather, tipped with pink, waving gracefully over her left shoulder. She is followed by Barnington and Doleful, the former carrying her shawl and reticule in one hand, and his own hunting whip in the other. Barnington, as usual, is well dressed, having on a neat-fitting, double-breasted scarlet coat, with a blue collar, and rich gilt buttons, sky-blue cravat, canary-coloured waistcoat, well-cleaned leathers and gloves, and exquisitely polished boots, with very bright spurs. Doleful, who is rather in disgrace, for having introduced a partner to one of the three Miss Dobbsses over night, and has just had a wiggling for his trouble, sneaks behind, attired in a costume that would have astonished Tom Rounding himself, at the Epping Hunt. It consists of an old militia coat, denuded of its facings and trappings, made into a single-breasted hunting coat, but, for want of cloth, the laps are lined, as well as the collar covered, with blue; his waistcoat is pea-green, imparting a most cadaverous hue to his melancholy countenance, and he has got on a pair of old white moleskin breeches, sadly darned and

cracked at the knees, Hessian boots, with large tassels, and black heel-spurs. He carries his hat in one hand, and a black gold-headed opera cane in the other, and looks very like an itinerant conjurer. What strange creatures *fine* women sometimes fancy !

Mrs. Barnington steps listlessly into the carriage, throws herself upon the back seat, while Barnington and Doleful deposit themselves on the front one ; the door is shut with a bang, the " Johnnies" jump up behind, "*whit*," cries the coachman to his horses, off they go, the fat butler, having followed them up the High Street with his eyes, closes the door, and away they bowl at the rate of twelve miles an hour, round the Crescent, through Jireth Place, Ebenezer Row, Apollo Terrace, past the Archery Ground, and Mr. Jackson's public gardens, and along the Appledove road, as far as the Mount Sion turnpike-gate—leaving pedestrians, horsemen, and vehicles of every kind, immeasurably in the distance.

At the gate a crowd is assembled—Jones Deans, the " pikeman," has wisely closed the bar, and "*No trust*" stands conspicuously across the road. As the carriage approaches, it is thrown wide open, off goes Jones's hat, Mrs. Jones Deans drops a hasty curtesy, that almost brings her knees in contact with the ground, and the little urchins on the rails burst into an involuntary



huzza. John Thomas cuts on, and turns at a canter into the grass-field on the left of the road, where poor Peter has been walking his hounds about for the last hour or more. What a crowd! Grooms of every description, with horses of every cut and character, moving up and down, and across and around the field; some to get their horses' coats down, others to get their legs down, a few to get their horses' courage down, others to try and get them up; some because they see others do it, and others because they have nothing else to do.

There are thirteen frys full of the young ladies from Miss Prim's and Miss Prosy's opposition seminaries, the former in sky-blue gingham, the latter in pink; Mrs. Fleeceall driven by her dear Fleecey with a new hunting whip, in a double-bodied one-horse "chay" with four little Fleecealls stuck in behind; Mr. Davey, the new apothecary, with his old wife, in a yellow dennet drawn by a white cart mare; Mr. and Mrs. Hookem of the library, in Jasper Green, the donkey driver's, best ass-car; farmer Joltem in his untaxed gig, with his name, abode, and occupation painted conspicuously behind; old Tim Rickets, the furniture-broker, in a green-garden chair drawn by a donkey; the post-man on a mule, Boltem, the billard table-keeper, and Snooks his marker, in an ass phaeton; Donald

Mc Grath, " 'Squire Arnold's" Scotch gardener, on Master George's pony ;" and Sam Finch, the keeper, and Thomas, the coachman, on the carriage horses.

Wrapped up in a large dirty Thurtell-looking witney coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, the size of half-crown pieces, in a single-horse fly, with a dirty apology for a postilion on the animal, with hands stuffed into his side pockets, and a hunting whip peeping above his knees, the mighty Dennis O'Brian, wends his way to the meet, his brain still swimming with the effects of the last night's champagne. As he diverges from the road into the grass-field, he takes his hunting whip from its place, loosens the thong, and proceeding to flagellate both rider and horse, dashes into the crowd in what he considers quite a " bang-up way." " Now, Peter, my boy !" he roars at the top of his voice, as standing erect in the vehicle he proceeds to divest himself of his elegant " wraprascal," " be after showing us a run ; for by the piper that played before Moses, I feel as if I could take St. Peter's itself in my stride. —Och blood and ounds ! ye young spalpeen, but you've been after giving that horse a gallop,—he's sweating about the ears already," he exclaims to a little charity-school boy, whom the livery stable keeper has despatched with a horse Dennis has hired for the " sason," warranted to hunt

four days a week or oftener, and hack all the rest—a raw-boned, broken-knee'd, spavined bay, with some very “going” points about him. “Be after jumping off, ye vagabond, or I’ll bate you into a powder.”

Romeo Simpkins then comes tit-tup-ing up on a long-tailed dun, with a crupper to the saddle, surrounded by the four Miss Merrygoes, all ringlets and teeth, and the two Miss Millers all forehead and cheeks,—the cavalcade mounted by the opposition riding-master, Mr. Higgs, who follows the group at a respectful distance to see that they do not take too much out of the nags, and to minute their ride by his watch.\* Romeo is in ecstacies! He has got on an ill-made, cream-bowl-looking cap, with a flourishing ribbon behind, a very light-coloured coat, inclining more to pink than scarlet, made of ladies’ habit cloth, a yellow neckcloth, his white waistcoat of the previous evening, and very thin white cord breeches that show his garters, stocking tops, and every wrinkle in his drawers; added to which, after a fashion of his own, his boots are secured to his breeches by at least half a dozen buttons, and straps round the leg. The ladies think Romeo “quite a dear” and Romeo is of the same opinion.

\*At most watering places “unfortunates” are let out by the hour—half-a-crown an hour for a three legged one; three shillings for a horse that has four.

“ Now, Barnington don’t ride like a fool and break your neck,” says the amiable Mrs. Barnington to her sapient spouse, as he begins to fidget and stir in the carriage, as the groom passes and repasses with a fine brown horse in tip-top condition, and a horn at the saddle ; a request that was conveyed in a tone that implied, “ I hope you may, with all my heart.” Then turning to Doleful, who was beginning to look very uneasy as mounting time approached, she added, in a forgiving tone, “ Now, my dear Captain, don’t let Barnington lead you into mischief ; he’s a *desperate* rider I know, but there’s no occasion for *you* to follow him over every thing he chooses to ride at.”

Mrs. Barnington might have spared herself the injunction, for Doleful’s horse was a perfect antidote to any extravagance ; a more perfect picture of wretchedness was never seen. It was a long, lean, hide-bound, ewe-necked, one-eyed, roan Rosinante, down of a hip, collar-marked, and crupper-marked, with conspicuous splints on each leg, and desperately broken-kneed. The saddle was an old military brass-cantrelled one, with hair girths, rings behind, and a piece of dirty old green carpet for a saddle-cloth. The bridle was a rusty Pelham, without the chain, ornamented with a dirty faded yellow-worsted front, and strong, cracked, weather-bleached reins, swelled

into the thickness of moderate traces—with the head-stall ends flapping and flying about in all directions, and the choak-band secured by a piece of twine in lieu of a buckle. The stirrups were of unequal lengths, but this could not be helped, for they were the last pair in Handley Cross; and Doleful, after a survey of the whole, mounts and sticks his feet into the rusty irons, with a self-satisfied grin on his spectral face, without discovering their inequality.

“Keep a good hold of her mouth, sir,” says the fly-man groom whose property she is, gathering up the reins and placing them in a bunch in Doleful’s hands; “keep a good hold of her head, sir,” he repeats, an exhortation that was not given without due cause, for no sooner did the mare find herself released from her keeper, than down went her head, up went her heels, off went the captain’s hat, out flew the militia coat laps, down went the black gold-headed cane, and the old mare ran wheel-barrow fashion about the field, kicking, jumping, and neighing to the exquisite delight of the thirteen fly-fulls of pink and blue young ladies from Miss Prim’s and Miss Prosy’s opposition seminaries, the infinite satisfaction of Mrs. Fleeceall, whom Doleful had snubbed, and to the exceeding mirth of the whole field.

“*Help him ! save him !*” screams Mrs. Barning-

ton with clasped hands and uplifted eyes as the old mare tears past the barouche with her heels in the air, and the loose riding M. C. sitting like "the Drunken Huzzar" at the circus, unconsciously digging her with his black heel-spurs as she goes. "Oh heavens! will nobody save him?" she exclaims; and thereupon the two powdered footmen, half dying with laughter, slip down from behind, and commence a pursuit, and succeed in catching the mare just as she had got the Master of the Ceremonies fairly on her shoulders, and when another kick would have sent him over her head. Meanwhile Mrs. Barnington faints. Fans, water, salts, vinegar, all sorts of things, are called in requisition, as may be supposed, when the queen of Handley Cross is taken ill; nothing but a recommendation from the new doctor that her stays should be cut, could possibly have revived her.

Peace is at length restored. Doleful, sorely damaged by the brass cantrel and the pommel, is taken from the "old kicking mare," as she was called at the stable, and placed alongside the expiring Mrs. Barnington in the carriage, and having had enough of hunting, Mr. John Thomas is ordered to drive home immediately.

Whereupon Peter takes out his watch and finds it exactly five minutes to one, the hour that he used to be laying the cloth for Michael

Hardey's dinner, after having killed his fox and got his horses done up. Barnington having seen his wife fairly out of sight, appears a new man, and mounting his brown hunter takes his horn out of the case, knocks it against his thigh, gives his whip a flourish, and trots up to the pack, with one foot dangling against the stirrup iron.

Peter salutes him with a touch of his cap, his groom whipper-in scrapes his against the skies; and Barnington with a nod, asks Peter what they shall draw? "Hazleby Hanger, I was thinking sir," replied Peter with another touch, "the keeper says he saw a fox go in there this morning, and it's very nice lying."—"Well then, let us be going," replies Barnington, looking around the field."—"No!" roars Stephen Dumpling, taking a cigar from his mouth; "Hoppas Hays is the place; the wind's westerly,"—wetting his finger on his tongue, and holding it up to the air,—“and if we can force him through Badger Wood and Shortmead, he will give us a rare burst over Langley Downs, and away to the sea.”—"Well, what you please, gentlemen," replies Peter; "only we have not much time to lose, for the days are short, and my fellow servant here doesn't know the country; besides which we have five couple of young hounds out."—"I say Hazleby Hanger," replies Barnington with a frown on his brow, for he was unused to contradiction

from any one but his wife. “ *I say Hoppas Hays,*” replies Dumpling loudly, with an irate look, and giving his boot an authoritative bang with his whip.—“ Well, gentlemen, whichever you please,” says Peter, looking confused.—“ Then go to Hazleby Hanger,” responds Barnington. “ *Hoppas Hays!*” exclaims Dumpling; mind, Peter, *I’m* your master.”—“ No more than myself,” replies Barnington, “ and I find the whipper-in.” “ Where’s Smith?” shouts Dennis o’Brian, working his way into the crowd, with his coat-pockets sticking-out beyond the cantrel of his saddle, like a poor man’s dinner wallet. “ Here! here! here!” responded half a dozen voices from horses, gigs, and flys.

“ No, *Round-the-corner* Smith I mean,” replies O’Brian. “ Yonder he is, by the cow-shed in the corner of the field;” and Smith is seen in the distance in the act of exchanging his hack for his hunter. He comes cantering up the field, feeling his horse as he goes, and on being holloaed to by some score of voices or more, pulls short round and enters the crowd at a trot. “ What shall we draw first, Smith?” inquires Mr. Barnington; “ I propose Hazleby Hanger.” “ *I say Hoppas Hays,*” rejoins Dumpling.—“ Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-zleby Ha-ha-hanger, or Ho-ho-ho-ho-hoppas Ha-ha-ha-ha-hays! I should think Fa-fa-fa-farley Pa-pa-pasture better than either.” “ Well then, let us draw



lots," replied Dennis O'Brian, "for it's not right keeping gentlemen and men of fortune waiting in this way.—By the great gun of Athlone, but the Ballyshannon dogs, kept by Mr. Trodennick, would find and kill a fox in less time than you take in chaffing about where you'll draw for one. See now," added he, pulling an old Racing Calendar out of his capacious pocket, and tearing a piece into slips, "here are three bits of paper; the longest is for Hazleby Hanger, the middle one is Hoppas Hays, and the short one shall be Farley-Pasture, and Peter shall draw;" whereupon Dennis worked his way through the crowd, advanced into the middle of the pack, and just as Peter drew a slip, Dennis's spavined steeple-chaser gave Abelard, the French poodle, such a crack on the skull as killed him on the spot. The field is again in commotion, two-thirds of the young ladies in pink gingham burst into tears, while one of the sky blue pupils faints, and a second is thrown into convulsions and bursts her stays with the noise of a well-charged two-penny cracker. "*Who-hoop!*" cries Dennis O'Brian, "here's blood already!" jumping off his horse and holding the expiring animal in mid air; "Who-hoop, my boys, but we've begun the season gallantly! killed a lion instead of a fox!" and thereupon he threw the dead dog upon the ground amid the laughter of a few pedestrians,

and the general execration of the carriage company.

We need not say that the sport of the ladies was over for the day. There lay poor Abelard, the only dog in the pack they really admired ; whose freaks and gambols in return for buns and queen-cakes, had often beguiled the weariness of their brothers' kennel lectures. The sparkling eye that watched each movement of the hand, was glazed in death, and the flowing luxuriance of his well-combed mane and locks clotted with gory blood—Alas, poor Abelard !

“ Oh name for ever sad ! for ever dear !

Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear !

The hounds alone seemed unconcerned at his fate, and walked about and smelt at him, as though they hardly owned his acquaintance, when “ Mr. Fleeceall,” the white terrier with the black patch on his eye, having taken him by the ear, with the apparent intention of drawing him about the field, Miss Prim most theatrically begged the body, which was forthwith transferred to the bottom of her fly, to the unutterable chagrin of Miss Prosy, who was on the point of supplicating for it herself, and had just arranged a most touching speech for the occasion. Eyes were now ordered to be dried and the young ladies were forthwith got into marching order.—Pink gingham wheels

off first, and when they got home, those that did not cry before, were whipped and made to cry after; while the sky-blue young ladies had a page of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, commencing "Dear sensibility! source unexhausted of all that's precious in our joys or costly in our sorrows!" &c., to learn by heart, to make them more feeling in future.

The field, reduced one half, at two o'clock set off for Farley Pasture; the procession consists of five frys, twenty-three horsemen, four gig-men, and a string of thirteen donkeys, some carrying double, and others with panniers full of little folk.

Dumpling and Barnington look unamiable things at each other, but neither having carried his point, they ride along the sandy lane that leads to the cover in pouting sullenness. The cavalcade rides the hill that commands the cover in every quarter, where Peter and the pack wait until the long drawn file have settled themselves to their liking. The cover is an uninclosed straggling gorse of about three or four acres in extent, rising the hill from a somewhat dense patch of underwood, bounded on the east by a few weather beaten Scotch firs; the country around being chiefly grass fields of good dimensions. Dumpling canters round the cover, and takes a position among the firs, while Barn

ington plants himself immediately opposite ; and Smith, determined not to be outdone in importance, establishes himself to the south. “ *Yooi in there !*” cries Peter at last with a wave of his cap, his venerable grey hair floating on the breeze ; “ *yooi in there, my beauties !*” and the old hounds, at the sound of his cheery voice, dash into the gorse and traverse every patch and corner with eagerness ; “ Have at him there !” cries Peter, as Belmaid, a beautiful pied bitch, feathers round a patch of gorse near a few stunted birch and oak trees : “ *have at him there, my beauty !*”—“ *yooi, wind him !*” “ *yooi, push him !*”

“ *Talli-ho !*” cries Abel Snorem in a loud, deep, sonorous voice from his fly, rubbing his eyes with one hand and raising his hat in the air with the other ; “ *talli-ho ! yonder he goes.*” “ *It’s a hare !*” exclaims Peter ; “ *it’s a hare ! pray hold your tongue, sir ! pray do !*”—It is too late ; the mischief is done. Three couple of young hounds that did not like the gorse, having caught view, dash after her ; and puss’s screams at the corner of the ploughed field, are drowned in the horns of the masters, who commenced the most discordant *tootleings*, puffings, and blowings as soon as Abel Snorem’s *talli-ho* was heard. Meanwhile the whipper-in has worked his way round to the delinquents, and jumping off his horse seizes the hind quarters of puss, whereupon

Vigilant seizes him *à posteriori* in return, and makes him bellow like a bull. The masters canter round, the field rush to the spot, and all again is hubbub and confusion. "Lay it into them!" exclaims Barnington to his groom-whipper-in; "cut them to ribbons, the riotous brutes!" "Don't!" interposes Dumpling, "*I won't* have the hounds flogged;" whereupon the ladies laud his feeling, and mutter something that sounds very like "Barnington and brute." Just as stuttering Smith is in the midst of a long string of stammers upon the question of corporeal punishment, a loud, clear, shrill talli-ho is heard proceeding from the neighbourhood of the fir trees, and Peter on the white horse is seen standing in his stirrups, cap in hand, holloaing his hounds away to their fox.—"Hoic together! hoic!" and the old hounds rush eagerly to the voice that has led them to a hundred glories.—"Yonder he goes by Mersham Hatch, and away for Downleigh-crag," exclaims a lad in a tree, and eyes are strained in the direction that he points.

"Forrard away! forrard." "Crack! crack!" go a score of whips; "talli-ho!" scream a dozen voices. "Away! away! away!" holloas Peter, settling himself into his saddle. "Away! away! away!" echoes the groom-whipper-in, as he stands rubbing himself, debating whether to mount or go

home to the doctor. Barnington races round the cover, Dumpling takes the opposite side, followed by Smith, and Dennis O'Brian shoves his spavined steed straight through the cover, and goes bounding over the high gorse like a boat off a rough shore. Romeo Simpkins and his tail trot after a fat old gentleman on a black cob, dressed in a single-breasted green coat, with mahogany-coloured top-boots, and a broad-brimmed hat, who makes for Ashley Lane, from thence over Downley Hill, from whence there is a full view of the pack running like wildfire over the large grass enclosure near Ravensdeen village, with no one but Peter within a quarter of a mile of them. Away they speed : and just as Peter's white horse looks like a pigeon in the distance, and the rest diminish into black specks, a curve to the left brings them past Arthingworth clump, leaving the old tower on the right, and skirting the side of Branston Wood, far in the distance they enter upon the tract of chalky land beyond. The old gentleman's eye catches fresh fire at the sight, he takes off his low-crowned hat, and mops his bald head with a substantial snuff-coloured Bandana, and again bumps off at a trot. He pounds along the lanes, turning first to the right, then to the left ; now stopping to listen, now cutting through the backs of farm buildings, now following an almost imperceptible cart-track through a line of

field-gates, until he gains Surrenden Lane, where he pulls up short, and listens. "Hark!" he exclaims, holding up his hand to Romeo and his female friends, who are giggling and tittering at the delightful canter they have had; "hark!" he repeats, in a somewhat louder voice. A short sharp chirp is borne on the breeze; it is Heroine all but running mute. A deeper note follows, another, and another, which gradually swell into chorus, as the pack carry the scent across the fallow, and get upon turf nearer hand. The old gentleman is in ecstacies. He can hardly contain himself. He pulls his cob across the lane; his hat is in the air, no one views the fox but himself, the hounds pour into the lane;—a momentary check ensues. Villager speaks to it in the next field; Dexterous has it too—and Coroner, Harmony, Funnylass, and Ravenous, join cry!—they run the hedge-row—a snap and crack is heard just by the large ash-tree.—"*Whoo-whoop!*" holloas the old gentleman, putting his finger in his ear, and Peter comes bounding over the fence and is among his pack fighting for the fox.

Then up come the field, the horses heaving, panting, and blowing, all in a white lather, and the perspiration streaming off the red faces of riders. There has been a desperately jealous tussle between Barnington and Dumpling which

should ride first; and nothing but the badness of the start has prevented their being before the hounds. Dumpling has knocked in the crown of a new eight-and-sixpenny hat; while a strong grower that he bore before him through a stiff bullfinch, returned with a switch across Barnington's nose, that knocked all the skin off the bridge.

"I claim the brush!" exclaimed Dumpling, still in the air. "No such thing!" responds Barnington, as they land together in the deep lane, from the top of the high bank with a strongly pleached hedge on the top. "I say it's mine!" "I say it isn't!" "I say it is!" "Peter, it's mine!" "Peter it isn't!" "At your peril give it to him!" "You give it to me, or I discharge you!"

"Well, gentlemen," replies Peter, laying the fox before him, "whichever way you please." "Then give it me." "No, give it me." "Isn't it mine, sir?" says Dumpling, appealing to the gentleman on the cob, "my horse touched ground first, and, according to all the laws of steeple-chasing that ever I've heard, or read of, in 'Bell's Life,' or elsewhere, that's decisive." "I should say it was Squire Hartley's," observed Peter, looking at the green-coated gentleman on the cob.

"Squire Hartley's!" exclaim Dumpling and Barnington at the same moment; "Squire Hartley's! How can that be? He's not even a member



of the hunt, and doesn't give a farthing to it." "It was his cover we found in," replies Peter; "and in old master's time, we always gave the brush to whoever was first up." "*First up,*" roars Dump-ling, "why he's never been out of a trot!" "And ridden the road!" adds Barnington. "What do we know about your old master?" rejoins Dumpling, "he was, a skirting, nicking, Macadamizing old screw." "He was a better sportsman than ever you will be," replies Peter, his eyes sparkling anger as he spoke. "Let us have none of your impertinence," replies Barnington, nettled at the disrespect towards a member of the committee; "and let me advise you to remember that you hunt these hounds for the amusement of your masters and not for your own pleasure, and you had better take care how you steal away with your fox again as you did just now." "That he ha-ha-ha-had," exclaims Round-the-corner Smith as he creeps down the side of the bank, holding by the cantrel of his saddle, into the lane, after having ridden the line with great assiduity without seeing a bit of the run; "I never saw such an impudent thing done in all the whole course of my li-li-li-life before."

Poor Peter made no reply. An involuntary tear started into the corner of his eye, when, having broken up his fox, he called his hounds together and turned his horse's head towards

home, at the thought of the change he had lived to see. Arrived at Handley Cross, he fed his hounds, dressed his horse, and then, paying a visit to each of his masters, respectfully resigned the situation of " huntsman to the committee of management of the Handley Cross fox-hounds."

## CHAP. VI.

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"By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery."—HENRY VIII.

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"A FELLOW feeling makes us wonderous kind," says the adage, and the present case was no exception to the rule. Our three masters, having slept on their visit from Peter, met the next morning, when all jealousies were merged in abuse of the huntsman. He was every thing that was bad, and they unanimously resolved that they were extremely lucky in getting rid of him. "Anybody could hunt a pack of hounds," and the only difficulty they anticipated was the possibility of the groom-whipper-in not being sufficiently recovered from his bite from the hound to be able to take the field on the Friday, for which day the hounds were advertised to meet at Meddingley, three miles down the vale, in the cream of their country. Barnington would have no difficulty in hunting them if any one would whip-in to him; Dumpling was equally confident; and Smith said he had no "he-he-he-he-si-tation about the matter." It was therefore arranged that each should lend a hand, and hunt, or turn the hounds, as occasion required, and let the world

at large and Peter in particular see what little occasion they had for his services. Meanwhile Beckford, Cook, and the Sporting Magazines, were perseveringly studied.

Friday came, but like an old "Oaks day" it was very languid and feeble; there was no polishing of hack hunters, no borrowing of bridles or lending of saddles, no bustle or hurry perceptible in the streets; the water-drinkers flocked to the wells as usual, and none but the regulars took the field. Among the number was our old friend Squire Hartley on his black cob, attired in the same green coat, the same brown top-boots, and the same low-crowned hat as before. Snorem and Doleful came in a gig in the inspection style, and Dennis O'Brian smoked three cigars before any one looked at his watch to see how the time went.

At length Squire Hartley ventured to inquire if there was any possibility of the servant having mistaken his way, whereupon it simultaneously occurred to the trio that there might be something wrong. Joe had orders to bring the hounds by an unfrequented lane, so as to avoid collecting foot people, and after another quarter of an hour spent in suspense, the field proceeded in the direction they ought to come. On rising a gentle eminence out of Sandyford Lane, a scarlet-coated man was seen in the distance standing in the

middle of a ploughed field, and a fustian-coated horseman was galloping about it, endeavouring to turn the hounds to the former, but in consequence of riding at them instead of getting round them, he made the hounds fly in all directions. The cavalcade then pressed on, horns were drawn from their cases, and our three masters cantered into the field, puffing, and blowing most unsatisfactory and discordant blasts. Joe then disclosed how the pack had broke away on winding a dead horse hard by, and how, after most ineffectual efforts to turn them, he had lent a countryman his horse and whip, while he stood in the field holloaing and coaxing them away.

This feat being accomplished through the assistance of the field, the hounds, with somewhat distended sides, proceeded sluggishly to the cover. It was a long straggling gorse on a hill side, with a large quarry hole at the far end, which, from long disuse, had grown up with broom, furze, and brushwood. The hounds seemed very easy about the matter, and some laid down, while others stood gazing about the cover. At length our masters agreed that it was time to throw off, so they began, as they had seen Peter, with a whistle and a slight wave of the hand, thinking to see the pack rush in at the signal,—no such thing however; not a single hound moved a muscle, and three or four of the young ones

most audaciously sat down on the spot. The gentleman on the black cob smiled.

“ *Yooi over there !*” cried Barnington, taking off his hat and standing erect in the stirrups.

“ *Yooi over there !* get to cover, hounds, get to cover !” screamed whipper-in Joe, commencing a most furious onset among the sitters, whereupon some jumped and others crept into cover and quietly laid themselves down for a nap. Five or six couples of old hounds, however, that had not quite gorged themselves with horse-flesh, worked the cover well ; and, as foxes abounded, it was not long before our friend on the cob saw one stealing away up the brook that had girded the base of the hills, which, but for his eagle eye, would have got off unperceived.

“ Talli-ho !” cried the old gentleman at last, taking off his hat on seeing him clear of the cover, and pointing southwards in the direction of Bibury Wood, a strong hold for foxes.

“ Talli-ho !” responded Barnington without seeing him. “ Talli-ho !” re-echoed all the others without one having caught view ; and the old gentleman, putting the cob’s head straight down the hill, slid and crawled down to the brook followed by the field. Here with much hooping holloaing, and blowing of horns, a few couple of hounds were enticed from the cover, and being laid on to the scent, dribbled about like the tail

of a paper kite, taking precedence according to their several degrees. First old Solomon, a great black and white hound, with a strong resemblance to a mugger's mastiff, gave a howl and a towl; then Harmony chirped, and Manager gave a squeak, and old Solomon threw his tongue again, in a most leisurely and indifferent manner, causing some of the young hounds to peep over the furze bushes to see what was going on.

The run, however, was of short continuance; after crossing three grass fields they came to a greasy fallow, across which the hounds were working the scent very deliberately, when up jumped a great thumping hare, which they ran into in view at the well at the corner. Our sportsmen were somewhat disgusted at this, but made the best of the matter, and laid the mishap to the charge of the horse in the morning.

After consuming another hour or two in drawing hopeless covers, and riding about the country, they entered Handley Cross just in full tide, when all the streets and shops swarmed with bright eyes and smart dresses, and each man said they had had a capital day's sport, and killed. After passing through the principal streets, the hounds and horses were dismissed, and the red coats were seen flitting about till dusk.

The next day, however, produced no change for the better, nor the following, nor the one after; and the oftener they went, the wilder and

worse the hounds became. Sometimes, by dint of mobbing, they managed to kill a fox, but hares much more frequently fell a prey to the renowned pack. At length they arrived at such a state of perfection, that they would hunt almost any thing. The fields, as may be supposed, soon dwindled down to nothing, and, what was worse, many of the visitors began to slip away from Handley Cross without paying their subscriptions. To add to their misfortunes, bills poured in apace for poultry and other damage ; and every farmer's wife who had her hen-roost robbed, laid the blame upon the foxes. Fleeceall had the first handling of the bills, but not being a man with a propensity for settling questions, he entered into a voluminous correspondence with the parties for the laudable purpose of proving that foxes did not meddle with poultry.

One evening as our masters returned home, quite dispirited after an unusually bad day, without having seen a fox ; and the hounds having run into and killed a fat wether, and seized an old woman in a scarlet cloak, they agreed to meet after dinner, to consider what was best to be done under the circumstances. On entering the room, which they did simultaneously, two letters were seen on the table, one of small size, directed to " The Gentlemen Managers of the Handley Cross Hunt-Ball and Supper," containing, in a few laconic items, the appalling



amount of £290. 3s. 6d. for the expences of the memorable ball-night. The other more resembled a government-office packet than a letter, and was bound with red tape and sealed; it was addressed to the "Honourable the Committee of Management of the Handley Cross Fox Hounds." Barnington, more stout-nerved than his colleagues, tore off the tape, when out of the envelope fell a many-paged bill, secured at the stitching part with a delicate piece of blue silk. The contents ran thus:—

*The Honourable Committee of Management of the Handley Cross Fox-hounds,*

*To Walter Fleeceall, Dr.*

	£.	s.	d.
Sept. Attending you by especial appointment, when you communicated your desire of taking the Hounds . . . . .	0	13	4
Considering the subject very attentively . . . . .	1	1	0
Attending Capt. Doleful, M.C., at Miss Jelly's, the Pastry Cook's, conferring with him on the subject, when it was arranged that a Public Meeting of the Inhabitants should be called . . . . .	0	13	4
Drawing notice of the same . . . . .	1	1	0
Making two fair copies thereof . . . . .	0	10	6
Posting same at Library and Billiard Room . . . . .	0	6	8
Long attendance on Capt. Doleful, M. C., arranging preliminaries, when it was agreed that Mr. Barnington should be called to the chair . . . . .	0	13	4

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Carry forward £4 19 2

	£.	s.	d.
Brought up	4	19	2
Communicating with Mr. Barnington thereon, and advising him what to say	1	1	0
Attending Meeting, self and clerk	1	10	6
Making speech on the merits and advantages of Fox-hunting, (what you please),			
Making minute of the appointment of the committee of managem		6	8
Attending Capt. Doleful, M. C., by especial appointment at Miss Jelly's, when it ap- pearing advisable to conciliate the farmers, writing to Mr. Stephen Dumpling, requesting his attendance	0	6	8
Attending meeting, when Mr. Dumpling's name was added to the committee, and title of hunt changed to "Handley Cross" Hounds	1	1	0
Making special minute thereof, and of ap- pointment of self as secretary	0	10	6
Writing 353 letters soliciting subscriptions, inviting and exhorting gentlemen to become members of the hunt, describing the uniforms, scarlet coats with blue collars in a morning, and sky-blue coats lined with pink silk, canary-coloured shorts, and white silk stock- ings in an evening, (letters very long and very pressing)	25	0	0
Writing 129 rejoinders to 129 answers from 129 gentlemen who did not readily come into the thing, pointing out the merits and advantages of fox-hunting in general, and of the Handley Cross fox-hunt in particular	10	0	0
Carry forward	£44	15	6

	£	s.	d.
Brought up	44	15	6
Seven gentlemen refusing to subscribe on the grounds that the hounds would hunt hare, drawing long and special affidavit that they were true to fox, and would not look at hare	2	2	0
Attending swearing same, and paid for oaths	0	6	8
Three gentlemen refusing to become members unless the hounds were allowed to run hare occasionally, writing to assure them their wishes would be complied with	1	1	0
Mr. Spinnage having written to say he could not subscribe unless they occasionally hunted stags, writing to assure him that they were stag-hounds, quite as much as fox hounds	0	6	8
Mrs. Margery Mumbleby having sent in a bill of 1l. 8s. 6d. for four hens, a duck, and a goose, stolen by the foxes, consulting sporting records to see whether foxes were in the habit of doing such things, engaged all day, and paid Mr. Hookem, the librarian, for searching through his Sporting Magazines	2	2	0
Writing Mrs. Margery Mumbleby very fully thereon, and stating my firm conviction that it was not the foxes (copy to keep)	0	13	4
Mrs. Margery Mumbleby not being satisfied with my answer, drawing case for the opinion of the Editor of the New Sporting Magazine, three brief sheets	1	11	6
Paid carriage of parcel and booking	0	3	4
Paid him and secretary	2	4	6
Carried forward	£55	6	6

	£	s.	d.
Brought up	55	6	6
Carriage of parcel back, containing Editor's answer, who said he had no doubt the foxes were "two-legged" ones . . . . .	0	3	0
Fair copy of answer for Mrs. Margery Mum- bleby, and writing her fully thereon, (copy to keep) . . . . .	0	6	8
Hearing that Dennis O'Brian, Esq., was going to visit his castle in Ireland, calling at his lodgings to receive the amount of his sub- scription prior to his departure, when the maid-servant said, her master was not at home . . . . .			
Calling again, same answer			
Ditto ditto			
Ditto ditto			
Ditto ditto			
Ditto ditto, when the servant said Mr. O'Brian had left this morning .			
Much mental anxiety, postage, parcels, let- ters, &c., not before charged (what you please)			
Total	£85	16	2

It is but justice to Mr. Fleeceall's accurate method of transacting business, to state that on the creditor side was 18l. 18s. for six subscriptions received, and a very *promising* list of gentlemen who had not yet found it convenient to pay, amounting in the whole to some 300l.

The two bills, however, sealed the fate of the committee of management, and drove the slaugh-

tered wether and scarlet-cloaked old woman of the morning out of their recollections.

Shocked at his situation, Stephen Dumpling took the white-legged chesnut to Duncan Nevin, but though that worthy admitted that he was varry like the field, neither his long tail, nor his flowing mane, would induce him to offer more than twenty-five pounds for him.

“ I really have more horses than I can do with,” repeated Mr. Nevin, “ had you come last week, or the week afore, I had three gentlemen wanting horses for the season, and I could have given you more, for I should have got him kept till April, and there may be a vast of frost or snow before then, but it would not do for me to have him standing eating his head off; you know I’ve nothing to do with the weather,” added he, “ when they are once let.” Had Duncan known how things stood, he would not have offered him more than ten.

Fortunately for Stephen, Smith and Barnington being both in high credit, the chesnut was saved from the “ Nimrod livery and bait stables.” Still the committee was at an end, and that soon became known. “ Who now was to take the hounds?” was the universal inquiry, which no one could answer. The visitors looked to the townspeople to make the move, and the townspeople wished to give them precedence. With

the uninitiated, the main qualification for a master appears to be "plenty of money." With them the great sporting objection of "he knows nothing about hunting," is unheard of.

The case was urgent and the emergency great. None of the committee would touch again, and there was no engagement to hunt out the season. Puff paragraphs were tried in the Handley Cross Paul Pry, a gossiping publication, which enlivened the lists of arrivals, departures, changes of residence, parties given, &c. with what it called the "sports of the chase," but without success. Some, to be sure, nibbled, and made inquiries as to expence and subscription, but their ultimatums were always in the negative! Sky blue coats and pink linings were likely to be at a discount.

In the midst of the dilemma, Captain Doleful's anxious mind, quickened by self interest, hit upon a gentleman made for the place—rich as Croesus, a keen and scientific sportsman—an out-and-out lover of hunting—every thing in fact that they wanted. His face wrinkled like a Norfolk biffin with delight, and he summoned Fleeceall, Hookem, the librarian, Boltem, the billiard table keeper, to Miss Jelly's, where, over a tray of hot mutton pies, most magnanimously furnished at his own expence, he arranged the scheme disclosed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

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“A man he was to all the country dear.”

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“WHERE can that be from, Binjimin?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks of his boy of all-work, as the latter presented him with a large double-headed letter, with a flourishing coat of arms seal.

Mr. Jorrocks was a great city grocer of the old school, one who was neither ashamed of his trade, nor of carrying it on in a dingy warehouse that would shock the managers of the fine mahogany-countered, gilt-canistered establishment of modern times. He had been in business long enough to remember each succeeding lord mayor before he was any body—“reg’lar little tuppences in fact,” as he used to say. Not that Mr. Jorrocks decried the dignity of civic honour, but his ambition took a different turn. He was for the field, and not for the forum.

As a merchant he stood high—country traders took his teas without tasting, and his bills were as good as bank notes. Though an unlettered man he had great powers of thought and expression

in his peculiar way. He was "highly respectable," as they say on 'Change—that is to say, he **was** very rich, the result of prudence and economy—not that he was stingy, but his income outstripped his expenses, and money like snow rolls up amazingly fast.

A natural born sportsman, his lot being cast behind a counter instead of in the country, is one of those frolics of fortune that there is no accounting for. To remedy the error of the blind goddess, Mr. Jorrocks had taken to hunting as soon as he could keep a horse, and though his exploits had been confined to the suburban county of Surrey, he should rather be "credit'd" for keenness in following the sport in so unpropitious a region, than "debit'd" as a cockney and laughed at for his pains. But here the old adage of "where ignorance is bliss, &c." came to his aid, for never having seen any better country than Surrey, he became impressed with the conviction that it was the "werry best," and their hounds the finest in England.

"Doesn't the best of every thing come to London?" he would ask, "and doesn't it follow as a nattaral consequence, that the best 'unting is to be had from it?"

Moreover, Mr. Jorrocks looked upon Surrey as the peculiar province of Cockneys—we beg pardon—Londoners.—His earliest recollections



carried him back to the days of Alderman Harley, and though his participation in the sport consisted in reading the meets in a boot-maker's window in the Borough, he could tell of all the succeeding masters, and criticise the establishments of Clayton, Snow, Maberly, and the renowned Daniel Haigh.

It was during the career of the latter great sportsman, that Mr. Jorrocks shone a brilliant meteor in the Surrey hunt—he was no rider, but with an almost intuitive knowledge of the run of a fox, would take off his hat to him several times in the course of a run. No Saturday seemed perfect unless Mr. Jorrocks was there; and his great chesnut horse, with his master's coat-laps flying out beyond his tail, will long be remembered on the outline of the Surrey hills. These are recollections that many will enjoy, nor will their interest be diminished as time throws them back in the distance. Many bold sportsmen, now laid on the shelf, and many a bold one still going, will glow with animation at the thoughts of the sport they shared in with him.

Of the start before day break—the cries of the cads—the mirth of the lads—the breakfasts at Croydon—the dear “Derby Arms,”—the cheery Charley Morton\*—then the ride to the meet—

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\* Charley—mine host of the Derby Arms—was more given to venison than fox.

the jovial greeting—the glorious find, and the exhilarating scrambles up and down the Surrey hills—Then if they killed!—O, joy! unutterable joy! How they holloaed! How they hooped! How they lugged out their half-crowns for Tom Hill, and returned to town flushed with victory and *eau de vie*.

But we wander:—

At the time of which we speak Mr. Jorrocks had passed the grand climacteric, and balancing his age with less accuracy than he balanced his books, called himself somewhere between fifty and sixty. He was a stiff, square-built, middle-sized man, with a thick neck and a large round head. A woolly broad-brimmed lowish-crowned hat sat with a jaunty side-long sort of air upon a bushy nut-brown wig, worn for comfort and not deception. Indeed his grey whiskers would have acted as a contradiction if he had, but deception formed no part of Mr. Jorrocks's character. He had a fine open countenance, and though his turn up nose, little grey eyes, and rather twisted mouth, were not handsome, still there was a combination of fun and good humour in his looks that pleased at first sight, and made one forget all the rest. His dress was generally the same—a puddingey white neckcloth tied in a knot, capacious shirt frill (shirt made without collars), a single-breasted high-collared

buff waistcoat with covered buttons, a blue coat with metal ones, dark blue stockingnet pantaloons, and hessian boots with large tassels, displaying the liberal dimensions of his well-turned limbs. The coat pockets were outside, and the back buttons far apart.

His business place was in St. Botolph's Lane, in the city, but his residence was in Great Coram Street. This is rather a curious locality, city people considering it west, while those in the west consider it east. The fact is that Great Coram Street is somewhere about the centre of London, near the London University, and not a great way from the Euston station of the Birmingham railway. Approaching it from the east which seems the proper way of advancing to a city man's residence, you pass the Foundling Hospital in Guildford Street, cross Brunswick Square, and turning short to the left you find yourself in "Great Coram Street." Neat unassuming houses form the sides, and the west end is graced with a building that acts the double part of a reading-room and swimming bath—"literature and lavement" is over the door.

In this region the dazzling glare of civic pomp and courtly state are equally unknown. Fifteen-year-old foot boys in cotton velveteens, and variously fitting coats, being the objects of ambi-

tion, while the rattling of pewter pots about four o'clock denote the usual dinner hour.—It is a nice quiet street, highly popular with Punch and other public characters. A smart confectioner's in the neighbourhood, leads one to suppose that it is a favourite locality for citizens.

We may as well introduce the other inmates of Mr. Jorrocks's house, before we return to our story, premising that they are now going to act a prominent part.

Mrs. Jorrocks was the reverse of her husband in all except figure. She was a commonish-minded woman with great pretension and smattering of gentility. She had been reckoned a beauty at Tooting, but had outlived all, save the recollection of it—she was a dumpy figure, very fond of fine bonnets, and dressed so differently that Mr. Jorrocks himself sometimes did not know her.—Her main characteristics were a red snub nose, a profusion of false ringlets, and gooseberry eyes.

She had married Mr. Jorrocks for his money, and he, like many mercantile men in early life, not having had much leisure to look about him, had taken her without any very exact knowledge of her character. Fortunately most of her female acquaintance being like herself, the worthy man never discovered the inferiority of his spouse.

children blessed the union, and a niece, an orphan daughter of a brother of Mr. Jorrocks, completed their family circle. Belinda Jorrocks was a gem rising upon womanhood—young, beautiful, and innocent, even the polishing properties of a boarding-school seminary had failed to contaminate the goodness of her heart.—In person she was of middle size, neither too slim nor too stout, but of that plump and pleasantly rounded form that charms all eyes, whether admirers of the short or the tall. Her light brown silken hair clasped round the forehead of a beautiful oval face, while the delicate regularity of her lightly-pencilled eyebrows, contrasted with the long rich fringe of her golden blue eyes—rosy lips and pearly teeth shone below her Grecian nose, while her clear and somewhat pale complexion, brightened with the flush of animation when she spoke. Her hand was small, and her feet sylph like. “Where can this be from, Benjamin?” inquired Jorrocks taking the letter before mentioned and sitting in his red morocco hunting chair in the drawing room in Great Coram Street.

“Valley Cross!” where is that?” said he, looking at the post-mark, “Knows no one there,” continued he, cutting the paper on each side of the seal with a pair of large scissors kept in a capacious black inkstand before him.

Having opened the envelope, a large sheet of white paper and a gilt-edged pink satin paper note presented themselves. He opened the note first.—The writing was unknown to him, so he took up the other, and folding it out proceeded to read the contents.—Thus it run—

“ TO JOHN JORROCKS, ESQ.

“ HONOURED SIR,

“ The committee of management of the Handley Cross fox-hounds being under the necessity of relinquishing their undertaking, we, the undersigned keen and determined sportsmen, having experienced the evils of a divided mastership, and feeling fully impressed with the importance of having a country hunted single-handed by a gentleman of known talent and experience, who will command the respect and obedience of his followers and the admiration of the world, look up to you, sir, as pre-eminently qualified for the distinguished, honourable, and much coveted situation.’

“ My vig !” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks jumping from his chair, slapping his thigh and hopping round the table, taking up three or four holes of his face with delight—“ My vig ! who would ever have thought of such a thing !—O, John Jorrocks ! John Jorrocks ! you are indeed a most fortunate man ! a most lucky dog !—O dear !—

O dear!—Was ever any thing so truly delightful!" Some seconds elapsed ere our worthy friend could compose himself sufficiently to look again at the letter.—At last he resumed.

"When we consider, sir," it continued, "the brilliant position you have long achieved in that most illustrious of all hunts 'the Surrey,' and the glorious character you have gained as an ardent admirer of field sports, we feel most deeply and sincerely sensible that there is no one to whom we can more safely confide this important trust than yourself."

"Capital! bravo! werry good indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, laying down the letter again for the purpose of digesting what he had read. "Capital indeed," he repeated, nursing one leg over the other and casting his eyes up at a dirty fly-catcher dangling over his head.—Thus he sat for some moments in mute abstraction—at length he let down his leg and took up the letter.

"In conclusion, sir," it ended—"we beg to assure you that you possess alike the confidence and esteem of the inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood, and in the event of your acceding to our wishes and becoming the manager of our magnificent hunt, we pledge ourselves to afford you our most cordial and strenuous support,

and to endeavour by every means in our power to make you master of the Handley Cross foxhounds, at the smallest possible expense and inconvenience to yourself.

(*Signed,*) MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.

Captain half-pay.

DUNCAN NEVIN.

ALFRED BOLTEM.

SIMON HOOKEM.

WALTER FLEECEALL.

JUDAS TURNBILL.

MICHAEL GRASPER."

"Capital indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, laying down the letter, clapping and rubbing his hands—"werry good indeed—most beautiful in fact—wot honour, I arrive at—wonder what these chaps are now," added he, saying which, in taking up the letter his eye caught the pink satin paper note. It was in the same fine lady like running hand as the letter, and purported to be from Captain Doleful, explanatory of their motives, and vouching for the respectability of himself and brother requisitionists. Mr. Jorrocks was all delight, and being the child of impulse and generous feelings, his joy found vent in stamping on the floor, thereby summoning his servant the aforesaid Benjamin into his presence.



min, or Binjamin as Mr. Jorrocks pronounced the name, was one of those mischievous little people sometimes persuaded themselves to do the work of a man without the wages. He was a stunted, pasty-faced, white-headed, little boy, that might be any age from eight to ten, and as idle and mischievous a brat as it was possible to conceive, sharp as a needle and quick as lightning, he was far more than a match for any easy master, whom he cheated and outwitted in every possible way.—Whatever went missing from Benjamin always had an excuse for it, and he generally transferred the blame from his own shoulders to some one else's shoulders; a piece of silver that required no small degree of dexterity to find, as much as the light-porter of the warehouse, a maid of all work, and a girl in the kitchen, were all he had to divide it among.—When a letter came into the house, or a letter went out, but Benjamin mastered its contents; and Mr. Jorrocks was constantly losing things from his store-room and closets, which never could be traced to any body.

On a Sunday morning, indeed, Mr. Jorrocks happened to turn back suddenly on his way to church, and caught him sitting in his arm-chair at the breakfast table, reading Bell's *London*, and scooping the marmalade out

of the pot with his thumb, when he visited Benjamin's back with a summary horse-whipping ; but that was the only time, during a period of three years, that he ever was caught in a scrape he could not get out of.—This might be partly attributable to Betsey finding it convenient to be in with Benjamin, who winked at the visits of a genteel young man from a neighbouring haberdasher's. The poor maid under Betsey, and the light porter, who was generally absent, were therefore the usual scape-goats, or somebody else's servant, who had happened to come with a message or parcel. Such was Mr. Jorrocks's domestic establishment, which, like most masters, he either thought, or affected to think, very perfect.

We left our friend stamping for Benjamin, who made his appearance as soon as he could slip down stairs and come up again, he having been watching his master through the key-hole since delivering the letter.

\* \* \* \*

“Now, Binjimin,” said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing him with one of his benevolent looks, and not knowing exactly what to say—“Now, Binjimin,” he repeated, “Are the 'osses all right?”

“Yes, sir, and the wehicle too.”

“Werry good,” replied Mr. Jorrocks—“werry

good," taking a half-emptied pot of Lazenby's marmalade, out of a drawer in his library table. "See now! there's a pot of marmeylad for you," (Mr. Jorrocks had the knack of making the most of what he did, and treated the half pot as a whole one), and mind be a good *bouy*, and I make no doubt you'll rise to be a werry great man—nothing gains man or *bouy* the respect and esteem of the world, so much as honesty, sobriety, and cleanliness."

Mr. Jorrocks paused—He would have finished with a moral, wherein his own fortune should have furnished the example, but somehow or other, he could not turn it at the moment, so after scrutinizing Benjamin's dirty face for a second, he placed the marmalade pot in his hand, and said, "now go and wesh your mug."

Uncommonly amiable and consequential was Mr. Jorrocks that morning. As he walked, or rather strutted into the city, he gave twopence to every crossing-sweeper in his line, from the black-eyed wench at the corner of Brunswick Square, to the breechless boy, with the red night cap, at St. Botolph's Lane end; and he entered his dark and dingy warehouse with a smile on his brow, enough to illumine the dial of St. Giles's clock in a fog. Most fidgetty and uneasy was he all the morning—every foot-fall made his eyes start

from the ledger, and wander towards the door, in hopes of seeing some member of the Surrey, or some brother sportsman, to whom he might communicate the great intelligence. He went on 'Change with a hand in each breeches pocket, and a strut that plainly told how well he was to do with himself—still some dear-bought experience had given him a little prudence, and all things considered, he determined to sleep on the invitation before he answered it—Perhaps the pro's and con's of his mind will be best displayed by a transcript of what he wrote:—

“Gentlemen,

“ I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 4th, and note the contents which I assure you is most grateful to my feelings—in all you have said, I most cordially goinside.—It's pleasant to see humanity estimating one's value at the price one sets on oneself. I am a sportsman all over, and to the back-bone—'Unting is all that's worth living for—all time is lost wot is not spent in 'unting—it is like the hair we breathe—if we have it not we die—it's the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and twenty per cent of its danger.

“ I've no manner of doubt at all, that I'm fully qualified for the mastership of the 'Andley Cross

fox-hounds, or any other—'unting has been my 'obby ever since I could keep an 'oss, and long before—a southerly wind and a cloudy sky are my delight—no music like the melody of 'ounds. But enough of the rhapsodies, let us come to the melodies—The £. s. d. in fact. Wot will it cost?—In course it's a subscription pack—then say how many *paying* subscribers have you? Wot is the *nett* amount of their subscriptions—how many couple of 'ounds have you? Are they steady? Are they musical? How many days a week do you want your country 'unted? Is stopping expensive? Is the country stiff or light? Are your cover's wide of the kennel? Where is your kennel? I never heard of your 'ounds before—wot stabling have you? Is 'ay and corn costly? In course you'll have your stock of meal by you? Are there any cover-rents to pay—and if so, who pays them? How are you off for foxes—write me fully—fairly—freely—frankly, in fact, and believe me to remain, gentlemen, all your's to serve,

“JOHN JORROCKS.

“ Great Coram Street, London.

“To Miserrimus Doleful, Esq., M. C.

Captain Half-pay, Handley Cross.”

\* \* \* \*

“ Well, come this is more like business than any

we have had yet," observed Captain Doleful on reading the epistle—"though some of his questions will be plaguy troublesome to answer."—"What does he mean by 'are they steady?'—'Are they musical?' and as to the 'stopping being expensive,' of course that must depend a good deal upon how he lives, and whether he stops at an inn or not—It's a pity but I knew something about the matter, that I might make a satisfactory answer."

Fleeceall had Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports, but as he was thought rather too sharp, Doleful determined to try what they could do without him; accordingly, he concocted the following epistle, which having copied on to a sheet of sea-green paper, he sealed with yellow wax, and deposited in the post—

"Dear Mr. Jorrocks,

"Your kind and flattering letter has just come to hand, and I lose not a moment in supplying you with all the information in my power, relative to our celebrated dogs. Unfortunately the secretary to the hunt, Mr. Fleeceall, is absent on urgent business, consequently I have not access to those documents which would enable me to answer you as fully as I could wish. The dogs, as you doubtless know, are of the purest blood,

been the property for many years of that sportsman, Michael Hardey, and are in the very greatest care and attention. It is not going too far to say that there is not another pack in the world. There are at thirty-two couple of old ones, in kennel, an excellent white terrier with a black eye are very steady and most musical. The dog yard adjoins the Ebenezer chapel, and when the saints begin to sing, the dogs join in. The kennel is at Handley Cross, where the kennel is in the most beautiful, fertile, and salubrious part of the country, within two miles of the station of the Lily-white-sand railway, and contains a chalybeate spa of most unrivalled quality. The following is an accurate analysis of the water, taken by an eminent French physician who came all the way from Rheims for the purpose of examining it.

## ONE PINT, (Wine measure.)

Sulphate of Soda .....	21	Grains
———— Magnesia .....	3½	
Sulphate of Lime .....	4½	do.
Sulphate of Soda .....	9½	do.
Oxide of Iron .....	1	do.
Carbonic Acid .....	1½	do.

This is unrivalled spring, invalids from every

part of the world, from every quarter of the globe, flock in countless numbers; and it is unnecessary to point out to a sportsman like yourself either the advantages that a pack of hounds confer on such a place, or the benefits accruing to the master from having the support of men with whom, to use a familiar phrase, "money is no object." Indeed I think I may safely say, that keenness is all that is required, and a gentleman like you would meet with support that would galvanize your most sanguine expectations. You must excuse my saying more at the present, as I have been out since day-break, and there is a piece of cold roast beef standing before me at this moment, whose beautifully marbled side, and rich yellow fat with a delicately browned outside, in conjunction with a crisp lettuce-salad in a china bowl, peremptorily order me to conclude, which I do with the earnest exhortation for you at once to declare yourself for the high honour of the mastership of the Handley Cross hounds. Believe me to remain in extreme hunger, dear Mr. Jorrocks, very sincerely your's,

MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.,

Handley Cross.

Capt. half-pay."

"Dash my vig!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, laying down the letter, "what prime beef that must



My jingo I almost fancy I see the joint, the nice, curly, crisp, brown 'orse radish, cut to it in all directions.—I know nothing more than good cold roast, tinged with red from the fire in the centre.—Doleful must be a trump if I knew him. Keen fellow too—Peep-toy—Dare say he found the fox by the nose, not joy is that! Nothing to compare with that as well have told me more about the dog though too," he observed, as a glimmer of caution shot across his mind—"Should have a fair black and wite understanding of my affairs are to cost. I'm rich to be sure, but a man wot's made his own money likes to see the spending of it." Thereupon Mr. Doleful stuck his hands under his coat-laps and thoughtfully up and down the apartment waving them sportively like the tail of a dog.

Having pulled his wig about in all directions, he at last composed himself at his desk and drew up the following reply.

My Doleful,

Your agreeable favour has come to hand, and very pleasant it is. It appears to be directed to the points—the salubrity of 'Andley Cross, the excellence of the 'ounds. On the first point I am content—I make no doubt the water's

capital. Please tell me more about the 'ounds and country—Are you quite certain that people will not be backward in coming forward with the coin—I've lived a long while in the world—say a liberal half hundred—and I've never yet found money good to get—So long as it consists of pen, ink, and paper work, it comes in like the ocean ; many men can't help putting their names down to subscription lists, just as others can't help nodding at an auction, but confound it, when you come to gether in the doit's, there's an awful falling off. Howsomever, you should know best, and suppose now, as you seem full of confidence, you underwrite me for so much, according to the number of days you want the country 'unted.

“Turn this over in your mind and let me know what you think of it ; also please tell me more about the 'ounds, and country, for in fact as yet I knows nothing. Are there many old hounds in the pack ? Are there many young ones to come in ? What size are they ? Are they level ? Do they carry a good head ? Have they plenty of bone ? Cook says a weedy hound is only fit to 'unt a cat in a kitchen—I says ditto to that. What sort of condition are they in ? Can they trot out fifteen miles or so, 'unt and come back with their sterns up ? How are you off for foxes ? Do you ever hunt a bagman ? Again I say, write to me with-

out reserve—quite freely in fact, and believe me, &c.

Your's to serve,

JOHN JORROCKS.

Great Coram Street, London."

"To Miserrimus Doleful, Esq., M. C.,  
Capt. Half-pay, Handley Cross Spa."

This letter was a poser, for the worthy M. C. had no notion of running risks, neither had he the knowledge necessary for supplying the information Mr. Jorrocks required, still he saw the absolute necessity of persevering in the negotiation, as there was no probability of any one else coming forward. In this dilemma, it occurred to him that a bold stroke might be the policy, and obviate further trouble.

Accordingly he wrote as follows :—

"Dear Mr. Jorrocks,

"Your's is just received.—I was on the point of writing to you when it came—A rival has appeared for the mastership of the hounds—a great nabob with a bad liver, to whom the doctors have recommended strong horse-exercise, has arrived with four posters, and an influential party is desirous of getting the hounds for him. Money is evidently no object—he gave each post-boy a half-sovereign, and a blind beggar two-

and sixpence. I have protested most strongly against his being even *thought* of until your final decision is known, which pray give immediately, and, for your own sake, let it be in the affirmative. I can write no more—My best energies shall be put in requisition to counteract the sinister proceedings of others. Pray write immediately—No time is to be lost—In the greatest haste,

Faithfully your's,  
MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.  
Capt. Half-pay."

"To John Jorrocks, Esq.  
Great Coram Street, London."

This letter was a sad puzzler to our worthy friend. In his eyes a mastership of fox-hounds was the highest pinnacle of ambition, and the situation was the more desirable at that moment from a scism in the Surrey hunt, and the apparent decadence of that establishment. Still long experience had tinctured his naturally ardent and impetuous mind with some degree of caution, and he felt the importance of having some sort of a bargain before entering upon what he well knew was an onerous and expensive undertaking. The pro's and con's he weighed and turned over in his mind, and the following letter was the result of his cogitations:—

Dear Doleful,

candidly confess, as Raphiel said to me, that to be a master of fox-'ounds, or to become a werry high step in the ladder of ambition, but still like Raphiel, I should not pay too dear for my whistle. I doesn't wish to disparage the value of your Nabob, but I say, that no man with a bad liver will be a good 'untsman. An 'untsman, or a sportsman, should have a good digestion, with a good countenance, and, moreover, should know when to use the clean and when the dirty tongue—when to butter a boobey, and when to rub a snob. He should also be indifferent to weather, and Nabobs all come from the sun, so it is werry 'ot—all sunshine and no

if I am right, they hunt the jackall, a sporting animal, I should say, from the men in the Zoologicals. Still, as I said, I doesn't wish to disparage the value of your Nabob, who may be a werry good man, and may have more money and less wit than myself. If I have the 'ounds, well and good—I can have been doing, with the old Surrey. If I have them, I should like to know a little about the £. s. d. Now—tell me if you like a good fellow, wot you think

they'll cost, and wot can be raised in the way of subscription. Of course a man that's raised to the lofty position of an M. F. H., must expect to pay something for the honour, and so far from wishing to live out of the 'ounds, I am well disposed to do what is liberal, but then I should like to know the extent of my liability. Dignity, in my mind, should not be too cheap, but betwixt you and I and the wall I rather mistrust a water-drinker. To be sure there be two sorts, those that drink it to save the expense of treating themselves with aught better, and those wot undergo water for the purpose of bringing their stomachs round to stand something stronger—Now if a man drinks water for pleasure, he should not be trusted, and ought to be called upon for his subscription in advance ; but if he drinks water because he has worn out his inside by strong libations, in all humane probability he will be a good sort of fellow, and his subscription will be underwritten for a trifle. All this may be matter of no moment to a Nabob, but to a man vot's risen from indigence to affluence by the exertions of his own head, it is of importance, and I should like to know wery particularly how many of the subscribers are wolutary water-drinkers, and how many are drinkers from necessity.

“I am, as you doubtless know, a grocer, in a large way of business, wholesale and retail, importing direct from China, which I suppose will be the country your Nabob comes from, and unfortunately at the present writing, my junior partner, Simon Simpkins, senior, is on a trading tour, and I can't well be wanted at the shop, otherwise I would run down and have a personal interview with you; but I had a letter this morning from Huddersfield in which he says he will be back as on Friday at farthest, therefore as the season is spending and the 'ounds should be kept going, I could, should your answer be agreeable, run down on the Saturday and make arrangements for taking the field immediately—Of course I presume there is every thing ready for the purpose, and a master is all wot is wanted, for I only keep two 'osses—what the lawyers call *qui tam*'ers, 'osses that ride as well as drive,' and they would only do for my own riding. I have a sharp lad that might make a second whip, and my establishment consists of Mrs. Jorrocks, my niece, Belinda, Betsay, the maid, and Benjamin, the boy. Of course Mrs. J. as the wife of the M. F. H. would expect proper attention.

“I shall want a comfortable house to accommodate this party, and if I could get one with stabling attached, it would be agreeable—Perhaps you may know something of the sort, the

willa style would be agreeable. I think that's all I've got to say—indeed I haven't paper for more, so shall conclude for self and partners.

Your's to serve,

JOHN JORROCKS."

"To Miserrimus Doleful, Esq, M. C.,  
Capt. Half-pay, Handley Cross Spa."

Doleful was in ecstacies when he got this letter, for he plainly saw the Nabob had told upon Mr. Jorrocks, and that he was fairly entering the meshes of his net. The letter indeed was unexceptionable, save the mention of his avocation of a grocer, which Doleful determined to keep to himself, and merely announce him as a gentleman of large fortune whose father had been connected with trade. Recollecting that Diana Lodge was to let, he forthwith secured the refusal of it at three guineas a week, and calling on Fleeceall, concocted a most flattering list of subscribers and members of the hunt, which he forwarded to Mr. Jorrocks with the following letter :

" Dear Mr. Jorrocks,

"By the greatest good luck in the world Diana Lodge, within a stone's throw of the kennel, came vacant this morning, and not having the slightest doubt that on inspection of the accompanying list of subscribers to the hounds and



of our celebrated hunt, which you will see letters A. and B. prefixed to their contain very few of those most horrible water-drinkers from choice, you will willingly accept the honourable office of I have engaged it for you at the very rent of four guineas a week, *including* g. It is a cottage ornée, as you say in entered by an ivy-covered trellis-work deftly entwined with winter roses, now in r. In the passage is a highly polished mahogany table on claw feet castors, for tips, gloves, cigar cases, &c. On the dining-room of comfortable dimensions, other Honduras mahogany table, capable of eight people (the number the late Mr. author of that clever work 'The' declared to be the orthodox size for a with a Honduras mahogany cellaret side-table with patent-locks, and a dumb-waiter on The carpet is a Turkey one, and the Alderminster, of a pattern to match the On the left of the passage is a drawing-room the same size as the dining-room, furnished in a style of unparalleled elegance. chairs, ten in number, are of massive rosewood with beaded and railed backs and knobs along the tops, and richly carved in the centre is a beautiful round imitation

rosewood table on square lion-clawed brass castors, and the edge of the table is deeply inlaid with a broad circle of richly carved highly-polished brass. Against the wall, below a costly round mirror, supported by a bronze eagle in chains, is a square imitation rosewood table inlaid with satin wood in lines, containing two drawers on each side, with ivory knobs for handles. The carpet is a fine flowered pattern, richer than any thing I can describe, and the whole is wonderfully complete and surpassingly elegant.

“There are four bed-rooms and a dressing-room, which holds a bed and a kitchen, back kitchen, scullery, pantry, and other conveniences. To the back is a nice little outlet of a quarter of an acre, laid out in the style of the Jardin de Plants at Paris, and there is a splendid old patriarch of a peacock, that struts about the walls, spreads his tail, and screams delightfully. In short it appears to me to have been built with an eye to the residence of a master of hounds.

“And this leads me to tell you that the Nabob has been to the kennel, attended by two Negroes, one of whom held a large green parasol over his head to protect him from the sun, while the other carried a Chinchilla fur-lined, blue silk cloak to guard him from the cold. I hear he talked very big about hunting and elephant riding, and said the waters here had done his

at deal of good. I may observe that it is an attempt may be made by a few fellows to place him at the head of the regiment, particularly if you any longer bearing among us; my advice to you is, to place yourself, your amiable lady, accomplished niece, with your servants, horses, the mid-day Lily-white-sand train, on next, and make a public entry and procession from the Datton station into Handley showering half-pence among the little boys on go. I will take upon myself to muster up such a procession as will have an appearance, and the Nabob will be a man if he makes any attempt upon the other.

and not say that your amiable lady will come from me, as M. C. of Handley Cross, all the attentions that are invariably paid to all-bred gentlemen in the dignified situation, more particularly from those bearing Majesty's Commission in the Army; and in of precedence among women, that I have laid down for the regulation of the aristocrats of Handley Cross Spa, the lady of the H. comes on after the members of the family, and before all bishops' wives and peeresses, knights' dames, justices' and so forth. Expecting then to meet

you at the Datton station on the Lily-white-sand railway, at three o'clock on Friday next, and to have the supreme felicity of making the personal acquaintance of a gentleman who so worthily fills so large a space in the world's eye, I have the honour to subscribe myself, with humble respects to the ladies, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

Faithfully your's,

MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.,

Capt. Half-pay."

## CHAPTER VIII.

—  
*a tibi levium spectacula rerum.*—VIRG. G. 4. 3.  
 mighty pomp composed of little things.”  
 —

a fuss there was preparing for Mr. reception!—Captain Doleful was beside himself, and ran about the town where he expected her Majesty. First he visited the proprietary school, and begged a day for all the little boys and girls; then he visited Mr. Whackem's mathematical school, and did the like by his; Miss Primrose and Miss Prosey, both promised to “suspend business” of their respective establishments” for the afternoon; and three infant schools were closed from lessons all the day. “Jorrocks” was chalked upon the walls, doors, and windows, and little children sung out his name in exclamations. Publicans looked cheerful, and inn-keepers, stable keepers, ostlers, and helpers, were busy about the price of hay and corn. Sebastian called a meeting of the Religious Freedom Society, who voted eight-and-twenty shillings for insuring the town with the following comfortable assurance—“FOX-HUNTERS WILL ALL GO TO

The banner with the fox upon it, and the "Floreat Scientia" scroll, painted for the celebrated ball and supper, was released from the darkness of Mr. Fleeceall's garret, where it had been deposited after the entertainment, and mounted on poles to lead the way in the procession; while the milliners, mantua-makers, and tailors, were severally called upon to contribute silk, calico, and bunting for flags, decorations, and ribbons. Whatever Doleful demanded was necessarily ceded, so absolute was his sway over the tradespeople of the Spa. In every respect he was as great a man as a country mayor. Did a new cheesemonger, or a new hatter, or a new milk-woman, wish to settle in the place, the good will of the M. C. was invariably to be obtained, else it was to little use their troubling themselves to come; and the perquisites and advantages derived from these sources made a comfortable addition to his yearly income, arising from the subscription book at the library. The musicians at the wells were also under his controul, and of course they received intimations to be at the Datton station before the appointed hour that Mr. Jorrocks had privately announced his intention to arrive.

The morning sun broke cheerfully through the clouds in a good, down-rightly, determined fine day, and as Doleful threw open the latticed case-

ment of his window, and his eye roved to the "sun bright summit" of the distant hills, he poured forth an inward ejaculation for the success of the great enterprise of the day, and for his own especial honour and emolument. In the midst of his reverie Jemima, the maid of all work and shop girl of the house, tapped gently at his door, and handed in a three-cornered note written on pink satin paper and highly musked. Doleful started as though he had seen an apparition, for in the hand he immediately recognized the writing of his great patroness, Mrs. Barnington, and the recollection of Mrs. Jorrocks, the table of precedence among women, whereby the latter was to supplant Mrs. Barnington, the baits and allurements he had held out for the purpose of securing the Jorrocks's, together with the honour he was then instigating the inhabitants to do Mr. J., all rushed upon his mind with terrible velocity. Nor did the contents of the note assuage the anguish of his mind. It was simply this: "Mrs. Barnington will thank Capt. Doleful to wait upon her at twenty-three minutes before eleven."

"Twenty-three minutes before eleven!" exclaimed the Captain, throwing up his hands, looking like a condemned criminal—"How *like* her that is! always peremptory with others and never punctual herself; well, there's no help for

it. Jemima," exclaimed he, down the narrow staircase to the girl who had returned to the shop, "my compliments to Mrs. Barnington, and say, I will make a point of being with her at the time she names. I wonder," continued he to himself, pacing up and down his little bed-room in his dressing gown and slippers, "what she can want, it must be about the Jorrocks's—and yet I could not do otherwise than I have. If she storms, I'll rebel, and trounce her for all her airs, by *Jove*, I will!" saying which, he clenched his fist, and, looking in the glass, brushed up the few straggling hairs that marked the place for whiskers, and felt quite valiant. His courage however rather oozed out of his finger ends, as the appointed hour approached, and at twenty-one minutes before eleven by his watch, and twenty-two and a half by the church clock, he arrived at the door of his arbitrary and capricious patroness.

"Mistress is in her Boudoir," said the consequential butler on receiving the Captain at the hands of the footman, "but I'll send up your name. Please step into the parlour," and there-upon he turned the Captain into the dining room, and closed the door upon him.

Towards twelve o'clock, just as the Captain's courage was nearly up again, and he had thrice applied his hand to the ivory knob of the bell-



see which way it turned against her. She then, in strutting the butler again, with compliments, sir, and is sorry she is late at present, and hopes it will not be inconvenient to you to return at ten minutes before three."—"Ten minutes before three," said the Captain as a tinge of colour flushed his pallid cheeks. "impossible!" said he, "no!" Then recollecting himself he desired the butler to return with his respects to Mrs. Barnington, and say that at any hour next day he would have great pleasure in waiting upon her, as that his time was completely bespoke for the whole afternoon. The butler forthwith bowed, and in about three quarters of an hour, at which time Mrs. Barnington had finished her toilette on the sofa, and arranged an elegant toilette wherein to appear, the butler bowed, and with a bow and wave of his hand said that "Missis would see the Captain." From thence he preceded up stairs and handed Janette, the French maid, stationed at the door, who ushered the Captain into the presence of Mrs. Barnington in the back drawing room. She was lying in state on a costly many-coloured crimson and gold ottoman, dressed in a coloured robe de chambre, with a rich white lace shawl thrown carelessly about her legs

below which, her elegantly-formed feet in pink swan's down-lined slippers protruded. Her morning cap of costly workmanship was ornamented and tied with broad satin cherry-coloured ribbons, which, with the colour of the ottoman and cushions imparted a gentle hue to her clear but delicate complexion, and her bright silky hair flowed in luxuriant tresses from the sides. She was pretending to read the Handley Cross Paul Pry, while with her left hand she kept applying a costly gold vinaigrette to her nose. The room was a mass of jewellery, costly furniture, and absurdities.

"Good morning, Captain," said she, with the slightest possible inclination of her head.—  
"Janette, set a chair," which she motioned the Captain to occupy, and the maid departed.  
"Pray," said she, as soon as the door was closed, what is the meaning of all this to do about a Mr. Horrocks, that I read of in this morning's Paul Pry?"

"Mr. Horrocks," replied the Captain, "really marm, I don't know—it's the first time I've heard the name mentioned this long time,—there was a Mr. Horrocks lived in Silenus villa the year before last, but I understood he had gone back to India."

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Barnington, "that's

her person these are Londoners—  
le I hear, and the man Horrocks  
ays, is to have the hounds."

ays the Captain blushing to the tips  
"you've mistaken the name marm.  
cks—Mister Jorrocks of Great Coram  
great merchant—at least his father  
present Mr. Jorrocks is a mighty  
and hearing the hounds were without  
e wrote to offer himself, and some of  
ng gentry of the place have been  
with him to take them; but I need not  
Mrs. Barnington, that hunting is not  
nent I am partial to, indeed I hope I  
r have to go out again; but you know  
aster of the Ceremonies I am obliged  
nance many things that I would gladly

"replied Mrs. Barnington, with a smile  
oation—"I thought you would not be  
encourage vulgar people coming here  
ecause they dont care for breaking their  
er hedges and ditches—but tell me, isn't  
Mrs. Jorrocks?"

derstand so," replied the Captain with a  
d a haw; "a lady of birth, they say;  
I known you would have interested your-  
e matter, I should certainly have informed  
so as to have been able to tell you all  
er."

“ Oh dear no ! *not for the world !*—whether as a lady of birth or a tradesman’s wife, it would never do for *me* to concern myself about them. *You* know my position here is not to be controverted by any interlopers, be they who they may, —or come from where they will.”

“ Undoubtedly not, marm,” replied the obsequious M. C. ; “ there’s not a person in the place insensible of the advantages of your presence ; but I should hope,—at least, perhaps I may venture to express a slight wish,—that if these Jorrocks’s appear respectable people, you will for the sake of sociability vouchsafe them the favour of your countenance, and condescend to notice them a *little*.”

“ I don’t know what to say about that, my dear Captain,” replied Mrs. Barnington thoughtfully. “ If they appear respectable people, and if they live in a certain style, and if I thought the matter would rest at Handley Cross, and they would not obtrude their acquaintance upon me elsewhere, and if they appeared sensible of the obligation, I might perhaps call upon them ; but where there are so many points to consider, and so many to ascertain, it is almost needless speculating upon how one might act ; all that we can do for the present is to maintain one’s own consequence, and *you* know full well the only way to support a place like this, is to uphold the dignity of the chief patroness.”

doubt," replied Captain Doleful, with a pressed sigh as the table of precedence came across his mind. "I am sure, I have always been most anxious to every respect and attention in my power, have failed it has been owing to the city of my engagements and duties, and any want of inclination on my part."— "Be of it, Captain; and now let us see here at dinner at ten minutes past six." "Pleasure," replied the Captain, rising to with a grin of satisfaction on his melan-  
age.

one moment," resumed Mrs. Barnington, as she was leaving the room. "The paper people arrive to-day.—If you chance to hear or can find anything out about them, now, well and good—perhaps *Mr. Barnington* might like to know."

near bright beauty of the day, combined with the attraction of a stranger coming to fill a vacant situation as master of fox-hounds, had led him to the Datton rail-way station, who was previously unacquainted even with the name of "Jorrocks;" though it is but right to say that the ignorant portion consisted principally of the fair sex, most men, whether sportsmen or not, having heard of his matchless fame and exploits.

All the flys, hack horses, donkeys, and ponies, were bespoke as usual; and many set out at noon day to secure good births at the station. Precisely at two o'clock Captain Doleful appeared at Miss Jelly's door, attired in a dress that would puzzle the "property man" of a theatre. It was nearly the same as he exhibited himself in on the memorable opening day of the committee of management. The old single-breasted militia coat, denuded of its facings and trappings, with a sky blue collar and sky blue linings, and a short, shrivelled, buff kerseymere waistcoat, with mother-of-pearl-buttons, old white moleskin breeches, well darned and patched at the knees, and badly cleaned Hessian boots and black heel spurs.—His hands were covered with a pair of dirty-white kid gloves; and in his right one he carried a large hunting whip. An oil-skin covered hat, secured to a button-hole of his waistcoat by a yard of sky blue penny ribbon, completed the rigging of this sporting dandy.

Having withdrawn his countenance and custom from Sam Slickem after the affair of the kicking mare, (the effect of which had been considerably to impoverish Mr. Sam,) of course all the other proprietors of hack horses were on the alert to please the great M. C., and on this day he was mounted by Duncan Nevin on his white mare, Fair Rosamond, who was generally honoured by

carrying pretty Miss Lovelace, the head beauty of the place—but who being unable to ride this day, it came into the hands of the Captain.

To make the mare more complete, although in winter time, its ears were decorated with white fly nets and dangling tassals, and from the saddle hung a large net of the same colour and texture, with a broad fringe, completely covering her hind quarters and reaching below her hocks.

Doleful eyed the whole with a grin of satisfied delight, and never did field marshal mount his charger for review, with a more self-complacent air than sat upon the brow of this distinguished character. Having steadied himself in his stirrups, and gathered up the reins, he cast an eye through the barley sugar and cake cans in the window upon Miss Jelly, and, hissing at the mare through his teeth with a jerk of the reins, went off in a canter. A rare actioned beast it was too! Up and down, up and down, it went so light and so easy, and yet making so little progress withal, that Ducrow himself might have envied the possession of it.

Thus he went tit-tup-ping along through the silent streets, to the infinite delight of all the Johns and Jennies, who were left to flatten their noses against the windows during their masters' and mistresses' absence, and here and there exciting the anger of a butcher's dog, or farmer's

cur, that flew at the mare's heels with an indignant bark as she passed.

Having timed himself to a nicety, our gallant M. C. arrived at the station just as the last fly and flight of donkeys drew up outside the iron-railing that runs along the railroad from the station-house, and, in the absence of Mr. Jorrock, of course he was the object of attraction. "Good morning, Captain Doleful," exclaimed a dozen sweet voices from all sorts of vehicles, for women will toady a master of ceremonies, be he what he will; and thereupon the Captain gave one of his feature-wrinkling grins, and raised his oil-skin covered hat as high as the yard of penny ribbon would allow, while all the little boys and girls, for whom he had obtained half-holiday, burst into loud acclamations, as they stood or sat on Lily-white sand barrels, hazel bundles, and other miscellaneous articles, waiting for conveyance by the railway. "Now, children, mind, be orderly, and attend to what I told you," said the Captain, eying his juvenile friends as though he were marshalling them for a quadrille. "It now wants but ten minutes to the coming of the train, so be getting yourselves in order, unfurl the flags; and you, musicians," turning to the promenade band, who were hard at work with some XX, "be getting your instruments ready, to welcome Mr. Jorrock with 'See the conquering hero



As the minutes flew, the scene became  
spiriting. Eyes were strained up the  
in the direction he was to come, and  
opened to catch the first sound of the  
All was anxiety and expectation. Hope  
or vacillated on every countenance.  
he not come, what a bore!" "Oh, but  
ain to arrive, and Mrs. Jorrocks too,  
ey Captain?" The Captain looked  
ful and mysterious, as all great men  
out deigned no reply.

## CHAPTER IX.

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“ ——— We poor unfledg’d  
 Have never wing’d from view o’ the nest ; we know not  
 What air’s from home.—SHAKESPEARE.

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PRECISELY at three-quarters of a minute before three, a loud wild shrill whistle, that seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth and run up into mid-air, was heard at the back of Shavington Hill, and, in an instant, the engine and long train rounded the base, the engine smoking and snorting like an exasperated crocodile. Nearer and nearer it comes, with a thundering sort of hum that sounds through the country. The wondering ploughman stops his team. The cows and sheep stand staring with astonishment, while the horses take a look, and then gallop about the fields, kicking up their heels and snorting with delight. The guard’s red coat on the engine is visible—next his gold hat-band appears—now we read the Hercules on the engine, and anon it pulls up with a whiff, a puff, and a whistle, under the slate-covered shed, to give the Hercules his water, and set down and take up passengers and goods. Seven first-class passenger carriages follow the engine, all smart, clean, and yellow, with

ate names on each door panel—The Mercury, The Comet, The Star, The Albert, Queen Victoria, and the Prince; next come ten second class ones, with covered tops, and half covered sides, neither set is there anything at all like the party. Cattle-pens follow, holding nine, doukeys, and poultry; then came platform with a broken britsacka, followed by a shabby looking nondescript one horse vehicle containing a fat man in a low-crowned hat, and a few of those becoming articles of dress, a M'Intosh cloak, which gives him the appearance of sitting in a dirty shirt. Along with two ladies, muffled up in cloaks, and at the back was a servant maid. From the bottom of the carriage swung a couple of large West-Indians, and a warming-pan.

"Is Mr. Jorrocks here?" inquired the M. C., who had persuaded the clerk of the railway to let him in upon the line, riding upon a charger to the door of the first class carriage, and raising his hat as he spoke, but receiving no answer, he continued his interrogation down the whole set until he came to the last carriage, casting a despairing glance at the windows, he was about to wheel about, when a man in the M'Intosh sack, in a very loud voice, roared out, "I say, Sir! Baint Datton station?"

"It is, Sir," replied Captain Doleful, in his most dignified manner.

"Then I want to land," responded the same sweet voice.

"Here's a gentleman wants to be down," observed Captain Doleful to the scarlet-coated guard, who came bustling past with a pen of geese to put upon the train.

"Yes, a gentleman and two ladies," roared the hero of the M'Intosh, "MISTER AND MISSIS JORROCKS in fact, and Miss JORROCKS !"

"Bless my heart," exclaimed Captain Doleful in ecstacies, "how delighted I am to see you ! I really thought you were not coming," and thereupon the Captain raised his hat to the ladies, and offered his hand most cordially to Mr. Jorrocks.

"What, you knows me do you?" replied Mr. Jorrocks, with the sort of doubtful shake of the hand that a person gives when he thinks the next moment may discover a mistake. "You knows me do you?" repeated he, "you have the advantage of me—pray who are *you*."

"Captain Doleful, M. C.," responded our worthy, presenting his card to the ladies; and thereupon Mr. Jorrocks, with a chuckle on his good-humoured countenance, as he glanced at the Captain's incongruous habiliments, seized his hand and rung it heartily, saying, "'Ow *are* ye, Doleful? 'Ow do ye do? Werry glad to see you—werry glad indeed; 'ow's the Nabob?"

"dling, thank you," replied the Captain, "can't blush on his cadaverous countenance. "don't you better alight and get your ear- "things off the train?" inquired he, glad of the conversation, "they'll be off with you "don't mind," and thereupon the Captain "d the guard, and Mr. Jorrocks, standing "e vehicle, looking very like a hay-stack "at on the top, shook his M·Intosh, and "on to the ground. Mrs. Jorrocks, in a "vet bonnet, lined with pink satin, and "all shrouded in a sea-green silk cloak, "ept the offer of the Captain's arm, and "d with caution and due state; while "with the spring of youth and elasticity "be, bounded on to the foot-way beyond

Benjannin, who was asleep at the end "ain in a covered caravan, along with the "ing considerably kicked awake by Mr. "the process of unloading was com- "and speedily finished, and the vehicle, "etsey, Benjannin, Mrs. Jorrocks, Jor- "elinda, and Doleful, were all huddled "on the side of the railway, when a puff "ngine started off the train, and away it "sing and spitting through the quiet "e, leaving our party to the undisturbed "on of the Handley Cross crew.

and more sent the train out of sight, and

Captain Doleful, with his usual melancholy air, heightened at the moment by the feeling of witnessing a departure, leaving his charger in the care of Benjamin, offered Mrs. Jorrocks his arm, and walked her off to the station house, followed by Jorrocks and Belinda, amid the observations and inquiries of the numerous party ranged outside the barrier. The ladies being left to arrange their toilettes, Jorrocks and Doleful joined arms in a most friendly manner, and strutted back to the carriage, the round-about sack-like figure of the one, contrasting well with the lean, lathy, mountebank appearance of the other. Benjamin having his hands full with the three horses, had not had time to strip off his dirty white great coat, and display his fine new sky-blue postillion jacket, with the Jorrocks crest, a "fox's head," worked in white worsted on his right arm, or yet his new patent cords and top-boots, so Mr. Jorrocks, taking the horses from him, gave him an opportunity of putting himself right, while he stood by asking Doleful a hundred questions, and expatiating on the merits of the animals.

"This ere oss," says he, rubbing his hand up and down the Roman nose of a great rat-tailed brown, "I've ridden three seasons with the Surrey, he's never given me but one fall, and that was more my fault than his. Indeed I may say

ne entirely. 'Ow's this country off for  
Well, you see, I was chiveyin' this ere  
like wildfire, for it was a most special  
tin' day—breast-high all the way—and  
Homer and Tom Hills, that's our 'unts-  
was, were ridin' wiciously wenomously  
each other, for Tom's an honest fellow  
a dirty 'umbug as much as myself, and  
y that reminds me to ask if you can re-  
me to an honest man to buy my forage  
ll, we blazed down Windy Hill, and past  
ood, just as though it were as level as  
when Homer, thinkin' to gain a nick,  
r Nosterly, and Tom and I rode slap  
borough, where he threw a shoe, and I  
done in my glory. I know'd the coun-  
and sinkin' the hill, stole down Muddi-  
e, with the pack goin' like beans on my  
only two men within a mile of them,  
miller with his sacks, who rode uncom-  
anizingly.

, thinks I to myself, if they turn by  
steep I'll have a nick, for though this 'oss  
er *reglarly* pumped out, yet times are  
d be better of a little more wind, and so  
e along cranin' over the 'edge, 'opin'  
minute to see old Barbican, who was  
e pack that day, give a bend to my side,  
should occur but a gipsy camp half across

the lane, and three donkeys, two jacks and a jinney, huddled together in the other part so as to make a regular barrier, and, by the bye, did you ever read Cornish's History of the French Revolution? but, however, never mind that at present; well, we were close upon the camp and donkeys before ever we saw them, for it was just at that sharp turn of the road where the waterin' trough is—confound them, they always place pikes and troughs in the hawkwarddest places—and this 'oss though with all his eyes about him, was so heager lookin' for the 'ounds, that I'm dashed if he didn't come upon them so suddenly that he hadn't time to change his leg or do no thing, consequentially he dodged first among the gipsey bairns, puttin' his foot through a *sarcepan* the old father gipsey was mendin', and then, fearin' mischief, he flew to the left, and cast me right on to the old jinney ass's back, who, risin' at the moment, finished the business by kickin' me off into the dirtiest heap of composition for turnips I ever smelt in my life—haw, haw, haw! I really think I wind it now. Still the 'oss is a good un—an undeniable good un. When he carries me well, I ax's three 'undred for him, at other times I'd take thirty.

“This too's a *grand* nag!” said he, taking hold of the ear of a stiff bay with white hind legs, and a bang tail—“good at every thing—rides, drives,



and carries a 'ooman, I calls him Xerxes, how ven I drives two, as I'm a doin' e goes leader, and in-course the brown, calls *Arter-Xerxes*, comes arter him! Like the vind.—Binjamin, mind the traces, now be after puttin' too, your Missis will be by the time we get all square;" and then Mr. Jorrocks began fussing and busy-ing himself with the horses and harness, and then had Xerxes and Arter-Xerxes in their places, "tandem fashion." The carriage was old, low, open, double-bodied one, with black wheels, looking as much like a wheelbarrow as any thing else, especially with the tallow-hams and warming pan swinging from the bottom like buckets. It held four comfortably or five on a pinch, and the inmates were Mr. Jorrocks and his wife, Belinda, and Betsey. The carriage was tremendously stuffed and lunged about with cushions, and at the back was attached a most enormous package, consisting of two saddles done up in horse-sheeting; and through the roller of the package, fastened them to the carriage, two stout whips and a new brass horn were thrust. As every thing being ready, Mr. Jorrocks gave Benjamin a "leg up" on to Xerxes, and gathering up the reins of his wheeler in a most workmanlike manner, he stepped into the vehicle, and preceded by his man Doleful on the white charger, drove

up to the station-house door, to the infinite delight of all the spectators outside the rails, amid the puffings, scrapings, and tootlings of the musicians, the pointing of children, the unfurling of flags, and general movement of the meeting.

Mrs. Jorrocks and Belinda had improved the few minutes in the station-house, and with the aid of Betsey and a looking-glass had put to rights any little disorder the joltings and blowings of the journey had occasioned. Having cast her sea-green wrapper, Mrs. Jorrocks shone forth in a superb scarlet brocade pelisse, so bright and dazzling that even in Great Coram Street, or St. Pancras Church, it acted as a load-stone on the eyes of the beholders, and now in the quiet country was almost overpowering. She looked like a full-blown peony.

Belinda, the young, the fair, the beautiful Belinda, was the picture of innocence and health. Her large lustrous blue eyes, with their long silken lashes, shone "sweetly lambent" from beneath a drab silk drawn bonnet lined with blue, across which a rich black veil was thrown; a smile hovered round her ruby lips, disclosing the beautiful regularity of her pearly teeth; while the late rapid movement through the air, joined with the warmth of the station-house, and the excitement of the scene, had imparted a slight flush to a delicate, but beautifully clear complexion. Her

shining brown hair, drawn across her forehead in the Madonna style, was confined with a narrow band of blue velvet, while a rich well-fitting drab silk pelisse displayed the symmetry of her exquisitely rounded figure. Her beautifully formed feet were enclosed in well-fitting patent leather shoes, whose ties winding up a not over thin ankle, were lost in the vandyke flounces of her trousers.

The station-house and buildings completely concealed our party from the spectators outside, consequently Mr. Jorrocks had time to make all those comfortable dispositions of the persons of his suite as are always desirable in public processions, but are sometimes driven out of the heads even of the most experienced paraders, by the inquisitive observations of many hundred eyes. Captain Doleful having been duly presented, and all being ready, Mr. Jorrocks took Belinda upon the draw-out seat next himself, then followed Mrs. Jorrocks upon the other regular seat, while Betsey bundled in behind, among Dundee marmalade pots, tea caddies, lump-sugar, Copenhagen cherry brandy, seed cakes, currants and things of all sorts. Having given a knowing cast over his left shoulder to see that all was right, Mr. Jorrocks cried out, "Now, Binjimin, follow the Captain," and giving Arter-Xerxes a touch with the point of the whip, passed from the

screen formed by the station-house, to the folding iron gates at the side, which being thrown open at the approach of the Captain, they made a splendid turn off the railway line among the crowded space outside. "Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!" exclaimed a hundred voices; "Huzza! huzza!" responded a hundred more, amid the roll of drums, the puffing of the horns, the flapping of the flags, and the waving of handkerchiefs from those whose aristocratic ideas precluded the expression of clamorous applause. Doleful stopped Benjamin on the leader, and Mr. Jorrocks pulling short up, stood erect in the vehicle, and taking off his low-crowned hat bowed and waved it repeatedly to the company, while Mrs. Jorrocks acknowledged the compliment by frequent kisses of her hand, and Belinda's face became suffused with blushes at the publicity and novelty of her situation.—Having sufficiently exercised their lungs, hats began to rest upon their owner's heads, handkerchiefs were returned to their reticules, and amid a general buzz and exclamation of applause, a rush was made at the carriage to get a closer view of Belinda.

"By Jove, what a beautiful girl!" exclaimed Captain Percival (a new comer) to his friend Mr. Drummond, eyeing Belinda through his glass.

"Did you ever see such eyes?" inquired a second.

homest creature I ever beheld!" observed.

"a quiz the old girl is," remarked

"her daughter?" inquired a third of  
Doleful, who was busy marshalling the

"of money I suppose!" said another.

"looks like a rich fellow, with that great  
McIntosh."

"servant girl's not bad looking."

"for my money," said another, "I'm in  
her already."

"she'd stand up and let's see her size."

"guinea she's a clipper."

"a hand! I'll be bound for it she has

"and ancle. None of your hairy-heel'd

"looks like a jolly old dog," observed

"We shall have lots of dinners, I dare

"his face wrinkled into half its usual size

"ht, for he plainly saw he had made

"most fortunate were those men who

"ated his friendship through the medium

"scription books at the libraries, for the

"a subscribers were immediately pre-

"he trio, while the guinea men were let

"ruls as the procession moved along the

road. Nor should we omit to mention, for the instruction of all other M. C.'s, that thirteen new names were put down that evening, so that Doleful's prospects were brighter than ever.

The first burst of applause having subsided, the party got settled into the order of the day, as laid down in the programme of the worthy M. C. First went the proprietary school children, eighty boys and a hundred and nine girls, three a-breast, with sundry pocket handkerchief banners. Next came the "Fox and Floreat Scientia" flag, on double poles so as to stretch across the road; the musicians, two drummers, two horn blowers, two fiddlers, and a fifer, were planted behind it; after which came three glazed calico flags, of various colours in stripes, followed by Whackem's mathematical seminary, and the rabble at large. Then came another large double flag, in broad stripes of scarlet and white, with the words "JORROCKS FOR EVER!" done in black letters; Doleful's own place was immediately after this, but of course during the progress to Handley Cross, he kept along-side the carriage of the distinguished strangers. The flies, gigs, ponies, donkeys, chaises, &c. followed on in a long drawn line, just as they could jostle in, for the Captain knew the high hedges on each side of the narrow road would do more towards keeping them in order than all the injunctions and remonstrances he could lay down or use.

Mrs. Jorrocks was delighted!—Never before did she think anything either of hunting or her husband, but now the former seemed a most delightful amusement, and Jorrocks appeared a perfect hero. He too was charmed with his reception, and grinned and nudged Belinda with his elbow, and cast a sly wink over his shoulder at Betsey, as they jumbled along the road, and the compliments of the crowd came showering among them. Then he turned his eyes up to heaven as if lost in reflection and bewilderment at the honour he had arrived at. Anon he caught the point of his whip and dropped it scientifically along Arterxerxes' side, then he began to whistle, when Captain Doleful having resigned the side of the carriage on which Mrs. Jorrocks was sitting to Captain Percival, came round to say a few nothings to our worthy friend.

"Well, Miserrimus," said Jorrocks, opening the conversation as though he had known him all his life, "you see I'm down upon you as the extinguisher said to the rushlight—always say you can't be too quick in catchin' a flea.—'Ow's the Nabob?"

"Middling, thank you," again replied the Captain,—"*you're* looking uncommonly well I'm sure," said he eyeing Mr. Jorrocks as he spoke.

"Oh *me!*" replied Jorrocks, "bless you I'm never bad—never except I gets a drop too much,

as will happen at times in the best regulated families, you know, Miserrimus." Whereupon Mr. Jorrocks, with a knowing grin, gave Doleful a dig in the ribs with the but-end of his whip—saying, "have you got any of that 'cold roast' you told me of in your letter?"

"Why no, Mr. Jorrocks, it's all gone, but there's plenty more in Handley Cross. It's the best place for beef I know.—Indeed for everything."

"You'll be desperation fond of 'unting I s'pose," observed Mr. Jorrocks, after a slight pause, flourishing his whip over his head, and giving a knowing look at Doleful's accoutrements.

"It's the only thing worth living for in my mind," replied Captain Doleful.

"By jingo! so say I," rejoined Mr. Jorrocks; "all time's lost that's not spent in 'unting.—Give us your hand, Miserrimus, my *bouy*, for you must be a trump—a man after my own 'eart!" and thereupon Jorrocks gave him such a shaking as nearly sent him off his horse.

"That'll be your kiver (cover) 'ack (hack) I presume," observed Mr. Jorrocks after their hands were released, as he cast his eye at the white. "He goes up and down like a yard and a half of pump water."

Doleful did not know whether this was meant as a compliment or otherwise, so he "grinned



a ghastly smile," and asked Mr. if he was fond of music. "Music!" Jorrocks, *yes*, the music of the 'ounds—our tamboureenin' work. Give me the *ough, ough*, of a fine deep-toned 'ound pths of a rocky dell, as he drags up to ward among the brush-wood," and as he r. Jorrocks snuffed the air and threw about as though he were feeling for himself.—"What sort of fencin' have

ing!" repeated Captain Doleful thought-encing, why we've had none, I think, theatre closed."

oh!" said Mr. Jorrocks, that's queer—new a play-actor in my life with the turn for 'unting."

remost in the procession having reached xits of the town, a halt was made to pedestrians to knock the dust off their d got their voices ready for shouting. rode along the line exhorting them to d regularity, and directing the streets which the procession should pass, taking r care to keep wide of the Barnington's. erable accession was here made to their by numerous groups of ladies and gen-who, attracted by the fineness of the a little natural curiosity, had wandered

out to see what sort of an animal a Cockney master of hounds was. Miss Prim and Miss Prosey's seminaries too turned out in their pink and blue gingham, and came up just at the period of the halt,—all the grooms and helpers of the town who could not get to the station now flocked to swell the throng. The hubbub and confusion was excessive, and they pushed, and elbowed, and fought to get near the carriage to have a close view of Mr. Jorrocks. "My eyes but he's a fat un!" exclaimed Mr. Giblets the butcher to his foreman, "it would be a credit to a butcher to supply such a gemman as him;" whereupon he thrust a card into Mr. Jorrocks's hand, containing his name, trade, and place of abode. This was a signal for the rest, and immediately a shoal of cards were tendered from persons of all callings and professions. Lucy Sandey would mangle, wash, and clear-starch; then Hannah Pye kept the best potatoes and green-groceries in general; Tom Hardy supplied milk at all hours; George Dodd let Donkeys by the day or hour; Samuel Mason offered the card of the Bramber livery stables, where there was a lock-up coach-house; Susan Muddle hoped the ladies would drink with her at the Spa at a shilling a week, and glass found. Then there was a wine-merchant's card, followed by lodging-house keepers' without end, and a chimney-sweep's.

advance being now ready, Captain came grinning and capering through the and announced to the ladies that they at to enter the town, and informed icks that they would first of all proceed agon Hotel, from the balcony of which have a good effect if he would address g. Without waiting for Mr. Jorrocks's that he "didn't know what to say," he himself in advance of Benjamin, and raised g whip as a signal to the musicians, diately struck up "See the conquering s," and the cavalcade proceeded. The ne drums, the twang of the horns, and of the children, brought every human e doors, windows, and verandahs, and uch running, and rushing, and fighting conquering hero, and such laughing e servant maids at the ample dimen- s shoulders, with as many observations retinue, as would fill a chapter of

assing the long line of villas that stud a the Mount Sion direction, the caval- d into Arthur Street, where the noise e increased ten-fold. Shop-lads, no e restrained, rushed out in defiance of ers' holloas, some hastily putting up rs, others leaving the shops to take

care of themselves. Bazaars, fancy shops, jewellers, &c. were drawn of both buyers and sellers : and as the " Floreat Scientia " banner rounded the turn into High Street, an advancing mob from the other end of the town charged with such vigour as sent both poles through Stevenson's, the hatter's, window, damaging a dozen paste-board boxes, being the principal part of his stock in trade. Nothing was heard above the clamour but the boom of the drums, and the occasional twang of a horn, while Captain Doleful's red coat, and his horse's white head, seemed borne upon the shoulders of the multitude. Thus they proceeded in stately array down High Street, and neared the Dragon Hotel.

At length they got the carriage up to the arched door, and the party alighted amid a tremendous burst of applause. Captain Doleful having tendered his arm to Mrs. Jorrocks, Belinda took her uncle's, and no sooner did Betsey get out of the back seat of the carriage than a whole host of little dirty boys scrambled in to obtain a better view, making desperate havoc among the Dundee marmalade, and Copenhagen cherry brandy, to the infinite indignation of Benjamin, who roared lustily from the leader that he would " oss-vip 'em " all round.

Being ushered into the balconied apartment of the first floor front, Captain Doleful took a hasty

his person at the looking-glass, placing straggling hairs in the most conspicuous over his forehead, and loosening his oil-stained hat from his scarlet coat, advanced squared toes and elbows to present himself to the notice of the meeting.

His appearance in the balcony was the signal for a universal roar, amid which, the drums and brass instruments did their duty. After bowing and smiling most condescendingly to the meeting, silence was at length obtained, and he proceeded to address them as follows:—

Ladies and gentlemen,—*ladies* and gentlemen repeated, laying the emphasis on the *ladies*, and grinning like an elderly ape on his face, “encouraged by your smiles, by your presence, for, without you, as Mr. Campbell the other day so beautifully inquires, ‘What is man?—a world without a sun.’ I present myself to your notice to perform an act that I verily and conscientiously believe will prove most conducive to the interest, business, and general welfare of this thriving important town.” Here the Captain placed his finger on his lip, and, according to pre-arrangement with the drummers, they began with their drums, and the children gave out huzzas, in conjunction with such of the men as were troubled with a turn for shouting. “Ladies and gentlemen,” he resumed, “I stand

not here for the gratification of the paltry personal vanity of addressing this distinguished assembly, but I present myself to your notice, in discharge of the high, the onerous, the honourable and all-important office of Master of the Ceremonies of this renowned Spa, to introduce to your notice one of the most distinguished, the most determined, the most popular, and the most scientific sportsmen England, or any other country, ever saw (loud cheers). Need I say, gentlemen, that this illustrious individual is the great and renowned Mr. Jorrocks—a name familiar to our ears as household words—so familiar that it is even chalked on the walls of our town ; and it is indeed a high—a flattering circumstance to my mind, that I—even I—the humble individual who now stands before you, should have been the means of procuring for a town that I love so ardently, a man of such unequalled excellence and such distinguished worth.”

Here Doleful being rather blown, put his finger upon his lip again, upon which the drums rumbled, the horns twanged, and a round of applause was brewed up. He resumed,—“ Gentlemen, the temporary cloud that obscured the brightness of our delightful town has passed away ! another and a brighter sun has risen, beneath whose fostering rays, prosperity, bright, unequalled prosperity, shall renovate our homes, and draw forth

blessings from your grateful hearts (cheers). This, gentlemen, is a thought that repays me for a world of trouble, and believe me that in all the changes and chances of this eventful life, amid all the frowns of life's vicissitudes, the bright recollection of this hour will furnish consolation that a thousand woes will not outweigh (great applause). Let me not, however, ladies and gentlemen, dwell too long on the part I have happily, but unworthily played in this transaction. Let me not stand between that bright constellation of sporting knowledge and the indulgence of your curiosity. Rather let me withdraw, with a bosom o'erflowing with heart-felt gratitude for the honours your kindness has heaped upon me, and introduce to your notice our great and illustrious stranger." Here Doleful squared out his elbows and bowed most humbly and condescendingly, first to the front, then to the east and west, and, courtier-like, backed from the balcony into the room, amid loud and long-continued cheers.

While he was delivering himself of all this eloquence, Mrs. Jorrocks was busy inside the room preparing her husband for presentation to the meeting. Having made him take off his M'Intosh, she brushed his blue coat over, rubbed the velvet collar right, put his wig straight, and wiped the dust off his Hessian boots with a corner of the table-cover. Doleful came backing in, and

nearly upset Jorrocks as he was standing on one leg by the table, undergoing the latter operation. "Now it's your turn, Mr. Jorrocks," observed the Captain, on the former recovering his equilibrium, and thereupon they joined hands and advanced into the balcony, like the Siamese twins, amid the uproarious applause of the meeting.

"'Ow are ye all?" said Mr. Jorrocks with the greatest familiarity, nodding round to the meeting, and kissing his hand. "'Ope's you are well. Now my frind, Miserrimus, having spun you a yarn about who I am, and all that sort of thing, I'll not run his foil, but get upon fresh ground, and say a few words about how matters are to be managed.

"You see I've come down to be master of your 'ounds, and first of all I'll explain to you what *I* means by the word master. Some people call a man a master of 'ounds wot sticks an 'orn in his saddle, and blows when he likes, but leaves every thing else to the 'untsman. That's not the sort of master of 'ounds I mean to be. Others call a man a master of 'ounds wot puts in the paper Mr. So-and-so's 'ounds meet on Monday, at the Loin o' Lamb; on Wednesday, at the Brisket o' Weal; and on Saturday, at the Frying-pan; and after that, jest goes out or not, as suits his convenience—but *that's* not the sort of master of 'ounds I means to be. Again, some call themselves mas-



ounds, when they pay the difference atwixt  
scription and the cost, leaving the manage-  
matters, the receipt of money, payment of  
and all them sort of partiklars, to the secre-  
But that's not the sort of master of 'ounds  
to be. Still, I means to ride with an 'orn  
addle. Yonder it is, see," said he, point-  
the package behind the carriage, "a reg'lar  
silver mouth-piece, deep cup'd—and I  
to advertise the 'ounds in the paper, and  
sneakin' about like some of them beg-  
ockney 'unts, that look more as if they  
in' to rob a hen roost than 'unt a fox,  
in' fixed the meets, I shall attend them  
unctual and regler, and take off my 'at  
all *payin'* subscribers as they come up  
This, I thinks, will be the best way of  
business, for there are some men wot don't  
copper for owin' the master money, so  
the matter rests atwixt themselves, and  
would not like to see me sittin' among  
ds with my 'at slouched over my eyes,  
o more notice of them than if they were  
y pigs, as much as to say to all the gen-  
und, 'these are the nasty, dirty, seedy  
wot don't pay their subscription.'  
hort, I means to be an M. F. H. in reality,  
t in name. When I sees young chaps  
n' o'er the country without lookin' at the

'ounds, and in all humane probability not knowin' or carin' a copper where they are, and I cries, 'old 'ard! I shall expect to see them pull up, and not wait till the next fence fatches them too."

Here Mr. Jorrocks made a considerable pause, whereupon the cheering and drumming was renewed, and as it died away, he went on as follows:—

"Of all sitivations under the sun, none is more enviable or more 'onerable than that of a master of fox-'ounds! Talk of a M. P.! vots an M. P. compared to an M. F. H.? Your M. P. lives in a tainted h'atmosphere among other M. P.'s and loses his consequence by the commonness of the office, and the scoldings he gets from his constituents, but an M. F. H. holds his levee in the stable, his levee in the kennel, and his levee in the 'unting field—is great and important every where—has no one to compete with him, no one to find fault, but all join in doing honour to him to whom honour is so greatly due (cheers). And oh, John Jorrocks! my good frind," continued the worthy grocer, fumbling the silver in his small clothes with upturned eyes to heaven, "to think that you, after all the ups and downs of life—the crossins and jostlins of merchandise and ungovernable trade—the sortin of sugars—the mexing of teas—the postins of ledgers, and handlin of inwoices, should have arrived at this

guished post, is most miraculously wonder-  
most singularly queer. Gentlemen, *this* is  
roudest moment of my life! (cheers.) I've  
reached the top-rail in the ladder of my  
ition! (renewed cheers). Binjimin!" he  
ed out to the boy below, "Binjimin! I  
ve an eye to them' ere h'articles behind the  
the children are all among the Copen-  
brandy and marmeylad! Vy don't you  
them? Vere's the use of furnishing you  
vip, I vonder?"

resume," said he, after he had seen the back  
carriage cleared of the children, and the  
lade and things put strait. "'Unting, as I  
ften said, is the sport of kings—the image  
wiltout its guilt, and only five-and-twenty  
nt. of its danger. To me the clink of the  
s from a vipper-in's saddle is more musical  
ny notes that ever came out of Greasey's  
. I dosen't wish to say nothin' in dispa-  
ent of no man, but no Nabob that ever  
aled, loves 'unting better than me. It's  
erry breath of my body! The liver and  
of my existence! I dosen't know what the  
bologists may say, but I believes my head  
in' but one great bump of 'unting (cheers).  
g fills my thoughts by day, and many a  
un I have in my sleep. I'm none of your  
andified, Rotten-row swells, that only ride

out to ride 'ome again, but I loves the smell of the mornin' h'air, and the werry mud on my tops when I comes home of an evenin' is dear to my 'eart, (cheers). Oh, my frinds! if I could but go to the kennel now, get out the 'ounds, find my fox, have a good chivey, and *kill* him, for no day is good to me without blood. I'd—I'd—I'd—drink three pints of port after dinner instead of two! (loud cheers.) That's the way to show Diana your gratitude for favours past, and secure a continuance of her custom in future (cheers). But *that* we will soon do, for if you've

“ ‘ ‘Osses sound, and dogs 'ealthy,

Earths well-stopped, and foxes plenty,'

no longer shall a master be wantin' to lead you to glory (loud cheers). I'll not only show you how to do the trick in the field, but a scientific course o' lectors shall train the young idea in the art at 'ome. I've no doubt we shall all get on capitally—fox 'unters are famous fellers—tell me a man's a fox-hunter, and I loves him at once. We'll soon get acquainted, and then you'll say that John Jorrocks is the man for your money. At present I've done—hoping werry soon to meet you all in the field—for the present I says adieu.”

Hereupon Mr. Jorrocks bowed, and kissing his hand, backed out of the balcony, leaving his auditory to talk him over at their leisure.

## CHAPTER X.

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"A slippery and subtle knave."—SHAKESPEARE.

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Mr. Jorrocks backed from the balcony of the "Moon," after delivering the luminous report in our last chapter, Captain looked at his watch, and found it wanted minutes to the time he was to appear at the court of her imperial majesty, Mrs. Barington, so ringing for Mr. Snubbins, the land-agent of the Dragon, he hastily consigned the matter to his protection, and, quitting the room, strode through the town like a lamplighter, to arrange his toilette at his lodgings. Off went the militia coat, the white moleskins and Hessian gaiters, made way, with pantomimic quickness, for the black coat and trousers, which, with the buff waistcoat, and a pair of broad-toed pumps, completed the revised edition of the *arbitrator elegantiarum* of Handley Cross Spa. The crowded incidents of the hour left no time for reflection, and fortunate, perhaps it was, for

the Captain, that he had no time to consider of what had taken place, or even his creative genius might have discovered some little difficulty in reconciling the discrepancies that existed between his professions and performances. So quick, however, were his movements, and the transition of events, that John Trot, the under butler, who was one of the audience before the Dragon, had not time to detail the doings of the day to Mr. Mountain, the butler, to tell to Mrs. Stumps, the housekeeper, for the information of Jeanette, to carry in broken English to her mistress, ere Captain Doleful's half resolute knock announced his arrival at the door.

"Why here's old wo-begone himself, I do believe!" exclaimed John, just as he had got so far in his narrative as the intrusion of the flag-poles into Mr. Stevenson's the hatter's window. "It is, indeed," added he, casting his eye through the grating of the area at the Captain, as he stood above; I declare he has peeled off his uniform, and come like a Christian. Dirty brute, it arn't possible he can have washed himself, for I saw him bolt out of the Dragon not three minutes afore I left, and I only looked in at the Phoenix and Flower-pot, and took one glass of hot elder wine, and came straight home;" saying which, John, in the absence of Sam, the footman, settled himself leisurely into his

coatee, and proceeded to let the Captain into the house.

"The dog's come to dine," said John, on his return, "and precious hungry he is, I dare say, for he don't allow himself above two feeds a week they say. However, I gave him a bit of consolation, by telling him that missis had laid down at four o'clock, with orders not to be disturbed, and therefore it might be eight or nine o'clock before they dined; but 'Sir,' says I, 'there's the Morning Post,' so I left him to *eat* that, and precious savage he looked. Now, I declare on the honour of a gentleman, of all the shabby screws I ever came thwart of in the whole of my professional career, that Doleful is the dirtiest and meanest. T'other night it was raining perfect wash-hand-stand basins full, and after sitting master out to bed, and missis until she began to yawn, he mustered courage to do the expensive, and asked me to fetch him a fly. Well, never had I seen the colour of his coin, often and often as he has darkened our door, and come with his nasty jointed clogs, dirty cloaks, and wet umbrellas; but thinks I to myself, this surely will be catching time, and it 'ill all come in a heap in the shape of a golden sovereign pound cake; so out I splashed, pink silks and all, the first day on, too, and brought up Sam Fletcher's yellow with the grey; skipped up stairs, told him al

was ready, handed him his hat, upon which I saw him fumbling in his upper pocket; he stepped into the fly, and just as I closed the door, slipped something into my hand—felt small—half sov., better than nothing, thought I—‘thank you, sir, Miss Jelly’s,’ cried I to Master Sam, off he went, in comes I, looks in my hand—hang me, if it wern’t a *Joey*!”

“That beats every thing!” exclaimed Mr. Mountain, the butler, laying down a handful of spoons he had been counting over, “why do you know he gave *me* one the very same day, and it lies on the entrance table now, to let him see how little we care for *Joeys* in our house.”

“Who’s that you’re talking about?” inquired Mrs. Stumps, whose room being on the other side of the passage from the butler’s pantry, enabled her to hold a dialogue without the trouble of moving herself across, she having been selected on account of her fatness and the volubility of her tongue.

“Only old lamentable,” replied Mr. Trot, “what do you think the fellow’s done now?—complimented Mr. Mountain and myself with a *Joey* a-piece. Stop till I catch him with a decent coat on, and see if I don’t dribble the soup or melted butter over it.”

“Confound the mean dog,” observed Mrs. Stumps, “he’s the most miserable man that ever



I do wonder that missis, with all her d-be-fashionable airs, countenances such Master may be dull, and I dare say he e's a prince compared to old Doleful." er's soft," replied Mr. Mountain thought- and he's *hard* too in some things, but there y worse men than he. Besides, the wife's to drive him mad. *She's a terrible*

s in one of her tantrums's to day." ob- Mrs. Stumps, "and has had Mademoiselle ll the morning. "She's tried on thirteen already and none will please her. It will o'clock very likely before they dine, and minds me she had two notes this morning —one was from Lady Gillon, and Sam t he saw something about dining, and stay- night, as he took it up stairs, so just you our ears open at dinner, and find out the I want to have a few friends to cards and rille the first time the family go from

a, I dare say I can acquaint you all about hout waiting for dinner," observed Mr. tain. "Sam, just step into the clothes and feel in B's brown frock-coat that he n this morning, and bring me his letters." obeyed, and speedily returned with three. Mountain took them, and casting a wafered

one aside, as either a "bill or a begging letter," opened a fine glazed note with blue edges, sealed with a transfixing heart on green wax :—"Monday, at ten, at the Apollo Belvidere," was all it contained, and winking at Sam, who winked at John Trot, who passed the wink to Mrs. Stumps, Mr. Mountain refolded the note, and opened the one from Sir Gibeon Gillon, which contained a pressing invitation for the Friday following, and to make one at a *battu* on the Saturday.

"You must find out whether they go or not," observed Mrs. Stumps; "they will be sure to say something about it at dinner, so mind be on the look out. There's missis's bell! my eyes, how she rings! wouldn't be near her for the world."—A perfect peal!

After Doleful had had a good spell at the Post, beginning with the heading and ending with the printer's name at the end, Mr. Barnington made his appearance from his room below, where he had been deceiving himself into the belief that he was reading, and saluted the M. C. in the way that a man generally takes his wife's friends when he does not like her. After exchanging a few nothings, he looked with an air of easy indifference round the room, then at the French clock on the mantle-piece, next at his watch to see that it was not wrong, and finally composed himself cross-legged into a low *douro* with massive

at the back and sides. Doleful resumed  
on the sofa. Thus they sat for half an  
ening to the tickings of the time-piece,  
alternately at each other and the door.  
clock came and no Mrs. Barnington,  
quarter chimed in that concise sort of  
almost says, "Oh, it's only the quarter!"  
our followed with a fuller chorus and  
stantial music, whereupon Barnington,  
beginning to be hungry, looked indig-  
his watch and the door, then at Doleful,  
y said nothing. Doleful, who had only  
himself to a penny bun since breakfast,  
l-nigh famished, and inwardly wished  
palmed himself off on the Jorrocks':  
t as the time-piece was chiming away at  
r to eight, a page in a green and gold  
threw open the door, and in sailed the  
Mrs. Barnington in lavender-coloured  
With a slight inclination of her head to  
ain, who was up like an arrow to receive  
a look of contempt at her husband, she  
herself on an ottoman, and glancing at a  
ve watch in her armlet, and seeing it  
nd with the time on the mantel-piece,  
a word of apology for keeping them  
she hurried off the page to order dinner  
rved *instantly*.

In ten minutes, just as Mrs. Barnington was desiring Doleful to ring to see why dinner was not ready, Mr. Mountain, with great state, and an air of the most profound respect, walked into the centre of the room, and announced that it was on the table, when, backing out, and leaving the page in charge of the door, he returned to the parlour to twist a napkin round his thumb, and place himself before the centre of the side-board to be ready to raise the silver cover from the soup tureen, and hand it to John Trot, to pass to Sam, to place on the tray, the instant the party were seated. Mrs. Barnington, with an air of languid absence, mechanically placed her hand on Doleful's arm, and sailed down the thickly-carpeted stair-case, past the footmen in the entrance, and dropt into a many-cushioned chair at the head of the table. Doleful seated himself at the side opposite the fire, and Barnington of course took his place at the foot of the table. Soup and a glass of sherry passed round amid the stares and anxious watchings of the servants, before any thing like a conversation was commenced, for Barnington was not a man of many words at any time, and fear of his wife and dislike of Doleful, now sealed his lips entirely. Several indifferent topics were tried during the fish, alternately by Mrs. Barnington and Doleful.

weather—the Morning Post—the last  
—somebody's band—the new French  
when, gathering up her napkin, and  
her head a toss in the air, she observed,  
in a less easy sort of way, "By the bye,  
Doleful, I forgot to ask you if those  
people arrived to-day?"  
"Yes, marm, they came," replied the Cap-  
tain, with a look of uneasiness on his brow, for he saw  
that "in and Co." were all eyes and ears to  
what he said.—"A little malt liquor, if  
you please. Do you get your malt of Dobbs?"  
The Captain of Barnington, making a desperate  
turn the conversation at the outset, the  
chance of effecting it; "if you don't," ob-  
served, "there's a capital fellow come from  
Surrey, to establish an agency here  
to sell of the same sort of beer the Queen  
likes and apropos of that, Mrs. Barnington,  
you are not aware that her Majesty is  
as patriotic as to indulge in the juice of the  
ale at luncheon, I understand, in a  
silver cup, a present from the Prince, with  
the unicorn fighting for the crown,  
richly raised in dead gold upon it, made by  
the Duke of Mortimer, who certainly have more  
taste and ingenuity in trinkets, and articles  
than all the rest of London put together,  
this beer is very good—clear—amber and

hoppy," added he, drinking it off, and hoping to drown old Jorrocks, wife, niece, and all, in the draught.

"Who is Horrocks, that you were asking about, my dear?" inquired Barnington of his wife, for the purpose of letting Doleful see he didn't consider him worth answering, and not from any motives of curiosity,—an infirmity from which he was perfectly free.

"Only some people the Captain and I were talking about this morning, my love, that were expected from London. They are *not* come, you say?" added she, turning to the Captain.

"Oh yes, marm, I said they *were* come. Allow me the honour of taking wine with you? Do you take Champagne? Champagne to your mistress," looking at Mr. Mountain. Mountain helped them accordingly, giving the Captain as little as possible.

"Well, and what sort of people are they?" resumed Mrs. Barnington, setting down her glass, and looking at Doleful as much as to say, "come, no nonsense."

"Upon my word I can hardly give an opinion, for I saw so little of them; but I should say from what little I did see, that they are very respectable—that's to say (haw hem), people well to do in the world (hem). He seems an uncommonly good-natured old fellow—rattles and talks at a

ons rate; but really I can hardly fairly  
opinion upon their other qualifications  
very little I saw."

"many carriages had they?" inquired  
Barnington.

"with a pair, but they came by the train,  
I probably have more coming by the

servants?"

"many, I think. Perhaps they are coming  
road too."

"are the women like?"

"old lady seems a monstrous good-natured,  
out, motherly sort of body, neither very  
nor yet altogether vulgar—a fair average  
in fact—charitable—flannel petticoat—  
kitchen sort of woman.—This is capital  
—never tasted better. By the way, Mr.  
ton, did you ever eat any Dartmoor mut-  
—certainly is the best and sweetest in the  
and this is as like it as anything can  
be."

"was the answer Mr. Barnington vouch-  
r hero, who, bent on turning the conver-  
and nothing disconcerted, immediately  
d himself to his hostess, with, "Beautiful  
he country—fine scenery—should like to  
e—people so unaffected and hospitable—  
to dine and sleep—no puddling your  
ne through dirty lanes in a dark night.

The view from Æther rocks on the edge of Dunmore, most magnificent—there's a fine one also on the road between Exeter and Tiverton—and near Honiton too—what food that country would afford your splendid pencil, Mrs. Barnington. I know no one so competent to do justice to the scenery as yourself," and thereupon the Captain used one of his most insinuating grins. Mrs. Barnington went on eating her "*vole au vent*," inwardly resolving to know all about the Jorrocks's, without compromising one jot of her dignity.

The conversation then took a brisk and rapid range over many topics and to divers places—Bath, Cheltenham, Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, were all visited in succession, and at last Mrs. Barnington fairly landed the Captain back at Handley Cross. "I suppose we shall be having a ball here soon, sharn't we, Captain?" inquired she. "That depends upon Mrs. Barnington," replied the obsequious M. C. in the humblest tone. "If *you* are so disposed there's no doubt of our having one. *My* ball at present stands first on the list, and that will take place to-morrow fortnight."

"Oh, I forgot your ball entirely—true—oh dear, no! I shouldn't wish for one before that—it might interfere with your's. Of course you will send me five tickets."

"The Captain bowed profoundly, for this as



much as said there would be a five pound note coming. "I hope you will have a good one," added she. "There will most probably be some new comers by that time to amuse one with their strange faces and queer ways.—I wonder if the Horrocks's will go?"

The idea at that moment flashed across the Captain's mind too, and a prophetic thought assuring him they would, he determined to grapple with the subject instead of fighting shy, and ventured boldly to predict they would, and once more essayed to smooth their passage to Mrs. Barnington's patronage.

"Oh, I have no earthly objection to them, I assure you, I *can* have none to people I never either saw or heard of. Of course, if they have letters of introduction I shall call upon them—if not, and you assure me, or rather *convince* me, of their respectability, I shall notice them the same as I do other people who come here as strangers."

"Very much obliged indeed," replied the Captain, feeling all the time that he was "thanking her for nothing."—"They are, I believe, highly respectable. She, I understand, is the daughter of a gentleman about the court of George the Third. The young lady is very pretty, and Jorrock himself really seems a very excellent old fellow."

"What, you are talking about Mr. Jorrock,

are you?" inquired Mr. Barnington, looking up from his "omelette" with an air of sudden enlightenment on his countenance.

"Why yes, Solomon!" replied his loving spouse, "who did you think we were talking about?"

"Why you called them Horrocks! how was I to know who you meant?"

"How were *you* to know who we meant? why what matter does it make whether *you* know or not. Take the cheese away, Mountain, and don't make this room smell like a beer shop."

"Stay! I want some," interposed Mr. Barnington.

"Then take it into your master's room," replied Mrs. Barnington. "Go and stuff yourself there as much as you like; and send for your friend Horrocks, or Jorrocks, or whatever you call *him*, to keep you company."

## CHAPTER XI.

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"Tend well my 'ounds."

---

"my Sec. here," said Mr. Jorrocks, with dignity, to the landlord of the Dragon; in compliance with Doleful's directions, waiting to receive his orders. "Send my Sec.," he repeated, seeing the man did not do what he said.

"my Sec., sir," repeated the landlord, "it'll be my boy, I presume?" turning to the waiter, and bidding him to send the ostler to stand by the horses' heads while Mr. Jorrocks's boy came up stairs.

"not my *bouy*," replied Mr. Jorrocks with a frown, "so you *presumes* wrong."

"my maid, then?" inquired the sharp waiter, anxious to hit what his master had missed.

"nor my maid neither," was the worthy answer,— "what I want is *my* Sec., the Secretary to *my* 'unt in fact."

"the Secretary to the hunt, that will be all," rejoined the landlord with a grin

of satisfaction.—“Run up to Speldhurst Street, and tell Mr. Fleeceall that Mr. Jorrocks has arrived, and wishes to see him.”

“Tell him to come *directly*,” said Mr. Jorrocks, adding, in a mutter, “I doesn’t understand why he’s not here to receive me. Fatch me up a glass of cold sherry negus *with*.—Public speakin makes one werry dry.”

Before the *with* was well dissolved, so as to enable our hero to quench his thirst at a draught, our one-eyed friend entered the room, hat in hand, and presented himself to Mr. Jorrocks.

“Now I wants to see you about my ‘ounds,” said Mr. Jorrocks, with an air of authority.—“Where are they?”

“Some, I believe, are in the kennel, others are in the Vale with the various farmers,” replied Mr. Fleeceall.

“Some in the Wale!” repeated Mr. Jorrocks with surprise, “vy arn’t they all in kennel? you surely knew I was a comin, and ought not to have had things in this hugger mugger state.—Whose fault is it? Where’s the kennel-book?”

“The kennel-book?” repeated Mr. Fleeceall with surprise.

“Yes, the kennel-book, you know what that is surely—the list of the ‘ounds in fact.”

“Oh, I beg your pardon—I don’t think there is any regular kennel-book—at least I never had

that I do, is to receive the subscription, write to gentlemen that are in arrear, or to subscribe,—tax poultry bills,—and extortion in general."

ll, all worry useful in its way," replied  
rocks, "but a secretary to an 'unt is  
d to know all about the 'ounds too, and  
ning besides—at least he's no Sec. for *me*  
on't," added he, his eyes sparkling with  
on as he spoke.

"I do," replied Mr. Fleeceall with trepidation, "only Captain Doleful has had all our time so busy, preparing for your reception, we really have not been able at so short a notice to make our arrangements so perfect as I should wish. I know all the hounds *well*."

en put on your 'at and come with me to  
nel. It's full moon to-night so we needn't  
bout time."

reall hesitated, but seeing Mr. Jorrocks resolute, he put a good face on the matter, boldly led the way. As he piloted Mr. Jorrocks through sundry short cuts, he contrived to quate, in a casual sort of way, that things would not be in such apple-pie order as he might expect, but that a day or two would put every thing right. Calling at Mat Maltby's for the key to the kennel, he enlisted young Mat into his service, desiring him to stand by and prompt

him what to say, he very soon had the new master before the rails of the kennel. The hounds raised a melodious cry as they jumped against the pailing, or placed themselves before the door, and anger flew from Mr. Jorrocks's mind at the cheerful sound. "Get *back*, hounds! get *back*! *Bonney-bell*, have a care!" cried Mat, as they pushed against the door, and prevented its opening. "Perhaps you'll take a switch, sir," said he, turning to Mr. Jorrocks, and handing a hazel-rod from a line hanging on the rails beside the door. "Get *back*, hounds!" again he cried, and inserting his right hand with a heavy double-thonged whip through an aperture, between the door and the post, he loosened the thong, and sweeping it round among their legs, very soon cleared a space so as to enable the master to enter. Mr. Jorrocks then strutted in.

The kennel was quite of the primitive order, and such as Meltonians would disdain to keep terriers in. It consisted of two rooms, and the feeding troughs in the half-flagged yard showed that the hounds dined out of doors. A temporary boiling-house was placed behind, and the whole of the back part adjoined close upon the New Ebenezer Chapel.

Great was Mr. Jorrocks's surprise and indignation at finding that the pack was without a huntsman, whipper-in, or horses, and that instead

thirty-two couple of hounds as stated by Doleful, there were but sixteen.

Fleeceall was perfectly thunderstruck, and it was some time ere his rage suffered his tongue to give vent to his thoughts.

"It was a 'reg'lar do," and he'd wesh his 'ands with concern at once. "He'd shoot Doleful first—skin him alive in fact."

Fleeceall attempted to sooth him, but finding this only adding fuel to the fire, he suffered his anger to exhaust itself on the unfortunate and now fortunately absent Captain, when he ventured to attempt an explanation.

Captain Doleful, he thought, must have said sixteen and thirty-two hounds and not thirty-two couple.

Mr. Jorrocks pulled the letter out of his pocket, and thirty-two "couple" appeared as plain as possible.

"Well, but sixteen would take less keeping, and the subscriptions would be all the same."

"But they look shabby," roared Mr. Jorrocks, "and makes a short pack.—Then who's to 'unt the fox?"

"Oh," Fleeceall made no doubt Mr. Jorrocks would do it well himself, "Osbaldeston did so."

Comparing him with Mr. Osbaldeston pleased Mr. Jorrocks, and after two or three grunts, considering how far he had gone, and how he would be laughed at if he backed out, he deter-

mined to let it be "over shoes over boots," so he stuck out his legs, and proceeded to examine the hounds.

"Plenty of bone," observed he, with a growl.

"Oh, lots of bones!" replied Fleeceall, "that corner's full," pointing to the bone-house.

"Are they steady?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

"Middling," replied Fleeceall, anxious to be safe.

"Vot, they're not riotous are they? Never 'unted bagmen or nothin' of that sort?" inquired our master.

"Oh dear no," replied Fleeceall, "ran a boy, I believe, one day."

"Ran a boy!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "never heard of sich a thing! He must have had a drag."

"They bit his drag," replied Fleeceall, laughing.

"It were a young hound bit an old 'ooman," interposed Mat, anxious for the credit of the pack, "he had a bone, and she would have it from him, and the boy got atween the two.

"*Humph!*" grunted Mr. Jorrocks, not altogether relishing the story whichever way it was. The hounds were a fine lashing-looking lot, chiefly dogs, with a family likeness running through the pack. There were no old ones, and the lot, as far, as they went, were fairly average. Worse packs



found in great kennels. Mr. Jorrocks  
d in the kennel until he had mastered  
mes, and there appearing no help for the  
he resolved to do the best he could with  
until he could meet with a huntsman.—  
g the feeder to be there by day-break,  
re the hounds ready for him to take out  
ise, he thrust his arm through Fleeceall's,  
sired him to conduct him back to the

1.  
hey went, he lectured him well on the  
of his office. "Now, you see, sir," said he,  
'nt want one of your fine auditin' sort of  
what will merely run his eye over the bills,  
rite his initials on the back, but I wants a  
ut-and-out workin' chap, that will go into  
hitem by hitem, and look sharp arter the  
, without leavin' the pounds to take care  
emselves. A good Sec. is a werry useful  
of h'animal, but a bad un's only worth  
g. In the first place you must be werry  
eklar about gettin' in the subscriptions.  
is always uppermost in a good Sec's. mind,  
he should never stir out of doors without a  
n his pocket, and should appear at the cover-  
with a handful of receipts, by way of a hint  
ose wot hav'nt paid. Now, you must get  
ccount book with ruled columns for pounds,  
ings, and pence, and open a Dr. and Cr.

account with every member of the 'unt. 'No tick' must be the order of the day, and every Saturday night you must come to me with your book, and I shall allow you two glasses of spirit and water whilst we overhaul the accounts. You must be all alive in fact. Not an 'oss must die in the district without your knowin' of it—you must have a nose like a vulture, with the knowledge of a Smithfield or Vitechapel knacker for buyin' them. Should you make an 'appy 'it (hit) and get one with some *go* in him, I'll let you use him yourself until we wants him for the boiler. In the field, a good Sec. ought always to be ready to leap first over any awkward place, or catch the M. F. H.'s 'oss, if he 'appens to lead over. In all things he must consider the M. F. H. first, and never let self stand in the way. Then you'll be a good Sec., and when I doesn't want a Sec. no longer, why you'll always be able to get a good Sec's. place from the character I shall give you.

"Now, here we are at the Dragon again.—Come up stairs and I'll make you acquainted with your missis," saying which, Mr. Jorrocks led the way, and was met on the landing by the knock-knee'd, greasy-collared waiter, who ushered them into the room, where Mrs. Jorrocks and Belinda, fatigued with the doings of the day, had laid themselves down on a couple

was waiting for the return of Mr. Jorrocks to have their tea.

"This be my Sec.," said Mr. Jorrocks to his secretary, with that indifferent sort of manner which characterises the introduction of a man for whom there is no occasion to put oneself out of the way. Mrs. Jorrocks, who had bolted up at the opening of the door, gave a sort of half bow, rubbing her eyes and yawning, very quietly and herself again on the sofa. Tea passed off quietly when the ladies having retired, Mr. Jorrocks and Fleeceall very soon found out that they had a taste in common, viz.—a love of spirits and water, wherewith they sat diluting themselves until the little hours of the morning, the course of which carouse, Fleeceall dexterously managed to possess himself of every syllable of his worthy patron's history and

page or two from Mr. Jorrocks's Journal, which perhaps best elucidate the doings of the last days of his reign over the Handley Cross grounds.

*Saturday.*—Awoke with desperation 'ead aching. Dragon brandy car'nt be good. Dreamed that my vite-sand train had run off with me, and left me into the channel. Called to Binjamin, but no boy snorin' sound asleep!—only think, how sound asleep, the werry mornin' after comin' to

down to wip into a pack of fox 'ounds—fear he has no turn for the chase. Pulled his ears, and axed him what he was snorin for. Swore he wasn't snorin'!—Never heard a boy of his size tell such a lie in my life. Dressed, and on 'orse-back by day-light—Xerxes full of fun—Arter-xerxes dullish—Bin. rode the latter in his new tops and spurs—Now, said I to Bin. as we rode to the kennel, 'you are h'entering upon a most momentous crisis—If you apply yourself diligently and assiduously to your callin', and learn to be useful in kennel, and to cheer the 'ounds with a full melodious voice—such a voice, in fact, as the tall-lobster-merchant with the green plush breeches and big calves, that comes along our street of a still evenin', with his basket on his 'ead, cryin' 'Lobsters! fine Lobsters!' has, there is no sayin' but in course of time you may arrive at the distinguished honour of readin' an account of your doin's in Bell's Life; but if you persist in playin' at marbles, chuck farthin', and flyin' kites, instead of attendin' in the stable, I'll send you back to the charity school from whence you came, where you'll be rubbed down twice a day with an oak towel, and kept on chick-weed and grunsell like a canary-bird,—mark my words if I von't.'

"Found Mat Maltby at the kennel weashin' the flags with a new broom, and 'issing for 'ard

erry curious it is, wet or dry, soft or 'ard  
haps always 'iss. 'Ounds all delighted to  
—stood up in my stirrups looking over  
ils, 'olloain', cheerin', and talkin' to  
Yoicks Dexterous! Yoicks Lucky-lass!  
Rallywood! Good dog. Threw bits of  
as near each of them as I could pitch  
calling the 'ounds by name, to let them  
at I knew them—Some caught it in  
months like H'Indian Jugglers —' Let 'em  
at,' at last cried I, when back went the  
een went the door, and out they rushed  
, like a pent up hurricane, tearin' down  
rthy Street, into Jireth Place, through  
gton Crescent, by the Bramber Prome-  
to the High Street, and down it with a  
nd melody of sweet music that roused all  
water-drinkin' maids from their pillows,  
zed the watchmen, astonished the gas-  
man, who was making way for day-light,  
glarly rousing the whole inhabitants of  
ce.

pt spurs to Xerxes and arter them, hol-  
nd crackin' my whip, but deuce a bit did  
ed me—On they went! sterns up and  
oo, towlin', and howlin', and chirpin',  
gh they had a fox before them. Butchers'  
rs, setters, mastiffs, and mongrels of all  
nd sizes, flew out as they went, some

joinin' cry, others worryin' and fightin' their way, but still the body of the pack kept movin' onward at a splittin' pace, down the London-road, as wild as hawks, without turning to the right or the left, until they all flew, like a flock of pigeons, clean out of sight. 'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' cried I, pullin' up, fairly exhausted, at the third mile stone, by the cross-roads to Gabriel's House and Knowlton, 'Ive lost my 'ounds, and I'm ruined for ever.' 'Blow your 'orn!' cried a countryman who was sittin' on the stone, they are not far afore you, and the dogs not far afore them;' but blow me tight, I was so blown myself, that I couldn't raise a puff—easier to blow ones 'orse than one's 'orn. To add to my grief and infinite mortification, Bin-jimin came poundin' and clatterin' along the hard road, holloain' out as he went, 'Buy Lobster! fine Lobster!'

"The pack had turned down Greenford Lane, and I jogged after them, sorely puzzled, and desperate perplexed. On I went for a mile or more, when the easterly breeze bore the 'ounds' cry on its wings, and pushin' forward, I came to a corner of the road, where the beauties had thrown up short before an Italian plaster of Paris poll-parrot merchant, who, tray on head, had the whole pack at bay around him, bellowin' and howlin' as though they would eat him. 'Get

m, Binjamin,' cried I, 'and flog them  
, and takin' out my 'orn, I blew for 'ard  
what with view holloas, and cheerin',  
, with Bin at their sterns, succeeded  
most of them back to their kennel.  
Paris poll-parrot merchant, followed  
ay, indulgin' in frightful faces and an  
tongue."

urnal then branches off into a mem. of  
did at breakfast in the eating line, how  
his bill at the Dragon, after disputing  
dy item, and how he afterwards re-  
with Mrs. Jorrocks and Belinda, to  
ottage, which he did not find quite so  
ious as he could wish. The day's entry  
th a mem. that he had stewed beef-steaks  
er.

day.—Up by cock-crow, and into the ken-  
dexterous and Mercury been fightin'  
bone, and Mercury got a bloody ear.  
l Bin and Mat upon the unpropriety of  
bones about. Made Bin. call over the  
by name, double-thongin' him when he  
mistake.

s. Jorrocks in a desperation fidget to get  
rch. Never know'd her so keen afore.  
out—got a new gown, and a bonnet like a  
t gardener's flower-basket. With all her  
ess contrived to start just as the bells gave



over ringin'—Beadle, in blue and gold, with a cocked 'at on his head, and a white wand in his hand, received us at the door, and handed us over to the sexton, in deep blue, bound with black velvet, who paraded us up the 'isle, and placed us with much clatterin' in the seat of honour, just afore the pulpit. Church desperate full, and every eye turned on the M. F. H.—Mrs. J. thought they were lookin' at her! poor deluded body. Belinda, dressed in lavender, and lookin' werry wholesome. Lessons long—sermon excellent—all about 'onerin' one's superiors, meanin' the M. F. H. doubtless.

"After church, friend Miserrimus came and shook 'ands with us all round. Gave him 'unbounded pleasure' to see us all so bloomin' and well. Mrs. J. delighted, and axed him to dine. Five, and no waitin'. Walked down High Street. Mrs. Jorrocks on one arm, Belinda on t'other. Doleful in the gutter. Fine thing to be a great man. Every body stared—many took off their 'ats.—Country people got off the flags. 'That's Mr. Jorrocks,' said one. 'Which?' cried another. 'Do show him to me,' begged a third. 'Jorrocks for ever!' cried the children. Nothing like being a great man. Kennel at two—feedin'-time—plaster of Paris poll-parrot merchant outside, still in a great rage, but didn't catch what he said. Many people came and



how I knew the names of the 'ounds—  
ch alike, they said, Take them a life-  
now them. Miserable ignoramusses.  
y.—At the kennel by daylight. Bin-  
usual, to be kicked awake. The bouy  
take no interest in the thing. Fear all  
in the world won't drive a passion for  
into him. Threatened to cut his coat  
ons on his back, if he didn't look lively.  
tby recommended the 'ounds to be  
his time—condescended to take his ad-  
ld Bin. not to cry 'boil'd Lobsters' as  
Saturday, but to sing out in a cheerful  
ch and melodious, *like* the boiled-lob-  
chant. Axed what to sing out? Why,  
'ounds,' ven 'ounds 'ang (hang) back, and  
there!' when they gets too far forward,  
Put Xerxes's head towards kennel door  
e, instead of from it. Worth a golden  
n of any man's money to see 'ounds turn  
ennel. Sich a cry! sich music! old Dex-  
umped up at Xerxes, and the h'animal  
kicked me over his 'ead. Pack gathered  
me, some jumpin' up against the 'oss's  
hers standin' bayin', and some lookin'  
ly in my face, as much as to say, which  
Mr. Jorrocks? Took them a good long  
trot to the pike, near Smarden, and round  
ingside, letting them see the deer in Chid-

fold Park. Quite steady—make no doubt they will be a werry superior pack in less than no time—make them as handey as ladies' maids,—do every thing but pay their own pikes in fact. Wonder Doleful don't ride out. Keen sportsman like him, one would think would like to see the 'ounds."

The Journal proceeds in this strain for two or three days more, Mr. Jorrocks becoming better satisfied with his pack each time he had them out. On the Friday, he determined on having a bye-day on the following one, for which purpose, he ordered his secretary to be in attendance, to show him a likely find in a country where he would not disturb many covers. Of course the meet was to be kept strictly private, and of course, like all "strict secrets," Fleeceall took care to tell it to half the place. Still, as it was a "peep of day affair," publicity did not make much matter, inasmuch as few of the Handley Cross gentry loved hunting better than their beds.

Fleeceall's situation was rather one of difficulty, for he had never been out hunting but once, and that once was in a gig, as related in a preceding chapter ; but knowing, as Dr. Johnson said, that there are "two sorts of information, one that a man carries in his head, and the other that he knows where to get ;" nothing daunted by the

he repaired to Mat Maltby, the elder, an old poacher, who knew every cover in the country, upon whose recommendation, it was agreed that a bag-fox, then in the possession of a neighbour, should be shook in South Grove, a long slip of old oak, with an excellent chance of holding a fox. All things being thus arranged, as Mr. Jorrocks conceived, with the utmost secrecy, he went to bed early, and long as he was light, he lay tumbling and tossing, listening to the ticking of the clock below, and the snoring of Benjamin above.

As the day began to break, and having soused himself with a pitcher of cold water, Mr. Jorrocks proceeded to jump into his clothes, consisting of the Surrey hunt scarlet coat, with green buff waistcoat, drab kerseymeres, and mahogany-coloured top boots. Arrived at the kennels, he found Fleeceall there, on his old gig, with his hands stuck in the pockets of a dirty-white Witney coat, with large mother-of-pearl buttons, which completely enveloped his face. "Is Miserrimus here?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, on discovering the person of his Secretary. "Well, can't wait—sorry for it—know we must wait another time;" and thereupon the hounds were unkennelled, and desiring Fleeceall to lead the way, Mr. Jorrocks got the pack about him, and away they went for South Grove.

The morning dawned auspiciously, and there was a balmy freshness in the air that promised well for scent. Added to this, Mr. Jorrocks had cut the left side of his chin in shaving, which he always considered ominous of sport.—Bump, bump, jolt, jolt, he went on his lumbering hunter, now craneing over its neck to try if he could see its knees, now cheering and throwing bits of biscuit to the hounds, then looking back to see if Benjamin was in his right place, and again holloaing out some witticism to Fleeceall in advance. Thus they reached the unenclosed common, partially studded with patches of straggling gorse, which bounds the east side of South Grove, and our sporting master having wet his forefinger in his mouth, and held it up to ascertain which quarter the little air then stirring came from, so as to give the pack the benefit of the wind, prepared for throwing off without delay. “Pull out this stake, Binjimin,” said he to the boy, as he brought his horse to bear upon a frail gap into the wood—“Jump on the top,” added he, “so as to level the hedge with the ground,” adding, “these little places often give one nasty falls.” This feat being accomplished, Benjamin climbed on to Arterxerxes again, and Jorrocks desiring him to keep on the right of the cover, parallel with him, and not to be sparing of his voice, rode into the wood after his hounds, who

ken away with a whimper, ripening into  
rage, the moment that Binjamin was off

a cry there was! The boy with the fox  
g had crossed the main ride about a  
efore the hounds entered, and they took  
ent in an instant.—Mr. Jorrocks thought  
e morning drag and screamed and hol-  
t cheerily—"Talliho!" was heard almost  
eously at the far end of the wood, and  
ut his horn, Mr. Jorrocks scrambled  
the underwood, breaking the briars and  
the hazels, as he went. Sure enough  
ad gone that way, but the hounds were  
flash in a contrary direction. "Talliho!  
oop! hoop! hoop! away! away! away!"  
Mat Maltby, who, after shaking the fox  
ntifically, had pocketted the sack.

*tuang, tuang, tuang,* went Mr. Jorrocks's  
ometimes in full, sometimes in divided  
d half screeches. The hounds turn and  
r the point. Governor, Adamant, Dex-  
nd Judgment came first, then the body  
ack, followed by Benjamin at full gallop  
xerxes, with his face and hands all  
d and bleeding from the briars and brush-  
at Arterxerxes, bit in teeth, had borne  
uphantly through. *Bang* the horse shot  
Jorrocks, Benjamin screaming, yelling,

and holding on by the mane, Arterxerxes doing with him just what he liked, and the hounds getting together and settling to the scent. "My vig, wot a splitter!" cried Mr. Jorrocks in astonishment, as Arterxerxes took a high stone wall out of the cover in his stride, without disturbing even the coping. To the left was a gate, which having got through, Mr. Jorrocks chose a furrow in the ploughed field that ran up the hill, and just as he got half way up, he viewed the hind-quarters of some half-dozen horses, the riders of whom, having been in the secret, had waited in the wood, disappearing through the high quick fence at the top.

"Dash my vig, here's an unavoidable leap, I do believe," said he to himself, as he neared the headland, and saw no way out of the field but over the fence; "and a werry awkward place it is too," added he, "a yawnin' blind ditch, a hugly quick fence on the top, and may be, a plough or 'arrow, turned teeth uppermost, on the far side.

"Oh, John Jorrocks, my good friend, I wishes you were well over with all my 'eart—terrible place, indeed! Give a guinea 'at to be on the far side," saying which, he dismounted, and pulling the snaffle-rein over his horse's head, he knotted the lash of his ponderous whip to it, and very quietly slid down the ditch and climbed up the fence, "*whoaing*" and crying to his horse to "stand

still," expecting every minute to have him on his back. The taking-on place was wide, and two horses having gone over before, had done a little towards clearing the way, so having gained his equilibrium on the top, Mr. Jorrocks began jerking and coaxing Xerxes to induce him to follow his example, pulling at him much in the manner of a school-boy, who catches a log of wood in fishing.

"Come hup! my man," cried Mr. Jorrocks coaxingly, jerking the rein; but Xerxes only stuck his great fore legs in advance, and pulled the other way. "*Gently*, old fellow!" cried he, "gently, Xerxes my bouy!" dropping his hand, so as to give him a little more line, and then trying what effect a jerk would have, in inducing him to do what he wanted. Still the horse stood resolute. He appeared to have no notion of leaping. Jorrocks began to wax angry. "Dash my vig, you hugly brute!" he exclaimed, grinning with rage at the thoughts of the run he was losing. "If you don't mind what you're arter, I'll get on your back, and bury my spurs in your sides. COME HUP! I say," roared he, giving a tremendous jerk of the rein, upon which the horse flew back, and pulled Jorrocks head foremost into the ditch. Xerxes then threw up his heels and ran away, whip and all.

Meanwhile, our bagman played his part gal-

lantly, and run three quarters of a ring, of three quarters of a mile, chiefly in view, when, feeling exhausted, he threw himself into a furze-patch, near a farm-yard, where Dauntless very soon had him by the back, but the smell of the aniseed, with which he had been plentifully rubbed, disgusting the hound, he chucked him in the air and let him fall back in the bush. Arterxerxes, who had carried Benjamin before the body of the pack, came tearing along, like a poodle with a monkey on his back, when, losing the cry of the hounds, the horse suddenly stopped short, and off flew Benjamin beside the fox, who, all wild with fear and rage, seized Ben by the nose, who ran about with the fox hanging to him, yelling, " Murder ! murder ! murder !" for hard life.



## CHAPTER XII.

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"A broth of a boy!"

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Will your hounds be going out again to-day, Mr. Benjamin?" inquired Samuel, a country servant of all work, lately arrived at Handley Cross, as they sat round the room fire of the Dragon Inn yard, in company with the persons hereafter enumerated, the day after the celebrated run described in the last chapter.

Samuel Strong was just the sort of man that might be Samuel Strong. Were his master to ring the bell, and desire the waiter to tell the footman to send his servant "Samuel Strong" to the door, the footman would pick Samuel out of a score of servants, without ever having seen him before. He was quite the southern-hound breed of servant. Large-headed, almost lop-eared, red-whiskered (long, coarse, and uneven), fiery whiskers, a complete fringe round his harvest moon face, with a short thick nose that looked as if it had been sat upon by a heavy person.

In stature he was of the middle height, square-built, and terribly clumsy.

Nor were the defects of nature at all counteracted by the advantages of dress, for Strong was clad in a rural suit of livery, consisting of a footman's morning jacket, with a standing up collar made of dark grey-cloth, plentifully besprinkled with large brass buttons, with a raised edge, as though his master were expecting his crest from the herald's college. Moreover, the jacket, either from an original defect in its construction, or from that propensity to shrink, which inferior clothes unfortunately have, had so contracted its dimensions, that the waist-buttons were half-way up Samuel's back, and the lower ones were just where the top ones ought to be. The shrinking of the sleeves placed a pair of large serviceable-looking hands in nervously striking relief. The waistcoat, broad blue and white stripe, made up lengthways, was new, and probably the tailor, bemoaning the scanty appearance of Sam's nether man, had determined to make some atonement to his front, for the waistcoat extended full four inches below his coat, and concealed the upper part of a very baggy pair of blue plush shorts, that were met again by very tight drab gaiters, that evidently required no little ingenuity to coax together to button. A six shilling hat, with a narrow silver band, and binding of the same metal, and a pair

ed white Berlin gloves, completed the of this figure servant.

amin Brady—or “Binjimin”—was the nverse of Samuel Strong. A little puny, ed, gin-drinking-looking Cockney, with a roving pig eyes, peering from below his hite hair, cut evenly round his head, as it had been done by the edges of a bar- asin. Benjamin had increased consider- his own opinion, by the acquisition of a top-boots, and his appointment of whip- to the hounds, in which he was a good pported by the deference invariably paid ntry servants to London ones.

e all inn saddle-rooms, the Dragon one was hat contracted in its dimensions, and what here was, was rendered less, by sundry sets rness hanging against the walls, and divers e-stands, boot-trees, knife-cleaners, broken forks, and bottles with candles in their necks, ed promiscuously around. Nevertheless, as a fire, to keep “hot-water ready,” and e the fire-place were sundry smoke-dried -bills of country horses for the by-gone on — “Jumper — Clever Clumsy — Barney kin—Billy Button, &c.”—while logs of wood, e-legged stools, and inverted horse-pails, ed the place of chairs around.

n the boiler-side of the fire, away from the

door—for no one has a greater regard for No. 1 than himself—sat the renowned Benjamin Brady, in a groom's drab frock coat, reaching down to his heels, a sky-blue waistcoat, patent cord breeches, with grey worsted stockings, and slippers, airing a pair of very small mud-stained top-boots before the fire, occasionally feeling the scratches on his face, and the bites the fox inflicted on his nose the previous day—next him, at the “first pair *boy* out,” a grey-headed old man of sixty, whose jacket, breeches, boots, entire person, in fact, were concealed by a long brown holland thing, that gave him the appearance of sitting booted and spurred in his night-shirt. Then came the ostler's lad, a boy of some eight or nine years old, rolling about on the flags, playing with the saddle-room cat; and, immediately before the fire, on a large inverted horse-pail, sat Samuel Strong, while the circle was made out by Bill Brown (Dick the ostler's one-eyed helper), “Tom,” a return post-boy, and a lad, who assisted Bill Brown, the one-eyed helper of Dick the ostler—when Dick himself was acting the part of assistant waiter in the Dragon, as was the case on this occasion.

“When will your hounds be going out again think ye, Mr. Benjamin?” was the question put by Samuel Strong, to our sporting Leviathan.

“’Ang me if I knows,” replied the boy, with

most importance, turning his top boots  
the fire. "It's precious little consequence,  
s, ven we goes out again, if that gallows  
ernor of ours persists in 'unting the 'ounds  
. I've *all* the work to do! Bless ye, we  
have lost 'ounds, fox, and all, yesterday, if  
't rid like the werry wengeance. See 'ow  
atched my mug," added he, turning up a  
asty and much scratched countenance.  
n to 'unt the 'ounds, and risk my neck at  
tride, I must have the wages of a 'unts-  
r blow me tight the old 'un may suit  
."

at 'n a chap is your old gen'leman?"  
d the "first pair boy out," who, having  
service himself, where he might have  
ed if he could have kept sober, had still a  
y to know how the world of servitude  
n.

, hang if I knows," replied Benjamin,  
ous rum 'un I assure you. Whiles, he's  
well—then it's Bin this, and Bin that, and  
e a werry great man, Bin, and such like  
n; and then the next minute, perhaps,  
a regular sky-blue, swearing he'll cut my  
d lights out, or bind me apprentice to a  
—but then I knows the old fool, and he  
he carnt do without me, so we just battle  
on the best way we can together."

"You'll have good wage I 'spose," rejoined Samuel, with a sigh, for his "governor" only gave him ten pounds a year, and no perquisites, or "stealings" as the Americans honestly call them.

"Precious little of that I assure you," replied Benjamin—"at least the old warment never pays me. He swears he pays it to our old 'oman; but I believe he pockets it himself, an old ram; but I'll have a reckoning with him some of these odd days. What'n a blackguard's your master?"

"*Hush!*" replied Samuel, astonished at Ben's freedom of speech, a thing not altogether understood in the country. "A bad 'un I'll be bound," continued the little rascal, "or he wouldn't see you mooning about in such a rumbustical apology for a coat, with laps that scarce cover you decently;" reaching behind the aged post-boy, and taking up Mr. Samuel's fan-tail as he spoke. "I never see's a servant in a cutty coat, without swearing his master's a screw. Now these droll things such as you have on, are just vot the great folks in London give their flunkies to carry coals, and make up fires in, but never to go staring from home with. Then your country folks get hold of them, and think by clapping such clowns as you in them, to make people believe that they have other coats at home. Tell the truth now, old baggy-breeches, have you another coat of any sort?"

ee'as," replied Samuel Strong, "I've a one."

t, you a fustian coat!" repeated Benjamin  
nishment, "vy, I thought you were a  
!"

I am," replied Samuel, "but I looks ater  
nd shay as well."

key!" cried Benjamin, "here's a figure  
wot looks arter an 'oss and chay—Vy  
be vot they call a man of 'all vork,' a vite  
in fact! dear me," added he, eying him  
ay that drew a peal of laughter from the  
"vot a curious beast you must be! I  
n't wonder now if you could mow?"

ith any man," replied Samuel, thinking to  
sh Benjamin with his talent,—  
nd sow?"

ee'as and sow."

nd ploo?" (plough)

ever tried—dare say I could though."

nd do ye feed the pigs?" inquired Benjamin.  
ee'as, when Martha's away."

nd who's Martha?"

Why she's a widder woman, that lives a'  
o' the church.—She's a son a-board a  
ur, and she goes to see him whiles."

our governor's an apothecary, I suppose  
at queer button," observed Benjamin, eying  
s coat. "Wot we call a chemist and drug-

gist in London. Do you look arter the red and green winder bottles now? Crikey, he don't look as though he lived on physic altogether, does he?" added Benjamin, turning to Bill Brown, the helper, amid the general laughter of the company.

"My master's a better man than ever you'll be, you little ugly sinner," replied Samuel Strong, breaking into a glow, and doubling a most serviceable-looking fist on his knee.

"We've only your word for that," replied Benjamin, "he don't look like a werry good 'un by the way he rigs you out. 'Ow many slaveys does he keep?"

"Slaveys," repeated Samuel, "slaveys, what be they?"

"Vy cook-maids and such like h'animals—women in general."

"Ow, two—one to clean the house and dress the dinner, t'other to milk the cows and dress the childer."

"Oh, you 'ave childer, 'ave you in your 'ouse?" exclaimed Benjamin in disgust. "Well come, our's is bad, but we've nothing to ekle (equal) that. I wouldn't live where there are brats for no manner of consideration."

"You've a young Missis, though, havn't you?" inquired the aged post-boy, "there was a young lady came down in the chay along with the old folk."



“That’s the niece,” replied Benjamin — “a jolly nice gal she is too—her home’s in Vite-chapel,—often get a tissey out of her—That’s to say, she don’t give me them herself exactly, but the young men as follows her do, so it comes to the same thing in the end. She has a couple of them you see, first one pays, and then t’other. Green, that’s him of Tooley Street, gives shillings because he has plenty; then Stubbs wot lives near Boroughbridge—the place the rabbits come from—gives half-crowns, because he hasn’t much. Then Stubbs is such a feller for kissing of the gals.—‘Be’have yourself or I’ll scream,’ I hears our young lady say, as I’m a listening at the door. ‘*Don’t,*’ says he, kissing of her again, ‘you’ll hurt your throat,—let me do it for you.’ Then to hear our old cove and he talk about ‘unting of an evening over their drink, you’d swear they were as mad as hatters. They jump, and shout, and sing, and talliho! till they bring the street-keeper to make them quiet.”

“You had a fine run t’other day, I hear,” observed Joe, the deputy-helper, in a deferential tone to Mr. Brady.

“Uncommon!” replied Benjamin, shrugging up his shoulders at the recollection of it, and clearing the low bars of the grate out with his toe.

“They tell me your old governor tumbled off,” continued Joe, “and lost his hoss.”

"Werry like," replied Benjamin with a grin, "he generally does tumble h'off. I'm d—d if it isn't a disgrace to an 'oss to be ridden by such a lubber!" A great fat beast!" he's only fit for vater carriage." Haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! went the roar of laughter among the party; haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! pealed the second edition.

"He's a precious old file too," resumed the little urchin, elated at the popularity he was acquiring, "to hear him talk, I'm blow'd if you wouldn't think he'd ride over an 'ouse, and yet somehow or other, he's never seen after they go away, unless it be bowling along the 'ard road; —t'other morning, we had a run, and he wanted to give in during the middle of it, and yesterday he stood staring like a stuck pig in the wood, instead of riding after his 'ounds. If I hadn't been as lively as a lark, and leapt like a louse, we should never have seen an 'ound no more. They'd have run slap to France, or whatever there is on the far side of the hill, if the world's made any further that way. Well, I rides, and rides, for miles and miles, as 'ard as ever the 'oss could lay legs to the ground, over every thing, 'edges, ditches, gates, stiles, rivers, determined to stick by 'em,—see wot a mug I've got with ramming through the briars—feels just as if I'd had it brushed with a pair of wool-

owsomever, I did, and I wouldn't part with them, and the consequence was, the fox—my eyes, such a wopper!—an that," said he, stretching out both his and as big as a bull—fierce as fury—y snout—nearly bit it off—kept a hold ough—and worried his soul out—people d—farmer's wife in particklar—offered nk o' milk—axed for some jackey—had t gave me whiskey instead,—Vill any e sky a copper for a quartern of gin?"

Benjamin, looking round the party. who'll stand a penny to my penny, and ave a first go?" No one closing with f these handsome offers, Ben took up s, looked at the soles, then replacing efore the fire, felt in his stable-jacket- which was laying over his own saddle, nging out a very short dirty old clay-pipe, d it out of the public tobacco-box of the room, and very complacently crossing his roceeded to smoke. Before he had time ke himself sick, the first pair boy out, pted him by asking what became of his during the run.

h! dashed if I know," replied Benjamin, hat reminds me of the best of the story—lled our fox you see, and there were two ee 'ossmen up, who each took a fin and I

took the tail, which I stuck through my 'oss's front, and gathering the dogs, I set off towards home, werry well pleased with all I had done. Well, after riding a werry long way, axing my way, for I was quite a stranger, I came over a hill at the back of the wood, where we started from, when what should I see in the middle of a big ploughed field but the old 'un himself, an 'unting of his 'oss that had got away from him. There was the old file in his big red coat and top-boots, flounderin' away among the stiff clay, with a hundred weight of dirt stickin' to his heels, gettin' the 'oss first into one corner and then into another, and all but catchin' hold of the bridle, when the nag would shake his head, as as much as to say, 'Not yet, old chap,' and trot off to the h'opposite corner, the ould un grinnin' with h'anger and wexation, and followin' across the deep wet ridge and furrow in his tops, reg'larly churnin' the water in them as he went.

"Then the 'oss would begin to eat, and Jor-rocks would take Bell's Life out of his pocket and pretend to read, sneaking nearer and nearer all the time. When he got a few yards off, the 'oss would stop and look round, as much as to say, 'I see's you, old cock,' and then old J. would begin coxin' 'Whoay, my old feller, who-ay—*who-ay*, my old Bouy,' (Benjamin imitating his master's manner by coaxing the old post-

til he got close at him again, when the old give a half-kick and a snort, and set-off a quiet jog-trot to the far corner again, rinnin' and wowin' wengeance against me went.

At he spyed me a lookin' at him through the hedge near the gate at the corner of the field cuttin' across, he cried, 'Here Binjamin ! yes, I say !' for I pretended not to hear. 'I was for cuttin' away, 'lend me your minute to go and catch mine upon ; so gently, I got down, and up he climbed, at the stirrups four 'oles,' said he, quite contential, shuffling himself into his seat, 'you've cotched the fox 'ave ye?' said he, 'at the brush danglin' through the 'ead Yes,' says I to him, says I, 'we've him.' Then vot do you think says he to me, says he to me, says he, 'Then cotch and away the old wagrant went, 'oss, brush, and all, telling every body he how he'd cotched the fox, and leavin' n about the ploughed land after his lousy y tops baint dry yet, and never will, I added Benjamin, putting them closer to and giving it another poke with his toe. 'at'n 'osses does he keep?' inquired the post-boy.

precious rips I assure you, and no mistake

—Bless your 'eart our old chap knows no more about an 'oss than an 'oss knows about him, but to hear him talk—Oh, crickey! doesn't he give them a good character, especial ven he wants to sell von. He vont take no one's advice neither. Says I to him t'other mornin' as he was a feelin' of my 'oss's pins, 'that ere o'ss would be a precious sight better if you'd blister and turn him out for the vinter.' 'Blister and turn him out for the vinter! you little rascal,' said he, lookin' as though he would eat me, 'I'll cut off your 'ead and sew on a button, if you talks to me about blisterin.' Says I to him, says I, 'You're a thorough-bred old hidiot for talking as you do, for there isn't a grum in the world\* wot doesn't swear by blisters! I'd blister a cork leg if I had one," added Benjamin, "so would any grum. Blistering against the world, say I, for every thing except the worms. Then it isn't his confounded stupidity only that one has to deal with, but he's such an unconscionable old screw about feeding of his 'osses—always sees every feed put afore them, and if it warn't for the matter of chopped inions (onions) that I mixes with their corn, I really should make nothing out of my stable, for the old un pays all his own bills, and

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\* Benjamin spoke truth there, for let a groom be ever so ignorant, he can always recommend a blister.

own stuff, and ven that's the case mechanics of tradesmen never stand no one."

What do you chop the onions for, Mr. ?" inquired Samuel Strong.

"Onions for!" exclaimed Ben with as-  
t, and is it possible that you've grown  
t fiery viskers on either side of your  
head and not be h'up to the chopped  
My eyes, but you'll never be able  
gal, I think! Vy you double distilled

"e, sir," interrupted Samuel, again doub-  
enormous fist, that would almost have  
head for Benjamin, amid a general roar  
ter, "keep a clean tongue in your head.  
nock your teeth down your throat."

"you'r a man of that description are you!"  
ed Benjamin, pretending to be in a fright,  
n't look like a dentist either somehow—  
gnorant h'ass. Vy the chopped inion rig  
this—You must advance a small brown  
your own pocket, to buy an inion, and  
werry small. Then s'pose your chemist  
ggist chap gives his 'oss four feeds a-day  
s'pose will be three more than he does),  
s the grain given, which some wicked old  
ts will do, you take the sieve, and after  
the corn, and hissin' at it well, just take

half a handful of chopped onion out of your jacket pocket, as you pass up to the 'oss's 'ead, and scatter it over the who'ats, then give the sieve a shake, and turn the whole into the manger. The governor seeing it there, will leave, quite satisfied that the 'oss has had his dues, and perhaps may get you out of the stable for half an hour or so, but that makes no odds, when you goes back you'll find it all there, and poulterers like it none the worse for the smell of the inions. That, and pickin' off postage-stamps, is about the only parquisite I has.

"Now, Mr. von eye," said he, turning to Bill Brown, the one-eyed helper, "is it time for my 'osses to have their bucket of water and kick in the ribs?"

The time for this luxurious repast not having arrived, Benjamin again composed himself in his corner with his pipe, and the party sat in mute astonishment at his wonderful precocity.

The return post-boy (whose time was precious) at length broke silence, by asking Benjamin if he was living with his first master.

"Deed am I," replied Ben, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "and had I known as much of sarvice as I does now, I'd have staid at school all my life—Do what they will at school, they can't make you larn, and there's always plenty of play-time. Crikey, 'ow well I remembers the day our



kidnapped me. Me and nasty-faced Peter Pink-eye Rogers, were laying our wether how we could sugar old mother k, that's she as keeps the h'apple and car-stick stall by the skittle-ground at Artilleryman, on Pentonville Hill, ere a dewising how we should manage r to give us tick for twopennorth of when Mr. Martin, the 'ead master, and r too, I may call him, for he did all the came smiling in with a fat stranger at n a broad-brimmed vite caster, turned green, and 'essian boots with tassels, ch of the cut of old Paul Pry, that they paint upon the 'busses and pint pots, dosn't see no Paul Pry's now a-days.

this 'ere chap was old Jorrocks, and down the school he went, looking first e (boy) and then at another, the master while hegging him on, just as the old n seemed to take a fancy, swearing they e finest byes in the school, just as I've d old J. himself chaunting of his 'osses ad one for to sell, but still the old file was o suit—some were too long in the body, the leg, others too short, another's 'ead big, and one whose nose had been flat- a brick-bat from a Smithfield drover's n't please him. Well, on he went, h'up

one form, down another, across the rest, until he got into the middle of the school, where, for the convenience of flogging, the byes sit face to face, with their books on their knees, instead of having a desk afore them, and at last the old cock got into the line, and began h'examining of them werry closely, fearing he was not going for to get suited.

“ ‘Werry odd, Mr. Martin,’ said he, ‘werry odd indeed, I’ve been to the kilt and bare-legged school in ‘Atton (Hatton) Garding, the green coat and yellow breeches in ‘Ackney (Hackney), the red coat and blue vestkit school at ‘Olloway (Holloway), the sky-blues and jockey caps at Paddington Green, and have found nothing at all to my mind ; must be getting out of the breed of nice little useful bouys, I fear,’ and just as he said the last words, he came afore me, with his ‘ands behind his back, and one ‘and was open as if he wanted summat in it, so I werry kindly stuck a pin in it.

“ ‘*Hooi!* Mr. Martin,’ roared he, ‘here’s a bouy put a pin into me,’ showing his mauley to Martin ; and Martin seeing who was behind, werry soon fixed upon me — ‘You little dirty, disreputable abomination,’ said he, seizing of me by the collar, at least wot should have been a collar, for at the Corderoy’s they only give us those quaker-like upright sort of things, such as

old fiery-face there," looking at Samuel Strong, "has on. Says Martin to me, says he, laying hold of me werry tight, 'vot the deuce and old Davey, do you mean by insultin' a gentleman vot vill be Lord Mayor? Sir, I'll flog you within a barley-corn of your life!"

"'Beg pardon, sir, beg pardon, sir,' I cried, 'thought the gentleman had a sore 'ead, as he kept his 'at on, and a little bleedin' would do him good.'

"'Haw! haw! haw!' roared Mr. Jorrocks, taking out a red cotton wipe and rubbing his 'and, 'haw! haw! haw! werry good, Mr. Martin, werry good—promisin' bouy that, I thinks, promisin' bouy, likes them with mischief—likes them with mischief, poopeys (puppeys) and bouys—never good for nothin' unless they 'ave—'Ow old's the rogue.'

"Now Martin know'd no more about me than I know'd about Martin; but knowin' the h'age that Jorrocks wanted a bye of, why, in course, he swore I was just of that age, and knowin' that I should get a precious good hiding for prickin' the old covey's 'and, if I stayed at the Corduroy's, why I swore that I was uncommon fond of 'osses, gigs, and such like, and after the old file had felt me well about the neck, for he had an idey that if a bye's big in the neck in course o' time he'd grow strong all over, he took me away, promising Martin the

two quarterages our old gal had run in arrear for my book larning—though blow me tight I never got none—out o' my wage, and would ye believe it, the old gudgeon kept me goin' on from quarter to quarter, for I don't know 'ow many quarters, sayin' he hadn't viped off the old score for my schoolin', just as if I had any business to pay it; at last, one day as I was a rubbin' down the chesnut 'oss as he sold to the chap in Tooley Street, he comes into the stable, full of pride, and I thought rather muzzy, for he bumped first again one stall, and then again another, so says I to him, says I, 'please, sir, I wants for to go to the Vells this evening.'

"'To the Vells!' repeated he, staring with astonishment—'To the Vells!—Wot Vells?'

"' *Bagnigge!*' said I, and that's a place, Mr. Baconface," observed Ben, turning to Samuel Strong, "that you shouldn't be hung with seeing—skittles, bowls, stalls all round the garding, like stables for 'osses, where parties take their tea and XX—all painted sky-blue with red pannels—gals in shiney vite gowns and short sleeves, bare down the neck, singing behind the h'organ with h'ostrich feathers in their 'eads—all beautiful—admission tup-pence—a game at skittles for a penna—and every thing elegant and quite genteel—musn't go in that queer coat of yours though, or they'd take you for a Bedlamite, and

may be send you to the hulks—queer chaps the Londoners—once knowd a feller, quite as queer a lookin' dog as you, barrin' his nose, which was a bit better, and not so red. Well, he had a rummish cove of a governor, who clap't him into a nut-brown suit, with bright basket buttons, and a glazed castor, with a broad welwet band 'all round his 'at,' and as he was a mizzlin' along Gower Street, where his master had just come to live from over t'other side of the vater, vot should he meet, but one of the new polish (police), who seeing such a h'object, insisted he was mad; and nothin' would sarve him, but that he was mad; and away he took him to the station 'ouse, and from thence, afore the beak, at Bow Street, and nothin' but a sendin' for the master to swear that they were his clothes, and that he considered them livery, saved the fellow from transportation, for if he'd stolen the clothes he couldn't have been more galvanized than when the new polish grabbed him.

“ Well, but that isn't what I was a goin' to tell you about. Blow these boots,” said he, stooping down and turning them again, “ they never are goin' for to dry. Might as well have walked through the Serpentine in them. I was goin' to tell you of the flare up the old 'un and I had about the Vells. ‘ Well,’ says I to him, says I, ‘ I wants for to go to the Vells.’

“ ‘ Vot Vells ?’ said he.

“ ‘ Bagnigge,’ said I. ‘ Bagnigge be d—d,’ said he,—no he didn’t say, ‘ be d—d,’ for the old ‘un never swears except he’s h’outrageously h’angry. But, howsomever, he said, I shouldn’t go to the Vells, for as ‘ow, Mrs. Muffin, and the seven Miss Muffins, from Balham Hill, were comin’ to take their scald with him that evening, and he wanted me to carry the h’urn, while Batsy buttered and ‘anded round the bread.

“ ‘ Well,’ but says I to him, says I, ‘ that don’t h’argufy. If I’m a grum, I’m a grum, if I’m a butler, I’m a butler, but it’s out of all conscience and calkilation expectin’ a man to be both grum and butler. Here ‘ave I been a cleanin’ your useless screws of hosses, and washing your hugly chay till I’m fit to faint, in h’order that I might have a night of enjoyment to myself, and then you wants me to carry vater to your nasty old boiler. A man should have double wage, instead of none at all, to stand such vork.’

“ ‘ ‘Ow do you mean none at all?’ said he, grinnin’ with anger, ‘ doesn’t I pay your old mother a sovereign annually four times a-year?’

“ Vots that to me?’ said I, ‘ my mother don’t do your work does she?’

“ ‘ Dash my vig!’ said he, gettin’ into a reglar blaze. ‘ You little ungrateful ‘ound, I’ll drown you in a bucket of barley water,’ and so we got

on from bad to worse, until he swore he'd start me, and get another bouy from the Cor-duroy's.

“ ‘ Quite unanimous,’ said I, ‘ quite unanimous, in course you’ll pay up my wages afore I go, and that will save ‘un the trouble of taking of you to Hicks Hall.’ At the werry word ‘ Hicks Hall,’ the old gander turned quite green and began to soften. ‘ Now, Binjimin,’ said he, ‘ that’s werry unkind o’ you. If you had the Hen and Chickens comin’ to *bitch*\* with you, and you wanted your ‘ pumpaginous aqua’ (which he says is French for tea and coffee) carried, wouldn’t you think it werry unkind of Batsay if she wouldn’t give you a lift?’ Then he read a long lector about doing as one would be done by, and all that sort of gammon that Martin used to cram us with of a Sunday. Till at last it ended in his givin’ me a half-crown to do what he wanted, on the understandin’ that it was none of my vork, and I says, that a chap wot does every thing he’s bid, like that suckin’ Sampson there, eyeing Samuel Strong with the most ineffable contempt, is only fit to be a tinker’s jack ass.” Samuel looked as though he would annihilate the boy as soon as he made up his mind where to hit him, and Benjamin, uncon-

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\* This is a Cambridge term, and how Mr. Jorrocks, or rather Benjamin, got hold of it, we know not.

scious of all danger, stooped, and gave the eternal tops another turn.

"We never heard nothing of your coming until three days afore you cast up," observed Bill Brown, with a broad grin on his countenance at Benjamin's audacity and Samuel's anger.

"It wern't werry likely that you should," replied Benjamin, looking up, "for as 'ow we hadn't got our own consent much afore that. Our old cove is a reglar word and a blow man. If he does, he does, and if he don't, why he lets it alone. Give the old 'un his due, he's none o' your talkin' chaps, wot's always for doin' somethin', only they don't. He never promised me a cow-hidin' yet, but he paid it with interest. As soon as ever he got the first letter, I know'd there was somethin' good in the wind, for he gave me half a pot of his best marmeylad, and then a few days after he chucked me a golden sovereign, tellin' me, go and buy a pair of new tops, or as near new as I could get them for the money."

"And what did you pay for them?" inquired both post boys at once, for the price of top-boots is always an interesting subject to a stable servant.

"Guess!" replied Benjamin, holding them up, adding, "mind, they are nothing like now what they were when I bought them; the Jew told me,



though it don't do to believe above half what those gents. tell you, that they belonged to the Markiss of Castlereagh's own Tiger, and that he had parted with them because they didn't wrinkle in quite as many folds as his Majesty wished. Here was the fault," continued Benjamin, holding one of the boots upon his hand and pressing the top downwards to make it wrinkle. " You see it makes but eight wrinkles between the top and the heel, and the Markiss's gen'lman swore as how he would never be seen in a pair wot didn't make nine, so he parted with them, and as I entered Holyvell Street from the East End, I spied them 'anging on the pegs at Levy Aaron's, that's the first Jew vot squints on the left 'and side of the way, for there are above twenty of them in that street with queer eyes.

" ' Veskit !' said he, ' vashin' veskit, werry sheep ; half nothin' in fact,' just as these barkers always chaff.

" ' No,' said I, passing on—' You don't s'pose *I* wears cast offs !'

" ' Clow for to shell,' then said he,—' Bes'h price, bes'h price.'

" ' Nor to shell neither,' said I, mimickin' of him. ' I'll swap my shoes for a pair of tops if you like.'

" ' Vot vill you give in ?' axed Levy Aaron.

" ' Nothin',' said I, determined to begin low enough.

“ ‘Valk in then,’ said he, quite purlite, ‘ ‘onour of your custom’s quite enough,’ so in I went. Such a shop ! full o’ veskits covered with gold and flowers, and lace, and coats, without end, with two sides, each as high as a hay-stack, full o’ nothin’ but trousers and livery breeches.’

“ ‘Sit down, shir,’ said he, ‘anding me a chair without a back, while his Missis took the long stick from behind the door with the hook, and fished down several pairs of tops. They had all sorts and sizes, and all colours too. Mahogany, vite, rose-colour, painted vons ; but I kept my eye on the low pair I had seen outside, till at last Mrs. Levy Aaron handed them through the winder.’ I pulls one on.

“ ‘Uncommon fit,’ said Levy Aaron, slappin’ the sole to feel if all my foot was in ; ‘much better leg than the Markiss o’ Castlereagh’s Tiger ; you’ll live with a Duke before you die.’

“ ‘Let’s have on t’other,’ said I.

“ ‘Von’s as good as both,’ said he. ‘Oh !’ says I, twiggin’ vot he was after—‘If you ‘thinks I’m a man to bolt with your boots, your mistaken ;’ so I kicked off the one I had on, and bid him ‘and me my shoes. Well, then he began to bargain—‘Thirty shilling and the shoes.’ I was werry angry and would’nt treat. “Five-and-twenty shilling *without* the shoes then. Still I wouldn’t touch. ‘Give me my castor,’ said I, buttonin’ up my pocket with a slap, and lookin’

werry wicious. 'You'r a nasty suspicious old warmint.' Then the Jew began to soften. 'Onour bright, he meant no offence.' 'One shovereign then he vod take.' 'Give me my castor,' said I.

"'Good mornin', Mrs. Jewaster,' which means female Jew. 'Seventeen and sixpence!' 'Go to the devil,' said I. 'Come then, fifteen shillin' and a paper bag to put them in.' 'No,' said I, 'I'll give you ten.' 'Done,' said he, and there they are. A nice polish they had when I got them, but the ploughed land has taken the shine off. Howsomever, I 'spose they'll touch up again?"

"Not they," replied Bill Brown, who had been examining one of them very minutely, "they are made of nothing but brown paper!"

"Brown paper be 'anged!" exclaimed Benjamin. "Your 'eads more like made of brown paper."

"Look there then!" rejoined Bill Brown, running his thumb through the instep and displaying the brown paper through the liquid varnish with which it had been plentifully smeared.

"*Haw, haw, haw, haw, haw, haw, haw,*" pealed the whole of the saddle-room party, in the midst of which, Benjamin bolted with his brown-paper boots.

## CHAP. XIII.

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————— “And still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.”

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A DELAY in taking the field being inevitable in consequence of the want of a huntsman, Mr. Jorrocks determined upon opening the campaign with a sporting lecture.

The popularity attendant upon those he had given in London, and the opportunity of inculcating the precepts he wished practised towards himself, both at home and in the field, made him think it was an opportunity that ought not to be neglected.

Accordingly he enlisted the assistance of Captain Doleful, in whose province such arrangements seemed peculiarly to belong, and the large room of the Dragon was engaged and tastefully fitted up under their joint superintendence. A temporary platform was placed at the far end surmounted by a canopy of scarlet cloth, tastefully looped up in the centre with an emblematical sporting device, formed of a hunting cap, a pair of leather breeches, a boot jack, and three foxes' brushes. Inside the canopy was suspended

a green shaded lamp, throwing a strong light upon the party below, and the room was brilliantly lighted with wax both from the chandeliers and reflecting mirrors against the wall. The doors were besieged long before the appointed hour for commencing, and ere the worthy lecturer made his appearance there was not standing room to be had in any part. The orchestra was also full, and in it "we observed many elegantly dressed ladies," as the reporters say.

Precisely at eight o'clock Mr. Jorrocks ascended the platform, attended by Captain Doleful, Roger Swizzle, Romeo Simpkins, and Abel Snorem, and was received with the most enthusiastic cheering. He wore the full-dress uniform of the hunt; sky blue coat lined with pink silk, canary-coloured shirts, and white silk stockings. His neckcloth and waistcoat were white, and a finely plaited shirt frill protruded through the stand-up collar of the latter. Bunches of white ribbon dangled at his knees. In his hand he held a roll of notes, while some books of reference and a tumbler of brandy and water, were placed by Benjamin on a table at the back of the platform. Benjamin had on his new red frock with blue collar, cord breeches, and white stockings.

After bowing most familiarly to the company, Mr. Jorrocks cleared his voice with a substantial *hem*, and then addressed the meeting.

“ Beloved 'earers!—*beloved* I may call you, for though I have not the pleasure of knowin' many of you, I hope werry soon to make your intimate acquaintance, Beloved 'earers, I say, I have come 'ere this evenin' for the double purpose of seeing you, and instructin' of you on those matters that have brought me to this your beautiful and salubrisome town,—(cheers)—Beautiful I may call it, for its architectural proportions are grand, and salubrisome it must be when it boasts so many cheerful, vigorous countenances as I now see gathered around me—(loud applause) And if by my comin', I shall spread the great light of sportin' knowledge, and enable you to perserve those glowin' mugs when far removed from these waters, then shall I be a better doctor than either Swizzle or Sebastian, and the day that drew John Jorrocks from the sugars of retirement, will henceforth remain red-lettered in the mental calendar of his existence—(loud cheers).—*Red-lettered* did I say? ah! wot a joyous colour to denote a great and glorious ewent! Believe me, there is no colour like red—no sport like 'unting.

“ Blue coats and canaries,” observed Mr. Jorrocks looking down at his legs, “ are well enough for dancin' in, but the man wot does much dancin' will not do much 'unting.” But to business—Lectorin' is all the go—and why should

sportin' be excluded? Is it because sportin' is its own champion? Away with the idea! Are there no pints on which grey experience can show the beacon lights to 'ot youth and indiscretion?—Assuredly there are! Full then of h'ardour—full of keenness, one pure concentrated essence of 'unting, John Jorrocks comes to enlighten all men capable of instruction on pints that all wish to be considered conversant with.

“ Well did that h'immortal man, I think it was Walter Scott, but if it war'nt, 'twas little Bartley, the boot-maker, say, that there was no young man wot would not rather have a himputation on his morality than on h's 'ossmanship, and yet, how few there are wot really know any thing about the matter! Oh, but if hignorance be bliss 'ow 'appy must they be!—(loud cheers and laughter.)

'Unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger! In that word, 'unting,' wot a ramification of knowledge is compressed! The choice of an 'oss—the treatment of him when got—the groomin' at home, the ridin' abroad—the boots, the breeches, the saddle, the bridle, the 'ound, the 'untsman, the feeder, the Fox! Oh! how that beautiful word, Fox, gladdens my 'eart, and warms the declinin' embers of my age. (Cheers.) The 'oss and the 'ound were made for

each other, and natur threw in the Fox as a connectin' link between the two. (Loud cheers.) He's perfect symmetry, and my affection for him, is a perfect riddle. In summer I loves him with all the hardour of affection ; not an 'air of his beautiful 'ead would I hurt ; the sight of him is more glorious nor the Lord Mayor's show ! but when the h'autumn comes—when the brownin' copse and cracklin' stubble proclaim the farmer's fears are past, then, dash my vig, 'ow I glories in pursuin' of him to destruction, and holdin' him above the bayin' pack ! (Loud cheers.)

“ And yet,” added Mr. Jorrocks thoughtfully, “ it ar'nt that I loves the fox less, but that I loves the 'ound more, as the chap says in the play, when he sticks his friend in the gizzard. (Roars of laughter and applause.)

“ The 'oss loves the 'ound, and I loves both ; and it is that love wot brings me to these parts, to follow the all-glorious callin' of the chase, and to enlighten all men capable of illumination. To night I shall instruct you with a lecture on dealin'.

“ ‘ O who shall counsel a man in the choice of a wife or an 'oss ? ’ asks that inspired writer, the renowned Johnny Lawrence. ‘ The buyer has need of a hundred eyes, the seller of but one, says another equestrian conjurer. Who can take up an 'oss book and read about splints, and



spavins, and stringalts, and corns, and cuttin', and farcy, and dropsy, and fever, and thrush's, and grease, and gripes, and mallenders, and sallenders, and ring-bones, and roarin', etcaetera, etcaeterorum, without a shudder lest such a complication of evils should fall to his lot? Who can expect a perfect 'oss, when he sees what an infinity of ills they are heirs to? I 'opes I have'nt come to 'Andley Cross to inform none on you what an 'oss is, nor to explain that its component parts are four legs, a back-bone, an 'ead, a neck, a tail, and other etcaeteras, too numerous to insert in an 'and-bill, as Georgey Robins would say.

"'Eavens, wot a lot of rubbish has been written about 'osses!" continued the worthy lecturer, casting up his eyes.

"I took a fut rule t'other night and measured off a whole yard and an 'alf of real down-right 'ard printin' on the single word, 'oss; each succeedin' writer snubbin' the last, swearin' he know'd nothin', until one would expect to arrive at the grand climax of hignorance, instead of gleanin' wisdom as one went. There was Bartlet, and Bracken, and Gibson, and Griffiths, and Taplin, and Stewart, and Youatt, and 'Ands, and Lawrence, and Wite, and Percival, and Hosmer, and Peters, and Anonymous by 'Ookem, and Wilkinson on Lock-jaw, and Colman, and

Sewell, and Happerley, and Caveat Emptier, all snubbin' each other like so many snobs.

*"Away with them all say I!"* exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, throwing out his hands, to the imminent danger of his supporters right and left. *"Away with them all say I—from the trepanner of glandered 'osses, down to the sharp City prig, wot borrows and abuses his authority! (Loud cheers.) Away with all such rubbish, say I! John Jorrocks is the only real enlightened sapient sportsman; and 'ere, 'ere from this lofty heminence I hurls defiance at the whole tribe of word-manglin', grammar-stranglin' cotation-crammin', passage-cribbin' cocks, and bids them to a grand tilt or tournament of jaw, when hevery man may do his best, and I'll make mince-meat of them all—catermaudchously chaw them up in fact, as the Americans say. (Loud cheers.)"*

*"But, gently old bouy,"* continued he to himself, *"you mus'nt be too 'ard on the fools, or you'll kill 'em out-right; curb your wehemence a little; come, I'll give you a drop of brandy and water;"* saying which, Mr. Jorrocks retired to the back of the platform, and took such a swig at the tumbler, as left nothing, as he observed, to *"carry over."*

Presently he returned, smacking his lips, and resumed in a more composed tone as follows:—

“Talkin’ about writers,” said he, “the best informed man to my mind wot ever wrote on equestrian matters, was Mr. Gambado, who held the distinguished post of ridin’ master to the Doge of Wenice. Hosmer may be more learned, and Happerley more latiney, but for real down-right shrewd hobservation, the Doge’s man flogs all t’others, as the Kentucky boy said. Most writers go out of their way to bring in summut wot does not belong to the subject, but Gambado sticks to his text like a leech. Hosmer, for instance, tells us that a hostrich can outstrip an ’oss, but what matter does that make, seein’ that no one would like to go cuttin’ across country on a hostrich that could get an ’oss. Another tells us how many ’osses Xerxes had in his army after he passed the Hellespont, but it would have been far more to the purpose to have told us how many Dyson or little Bartley bought at the last ’Orncastle fair.

“Still I don’t mean to say that Gambado was all over right, for there are points upon which the Doge’s man and I differ, though fashion, in course, has altered since his time. He writes upon ’osses in general, and says little about those for carryin’ a scarlet, without bringin’ it to shame, which is wot we most want information upon. Some of his positions too are bad. For instance, talkin’ of eyes, he says, some people make a

great bother about an 'osses eyes, jest as if they have anything to do with his h'action, and Geoffery says, that if a man chooses to ride without a bridle it may be matter of moment to him to have an 'oss with an eye or two, but that if he has a bridle, and also a pair of eyes of his own, it is perfectlie immateriel whether the 'oss sees or not. Now, from this, I thinks we may infer that the Doge, either did not keep 'ounds, or that the country he 'unted was flat and unenclosed, otherwise Gambado would certainlie have felt the inconwenience of ridin' a blind'un. Indeed, I almost think, from his declinin' the Rev. Mr. Nutmeg's offer of a mount 'on his brown 'oss, that Mr. Gambado either was not a sportsman, or had arrived at a time of life when the exertion of 'unting was too great for him.

"The case was this," observed Mr. Jorrocks, taking up the work, "and the advice is as good now as it was then. Nutmeg says, in his letter to the ex-ridin' master, who appears to have been actin' as a sort of chamber-council on 'oss cases:—'You must know, sir, I am werry fond of 'unting, and live in as fine a scentin' country as any in the kingdom. The soil is pretty stiff, the leaps large and frequent, and a great deal of timber to get over. Now, sir, my brown 'oss is a werry capital 'unter; and though he is slow, and I cannot absolutely ride over

the 'ounds (indeed the country is so enclosed that I do not see so much of them as I could wish), yet, in the end, he generally brings me in before the 'untsman goes home with the dogs.'

"And here let me observe," said Mr. Jorrocks, breaking off, "that that is neither good sportin' nor good language, and Nutmeg, I should think, had been one of your Macadamizin' happetite 'unting parsons, or he would neither have talked of ridin' over the 'ounds, or yet being content to draggle up after the worry, and just as the *dogs*, as he calls them, were going home—But let that pass." Mr. Jorrocks then resumed his reading—

"Now, sir, my brown 'oss is a noble leaper, and never gave me a fall in his life in that way; but he has got a hawkward trick (though he clears every thing with his fore legs in capital stile) of leaving the other two on the wrong side of the fence; and if the gate or stile happens to be in a sound state, it is a work of time and trouble to get his hind legs over. He clears a ditch finely indeed, with two feet, but the others constantly fall in; that it gives me a strange pain in my back, very like what is called a lumbago; and unless you kindly stand my friend and instruct me how I am to bring these hind legs after me, I fear I shall never get rid of it. If you please, sir, you may ride him a hunting yourself

any day you will please to appoint, and you shall be 'eartily welcome.

" To this letter Gambado replied as follows—

" Reverend Sir,

" Your brown 'oss being so good an 'unter, and as you observe, havin' so fine a notion of leapin', I should be 'appy if I could be of any service in assistin' you to make his two hind legs follow the others ; but, as you observe, they seem so werry perverse and obstinate, that I cherish but small 'opes of prewailin' upon them—I have looked and found many such cases, but no cure—However, in examinin' my papers, I have found out somethin' that may prove of service to you, in your werry lamentable case—An oat-stealer or ostler has informed me, that it is a common trick played upon bagsters or London riders, when they are not generous to the servants in the inn, for a wicked boy or two to watch one of them as he turns out of the gateway, and to pop a bush or stick under his 'osse's tail, which he instantly brings down upon the stick and 'olds it fast, kickin' at the same time at such a rate as to dislodge the bagman, that bestrides him—Suppose then, when your 'oss has flown over a gate or stile in his old way, with his fore legs only, you were to dismount, and clap your vip or stick properly under his tail, and then mount again ;

the puttin' him in a little motion will set him on his kickin' principles in a hurry, and it's ten to one but by this means you get his hind legs to follow the others—You will be able, perhaps, to extricate your stick from its place of confinement when you are up and over (if you arn't down); but should you not, it is but sixpence gone. I send you this as a mere surmise ; perhaps it may answer ; perhaps not.

“I thank you for your offer, which is a werry kind one, but I beg to be excused accepting it ; all my hambition being to add to the theory with as little practice as possible.

“Add to the theory with as little practice as possible,” repeated Mr. Jorrocks,—“That's wot a great many writers are anxious to do at the present day—But to proceed—Another circumstance leads me to suppose that Jeffery was not an 'unter. In some obserwations in his Preface on a portrait of Mr. Gambado that adorns the frontispiece, the editor says that it was done by a friend from memory, and tinctured with the prejudice of friendship. ‘Jeffery,’ he says, ‘was not so slim, nor was his eye so poignant ; nor was he ever known to be possessed of a pair of top-boots himself, though he often mentions boots in his writings.’

“That I think,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, “is conclusive. But then what does it prove? Why, that if Gambado, the best of all sportin' writers,

knew nothin' of 'unting, it is the more incumbent on John Jorrocks to supply the deficiency.

“But whether Gambado, if I may be allowed to speak of him with such familiarity, was a fox-hunter or not, it is quite clear that he possessed a knowledge of 'osses far superior to any man of the present day. ‘The Academy for Grown 'Ossmen,’ is a perfect text book in its way, and when a man has read Gambado's instructions how to choose an 'oss, how to tackle him properly, in what sort of dress to ride him, how to mount and manage him, how to ride him out, and above all how to ride him 'ome again, dull must be the dog wot has occasion to go to the Stadium\* for further information.

“There is a wast of fancy about dealin'—far more than relates to the mere colour; indeed some say that colour is immaterial, and there is an old saw about a good 'oss never being of a bad colour, but the first question a green 'orn asks is the colour of the prad. Old Steropes says, if you have no predeliction that way, choose a mouse-coloured dun, for it has the peculiar advantage of

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\* Many of our readers doubtless have seen towards the end of a summer's evening, a troop of pepper and salt equestrians turned up with green, enter and parade the park. These are the riding advertisements of a gymnastic establishment on the banks of the Thames, to which Mr. Jorrocks alludes.



lookin' equally well all the year round. A black list down the back makes it still more desirable, as the bystanders will suppose you are ridin' with a crupper, a practice no finished 'ossmen ought to neglect. This latter point, however, is confuted by Gambado, who says, 'be werry shy of a crupper if your 'oss naturally throws his saddle forward. It will certainlie make his tail sore, set him a kickin', and werry likely bring you into trouble.'

"How perplexin' must all this be to a beginner," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, throwing up his hands.

"The heighth of an 'oss, Gambabo says, is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothin' is more pleasin' to a traveller than the sensation of continually gettin' forward; whereas the ridin' of an 'oss of a contrary make is like swarmin' the bannisters of a staircase, when, though perhaps you really advance you feel as if you were goin' backwards.

"Gambado says nothin' about the size of an 'oss's head, but he says he should carry it low, that he may have an eye to the ground and see the better where he steps. Some say the 'ead should be as large as possible, inasmuch as the weight tends to prewent the 'oss from rearin', which is a wice dangerous in the highest degree; my idea is, that the size of the 'ead is immaterial,

for the 'oss doesn't go on it, at least he didn't ought to do I know.

“The ears cannot well be too long, Gambado says, for a judicious rider steers his course by fixin' his eyes between them. This, however, is a disputed point, and old Dickey Lawrence recommends that they should be large and loppin' in a horizontal direction, by which position no rain can possibly enter, and the 'oss will have no occasion to shake his 'ead, a habit which he says not only disturbs the brain but frequently brings on the mad staggers.

“Here again the doctors differ !

“It seems agreed on all hands that the less an 'oss lifts his fore legs, the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush all the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. Gambado thinks if he turns his toes well out, he will disperse them right and left, and not have the trouble of kickin' the same stone a second time, but I don't see much advantage in this, and think he might as well be kickin' the same stone as a fresh one.

“There can be no doubt that a Roman nose adds greatly to the gravity of an 'oss's countenance. It has a fine substantial yeoman-like appearance, and well becomes the father of a family, a church dignitary, or a man in easy circumstances.—A Roman nose and a shovel hat, are quite unique.

—Some think a small eye, a recommendation, as they are less exposed to injuries than large ones, but that is matter of fancy. The nostrils, Lawrence says, should be small, and the lips thick and leathery, which latter property aids the sensibility of the mouth werry considerably.—Some prefer an arched neck to a ewe, but the latter has a fine consequential hair, and ought not to be slighted.

“ It may be prejudice, but I confess I likes an ’oss’s back, wot inclines to a hog bend.—Your slack backs are all werry for carryin’ miller’s sacks, but rely upon it there’s nothin’ like the outward bow for makin’ them date their leaps properly. Many men in the Surrey, remember my famous ’oss Star-gazer. He was made in that form, and in his leaps threw an arch like the dome of St. Paul’s. A long back is a grand thing for a family ’oss.—Iv’e seen my cousin Joe clap six of his brats and his light porter on the back of the old Crockerdile, and the old nag would have carried another if his tail had been tied up.—In the ’unting field, however, one seldom sees more than one man on an oss, at a time. *Two* don’t look sportin’ and the world’s governed by appearances.

“ Some people object to high blowers, that is ’osses wot make a noise like steam engines as they go. I don’t see no great objection to them

myself, and think the use they are of in clear-in' the way in crowded thoroughfares, and the protection they afford in dark nights by preventin' people ridin' against you, more than counterbalance any disconvenience.—Gambado says, a bald face, wall eyes, and white legs, answer the same purpose, but if you can get all four, it will be so much the better.

“There is an author who says the hip-bones should project well beyond the ribs, which form will be found werry convenient in 'ot weather, as the rider may hang his hat on them occasionally, whilst he wipes the perspiration from his brow, addin' that that form gives the hannimal greater facility in passin' through stable-doors, but I am inclined to think, that the advice is a little of wot the French call *pleasantre*, and we call gammon ; at all ewents I don't follow it.

“Broken knees is nothin'.—Where, let me ax, is the man with the 'oss that he will swear will never tumble down ? Geoffry indeed says, ‘Be sure to buy a brokenknee'd 'oss whenever he falls in your way ; the best bit of flesh that ever was crossed will certainly come down one day or another ; whereas, one that has fallen (and scarafied himself pretty tightly) never will again, if he can help it.’

At an American 'oss sale, I read of t'other day, a bayer exclaims—

“ ‘ Vy, he’s broken knee’d ?’

“ ‘ Not at all, you mister,’ cried the hauctioneer pertly. ‘ The gen’leman wot sells this ’oss, *always* marks his stud on the knee, that he may know ’em again’—*haw! haw! haw!* chuckled Mr. Jorrocks ; ‘ Lofty h’actioned ’oss!—struck his knee again his tooth!’ I once heard a dealer declare on behalf of a broken-kneed ’un in the city.

“ There is an old sayin’ in Spain, that a man wot would buy a mule without a fault must not buy one at all, and faultless ’osses are equally rare. Gil Blas’s mule, if I recollects right, was ‘ all faults,’ and there are many ’osses not much better. To be sure it makes a marvellous difference whether you are representin’ the ’oss s qualities to an expectant purchaser, or treatin’ yourself to a bit of unwarnished truth as we all must do occasionally. It is an unpleasant reflection, and says little for the morality of the age, or the merits of the Reform Bill, that, out of London, one can hardly get gid of an ’oss without more or less doing violence to one’s feelin’s of integrity. ‘ The purchaser has needs of a hundred eyes, the seller, of but one,’ says the authority I quoted before, but dash my vig, they require the seller to make up in tongue what he economizes in wision.

“ Warrantin’ an ’os is highly inconwenient,

'specially when you've reason to know he's a *screw*, and it requires a good deal of management to ewade the question so as not to diminish the price. I generally tries to laugh it off, sayin' 'Vy really warrantin' is quite out of fashion, and never thought of at Tat's;' or if the buyer is a young'un and [apparently werdant, I says why faith, *I* should say he's all right, but you can see the oss yourself, and can judge better nor I.'

"Men that have much business of this sort, ought to keep a slippery-tongued grum to whom they can refer a purchaser in an off 'and sort of way, as though it were beneath their dignity to know nothin' of the kind an dwished the grum to give every possible information, which the warmint knows a great deal better than do.

"A respectable lookin' grum wot can lie like truth is truly invaluable to gen'lemen of this description. If a man is rich he may cheat you with impunity; it is only poor men wot suffer in consequence. Honesty is of no use to licensed 'oss dealers. Every man supposes they are rogues and treat them accordingly. Who does not remember old bottled-nosed Richards? When any one axed his number, he said, 'Oh you ax any shop-keeper in Hoxford-street, where the biggest rogue lives, and he'll be sure send you to me!'

"But to the warranty, as I said before, it's

werry inconwenient warrantin', and if a customer sticks to his point, it is not a bad dodge to try and puzzle him by makin' him explain wot *he* means by a sound 'oss, and if he gets any way near the point ax him if he can lay his 'and on his 'art, and say that he is not only sound but free from all impendin' disease. I once frightened a chap uncommon when we got this far, by exclaimin', 'I'm dashed if there aint a hectic flush on your mug at this moment that looks werry like consumption.' He closed the bargain immediately, and under pretence of writin' a cheque, went into the 'ouse and had a good look at himself in the glass. Tat. is werry clever at this work, and when a Johny-raw axes him if he warrants an 'oss sound, he exclaims with a hair of astonishment, '*Warrant him-sound!* Why sir, I wouldn't *warrant* that he's an 'oss, let alone that he's sound' – haw, haw, haw. My friend Dickey Grunt, who lisps werry much, did a clever thing in this line t'other day. He sold an uncommon green 'orn a broken-winded 'oss, *lithping* out when ax'd if he warranted him sound, 'Oh in courthe like all men I warrant him thound;' whereupon the youth paid the money and dispersed for a ride. Presently he comes back with a werry long wissage, and said, 'Vy, sir, this 'ere 'oss is broken-winded.'

" 'I knows it,' says Dick

“ ‘Then, sir, you must take him back and return me my swag, for you ‘warranted him sound.’

“ ‘No thuch thing my good fellow,’ replied Dick, ‘you mithtook me altogether, I thaid I *wanted* him thound ! not that I warranted him thound.’—(loud laughter.)

“ Old Joe Smith in Chiswell Street, had a wicious nag wot would neither ride, nor drive, nor ‘unt, nor do any thing that a nag ought. Well, Joe took him to Barnet fair, where he fell in with a swaggerin’ chap in tight nankeens and hessians, who axed him in a hoff ‘and sort of way, if he knowed of any thing that would knock his buggy about, to which Joe conscientiously replied he did, and sold him his ‘oss. Having got the blunt, Joe left the town, for Barnet is only a dull place, when wot should come past him like a flash of lightenin’, but his old nag, with his ‘ead in the air, kickin’ and millin’ the splash board of a tidy yellow buggy, with a cane back, and red wheels picked out with green. Presently, up came the owner on a grey poster, with the traces all danglin’ at his ‘eels, and jist as he neared Joe, the old nag charged the rails of the new mound, snappin’ the jimmy shafts like carrots, and leavin’ the rest of the buggy scattered all over the road.

“ ‘Hooi, you rogue ! you willain ! you wagga-bone !’ roared the buyer, gaspin’ with rage and



fatigue, 'I'll teach you to sell sich nags to family men of fortin! You've all but been the death of Mrs. and Miss Juggins and myself—Where do you live, you complicated abomination of a scoundrel?'

"Now Joe, who is a hoiley little chap, cunnin' as the devil, and not easily put out of his way, 'special ven it's his interest not to be so, let Jug. run on till he was fairly blown, when he werry coolly observed, jinglin' the odd pewter in his breeches pocket, 'My dear sir, you are labourin' under a werry considerable mistake. If you call to mind what you axed me, it was, if I knowed an 'oss to *knock* your buggy about, and egad! if he hasn't done it to the letter, (pointin' to the remnants on the road,) I don't know what knockin' about is.'

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed Mr. Jorrocks, a chuckle in which the majority of the company joined.

"Another chap that I know had an 'oss that was a capital 'unter, and good at every thing but 'arness, which his soul disdained. Well, it didn't suit the owner's convenience to keep any thing but wot the lawyers call *qui tam*'ers, that is to say, 'osses wot will ride as well as drive; so he looked out for a customer, and presently found a softish sort of chap in green spectacles, who having tried him to ride, axed if he was quiet in

'arness. To this the owner had no hesitation in sayin' yes, for he had seen the nag standin' in 'arness without movin' a muscle, but when the buyer wanted to tack a carriage *to the 'arness*—Oh, my eyes ! that was quite a different storey ; and my lord rebelled, and kicked the *woiture* to bits. The buyer tried to return him, but the owner conwinned him he was wrong, at least he conwinned him he would not take him back, which was pretty nearly the same thing.

“Daddy Higgins in Rupert street, had just such an 'oss as Joe Smith's—one of the reg'lar good for nothin's—and sold him to a quaker to draw his cruelty wan, assurin' him, when axed if he was quiet in harness, that it would delight Hobadiah's eyes to see him draw. Well, the quaker tried to tackle him, but the 'oss soon sent his 'eels through the splash board, and when Hobadiah remonstrated, all the Daddy did, was to laugh, and assure him it would delight *his* eyes too to see him draw, for the 'oss would never bear a pair of shafts in his life.

“But enough of sellin'—It's time I was sayin' somethin' about buyin'—No easy matter either.

“‘Long, long ago,’ as the popular ballad has it, Gambado said it was immaterial whether a purchaser went to Tattersall's, or Haldridge's, or Meynell's 'unt, or to his Majesty's, for it was probable he would be taken in wherever he

went, and things are pretty much in the same state now.

“The less a man knows about an ’oss, the more he expects, and the greater the propability of his thinkin’ himself *done*. Oh, my beloved ’earers, ’appy is the day, when brimful of hignorance, the tyro enters on his first ’oss dealin’ speckilation—Great may be his greenness, but age and experience will cure all that, and who would not barter grey-’eaded gumption for the joyousness of youthful confidence and indiscretion?—For that pure werdancy, wot sends ingenuous youth up back slums in search of ’osses advertisin’ for kind masters rather than high prices, the property of noblemen deceased, or hofficers goin’ abroad (applause).

“When I was a *bouy*, and alack! it’s long since, Clods came to London expectin’ to find it paved with gold, and many wot read the newspaper adwertisements, must think it’s the real place for humanity and ’oss flesh—sich shape—sich symmetry—sich action—sich temper, the most timid may ride, and sich bargains! Who would trudge, when for twenty pounds he can have a cob fit to carry a castle, or a canterin’ thorough-bred, that a child may ride. The werry trials they hoffer would keep a man goin’, *provided* he could but *get them*.

“No man fit to be at large, will ever trouble a

jeans strapped under his chammy leather opera boots, and a tartan tye round his neck. Old Tom eyed him as he swaggered down the ride, and having exchanged nods, Septimus began axin' Tommy if he had anything in his line, jest as though he bought an 'oss every other day. Tommy paused and considered, runnin' his mind's eye, as it were, through the seven stalls, and the ten stalls, and the fifteen stalls, and all the loose boxes, and then as usual he called for Joe—Joe was the pictur of a dealer's man ; red nose, blear eyes, long body, and short legs,—master and man were one. After a little side talk, in the course of which, Tommy heard with regret that the brown was at Greenwich, and the roan at Dulwich, and the white at Blackheath, and half a dozen others of Green's cut away on trial, Tommy exclaimed, with a hair of sudden enlightenment, ' But Joe, there's the cow ! jest slip on the 'altar, and bring her hup the ride.'

" ' Cow !' exclaimed Septimus, " I wants an 'oss !"

" ' Well, but *see her out* at all ewents,' replied Tommy, in the sweetest manner possible, ' lookin' costs nothin'.'

" ' But I doesn't vont a cow !' roared Septimus, bustin' with rage.

" Jest then the street gates closed, and hup came Joe, runnin' the cow as he would an oss,

old Tommy praising her haction, and the way she lifted her leg, swearing she never would come down, takin' no notice of Green storming and swearin' he didn't want a cow, he wouldn't take a cow in a gift; and I really believe if I hadn't been there, old Tommy would have talked him into it—for he certain*ly* had the most buttery tongue that ever was hung—and the gates were locked into the bargain.

“But let us narrow the field of 'oss speckilation, and view our buyer on the road to a dealer's in search of an 'unter. No man should go there in black silk stockin's, dress trousers are also out of character. And here I may observe that there be two sorts of fox-'unters—the quiet fox-'unter wot goes out werry swell, but comes home and resumes the appearance of a gentleman, and the Tom and Jerry fox-'unter wot goes out now and then, to smoke cigars, pick up a steeple-chaser, wear groomish clothes, and be able to talk of the 'ounds on the coach-box. The latter are not the men for the dealer's money. They turn the stables over from end to end, worm out the secrets, and keep a register of the fluctuations in price of each 'oss. Some act as middle-men between the buyer and seller, gettin' wot they can out of each for their trouble. ‘I can buy him cheaper than you,’ they say, and so they benefit the buyer by pocketin' the difference.

These are the bouys to bother a dealer's vig! A vink from them stops many a bargain, while an approvin' nod from such distinguished judges drives ingenuous youth into extempore bargains that they would otherwise bring half their acquaintance to inspect.

"When three men enter a yard, a dealer seldom opens out. Two are plenty for business—if the buyer is *pea-green*, he had better get some riper friend to play first fiddle, and he must be spectator. If he has a button at his 'at and 'olds his tongue, he may pass for a quiet fox-'unter, and so command respect. There's 'masonry' in fox-'unting, and a loop in at the linin', or a button behind, will do more than all the swagger and bluster in the world.

It is an invariable rule with the dealers to praise the bad paints and let the good 'uns speak for themselves. It is a waste of time observin' that an 'oss is large in the 'ead or light in the carcase, because a contradiction is sure to follow. It is equally useless axin' the age of a dealer's 'oss, because they are all 'six h'off.' If you object to shape, make, or colour, they will tell you it's all fancy! That some folks like a happle others a honion, and Lord So and So would give any price for sich an 'oss. As to hargufying with a dealer, that's quite out of the question, because he has his cut and dried an-

swers to every obserwation you can make, and two or three grums to swear to what he says. Keep therefore, in mind what Gambado said about being *done*, keep also in view the sort of nag you want, and don't be talked into buyin' a cow, and when an 'oss of your figure makes his appearance, look him full in the face, as though you were used to such interviews. If you have read about sand-cracks, and sallenders, and sit-fasts, and thorough-pins, and quitters, and locked jaws, and curbs, you will save yourself the trouble of enquirin' after any of them by axin' the dealer if he'll warrant him sound. In course he'll say yes, and you may then proceed with your view. The precept 'no fut no 'oss,' is well to be borne in mind perhaps, as also 'no 'ock no 'unter.' Now 'ark forward!

"The dealer, what with his tongue and his whip, will keep you and the nag in a state of trepedation.

"All the good qualities 'oss flesh is heir to will be laid to his charge, and there will be nothin' you can ax but what he will be able to do—'Leap! Lor bless you, Sir, I vish you'd see'd him last Friday gone a week with the Queen's stag hounds at Slough. We was a runnin', old Sulky, wot always goes straight, when he planted the field at a six foot vall, dashed and coped with broken bottles—Not another 'oss looked at it,

and Davis declared he never see'd sich a lip in his life.'

"*Spooney*.—'Vill he go in 'arness do you think?'

"*Dealer*.—'Quietest crittur alive! Jack's eldest bouy here, a lad of thirteen, driv him and another to Mile End and back, along the Strand, through Fleet Street, Cheapside, and all, busiest time o' day, and he nouthur looked to the right nor the left. Lay your leg over him, sir!'

"Now this is an invitation for the gen'leman to mount, and if so be he of the button has never been much used to ride, he had better let his friend use his leg, or should neither be werry expert, let the dealer's man throw his over. Some 'osses don't like strangers, and nothin' looks so foolish as a man floored in a dealer's yard. Still mountin' is the first *step in practical* 'ossmanship, and it don't need no conjuror to know that unless a man mount he can have no ride. Should our friend think well of the nag's looks, perhaps he cannot begin his acquaintance too soon. If he sees no wite of the eye or symptoms of wice, no coaxin' or whooain', or shoulder-in' to get him to stand, let him go boldly up and mount, like William the Conqueror. 'Osses are queer critturs, and know when we are frightened of them just as well as we do ourselves. Born to be controled, they stoop to the forward and the bold!



“ If Green’orn gets fairly up, the chances are he likes his mount. It is pleasant to find one’s self carried instead of kicked off, and some ’osses never ride so well as on trial. Out then Spooney goes, and tries all his paces ; a self satisfied smile plays on his mug, as rein on neck he returns down the covered ride, and the dealer with a hair of indifference axes, ‘ How he likes him, his mount ? ’

“ *Spooney.*—‘ Why pretty well—but I think he *rayther* pulls—I fear he’ll be vindictive with ’ounds.’

“ *Dealer.*—‘ *Pulls !* Vy, if you *pulls* at him, in all humane probability he’ll *pull* at you—otherwise you might ride him with a thread, addin’ aside, I sells ’osses, not ’ands. Finest mouth’d nag I ever was on ! ’

“ *Spooney.*—‘ Well, but you’ll take a *leetle* less than what you ax ? ’

“ *Dealer.*—‘ Couldn’t take a fardin’ less ! gave within three sovs. of that myself, and brought him all the vay from ’Orncastle—Squire Smith will take him, if you don’t—indeed, here comes his grum.’

“ Here the booted servant appears—

“ The bargain is then closed—the money paid, a warranty included in the stamped receipt, and Spooney’s first ride is to Field’s, or the Weterinary College, to have him examined. One pound one, is thus added to his price.

“Thus, my beloved 'earers,” concluded Mr. Jorrocks, “have I conducted you through the all perilous journey of your first deal, showin' how warious and conflictin' are the opinions relative to 'osses, and how, as in many cases, wot is one man's meat is anither man's puzzon. Far be it from me to say, that you will be much wizer from anything you have heard, for the old stager will find nothin', but what he knew before, while all that can be taught the beginner is not to be too sanguinary in his expectations.

“ ‘ Turn about is fair play,’ as the devil said to the smoke jack, and it is only right that those who have invested capital in the purchase of experience, should be allowed to get a little back. Bye and bye it will be Green'orns turn, and then little Spooney who now goes sneakin' up the yard, will swagger boldly in, commandin' the respect and attention of the world.

“ We must all creep afore we can walk, and all be bitten afore we can bite. But let not ingenuous youth despair ! If his 'oss is not so good as he might be, let him cherish the reflection that he might have been far worse ! Let him apply that moral precept so beautifully inculcated towards his better 'alf:—

“ ‘ Be to his faults a little blind,  
Be to his wirtues ever kind.’

“ So shall little Spooney jog on rejoicin' !

Each succeedin' year shall find him better mounted, and at each fresh deal, he will become a wizerer, and I 'opes an 'appier man."

Mr. Jorrocks concluded amidst loud and universal applause.

A loud call being then made on Roger Swizzle, that genius at length stepped forward, and after a few preparatory hems, declared that of all the lectures he had ever listenced to, either at Guy's, Bartholomew's or elsewhere, he had never heard one so replete with eloquence, genius, and information (cheers). Hunting, and Handley Cross waters (the original Spa! some one cried out), the original Spa, of course, repeated Roger would cure every complaint under the sun, and if he had'nt such a wash-ball seat, he declared he'd turn sportsman himself. Before they dispersed, however, let them pay a tribute of respect to the gentleman to whom they were indebted for such a great sporting luminary—he proposed three cheers for Captain Doleful.

Captain Doleful returned thanks, and proposed three cheers for Roger Swizzle, after which, the meeting separated.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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“ Behold, I am thy servant.”—STERNE.

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PEOPLE whose establishments are regulated with such regard to lazyness, that John knows whether it is his duty to brush his master's hat, or James's, can have little idea how those in humbler life get served at all, or yet the sort of servants that offer themselves for any place that may be vacant.

Thus, great Herculean ploughmen will offer themselves as postillions, and failing that, will consider themselves equally fit for butlers ; while fellows that have never been in a stable, will undertake the charge of horses and carriages, and drive if required.

The news of Mr. Jorrocks's want of a huntsman soon became known, as well through the medium of “ Bell's Life in London,” and the Handley Cross “ Paul Pry,” as by the inquiries of divers would-be sporting gentlemen, who like to busy themselves about horses and servants for other people. The consequence was, that Diana

Lodge was beseiged by all the idle, dog-stealing raffs in the country—Flash, slang-looking scamps in long waistcoats, greasy livery coats with covered buttons, baggy breeches, and square-toed gaiters, buttoning over the knee-cap. They all spoke in the highest terms of themselves, and though none of them had ever hunted, they all thought they'd "like it," and one had actually got so far in a hunting establishment, as to have been what he called second pad groom—viz, a helper at twelve shillings a-week. The following sample will show the general character of the correspondence.

“ Edgebaston.

“ SIR,

“I am in whant of a situation, Seeing your advertment in the papey If a greable to you it whould sute me verrey well I have not been in survice be fore I have been A Horse Dealer for my self and with my Father But I have no doubt that I am compident to take the situation for I been used to hunting all my life and have rode in sum of the furst Steeple Chases in the country I can refure you to John Cock's Esq. Cocks' Hall, near Beccles. I have been yoused to hunt with many fine hounds—Stag Hounds, Beagles, and all, and know all about them. I am married but no famley, onley my self and wife. I am 28

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years of age 10 stone wight But as for wage I shall leave for you to state if every other thing meets your aprobation I have a friend that is Butler with Captain Boxer, at Bath, you can right to him if you think proper As E knows my self and famely,

“ I remain

Your's

Obdiaint

Servant

THOMAS LOGGAN.”

“ To John Jorrocks, Esq.  
Of the Handley Cross Hunt,  
Handley Cross.”

“ Warminster.

“ Sir,

“ On hearing you want a huntsman, I take the liberty of writing to enquire after the place I thoroly understand my business either as groom or coachman and have been accustomed with hounds I live at present with John Jones Esq. at Warminster as groom and gardner where I leave on Thursday first if you want a servant I shall be glad to serve you as I am a married man

Your obedient servant,

JOHN CRAKETHORPE.”

“ To Mr. Jorrocks, Esq.,  
Handley Cross.”

“ Dear Sir,

“ I take Liberty of writing those Few Lines to you Hereing that you are In Want of A Servant And I Am in Want of A Situation If you Have No Objections And I have Been in the Racing Stables Seven Years And My Age is 23 And Stands About 65 foot 6½ And My Wages Will Be 30£ A Year And If you thought I Should Suit You Direct to Mark Spraggon, North-fleet And for My Caracter Inquire of Major. Barns of Horton Hall Near York And My Weight is A bout 9 stone. I am disengaged in the woman way

Your humble Servant,

“ To J. Jorrocks, Esq. MARK SPRAGGON.”

Fox hunter

“ Handley Cross.”

“ Sir,

“ Rugby

“ I saw in your advertisement wanted, a single young man as huntsman with a tow days a-week pack of hounds, I should like to know what the celery will be, as I think I could fulfill this situation very well, my weight is 9½ stones, Please to write with return of Post about the Celery and where the situation is, You will much Oblige

I remain your

humble Servant,

Mr. Jorrocks.”

JOHN GREEN.”

“ Sir

“ I write these few lines to inform you that I have seen in the Paul Pry paper that you are in want of a young man as huntsman to your hounds and I have sent these few lines to say that I am a marred man and has a family but I cannot move my Wife for 4 years to come for I have 8 Boys at trade and they get their meat and lodge at home so if you do not get one to suet you I should be happy to wait on you if you think that I will suit you I have been with boath fox Hounds and Harriers to take care of them in the Kennels and Hunting them in the field and I can Groom my own Horses to which I like to take Car of my own Horses allways as for my Age is 52 years and my Weight is 9 stone and has been 5 years in my last sittuation but I do not wish to give you the trouble to write back if you get one to suet you for I can be at liberty in a Week's Notice, so if you think I will suet you my wages is one Pound per Week and meat in the House likewise, and Close to hunt in so I remain

Your humble Servant,

“ Please to Direct to

JOHN COX.”

Mr. John Cox,

(Huntsman)

Epsom.”

“ To Mr. John Jorrocks,

Master of Hounds, Handley Cross.”



Finding the applications by letter becoming numerous, Mr. Jorrocks soon discontinued answering those that he did not think held out any prospect of suiting, but the following roused his bile into the answer that succeeds :—

“Sir,

“Hearing you are in wants of a gentleman to hunt your hounds I make bold to represent my qualities for the office. I should like to know the salary attached to the appointment also the perquisites belonging to it, and whether the Christmas presents come in pretty strong. I feel quite confident of giving ivvery satisfaction, for I am well-known to many sporting characters, if we can only agree upon terms, but I should not like to have any dirty work, or grooming to do. An early answer, directed to the Cat and Compasses, Birmingham, will meet with immediate attention.

From your's obedt,

DAVID EADIE.”

“To Mr. Jorrocks,  
Hunter,  
Handley Cross.”

(Answer.)

“Sir,

“I am werry much obliged by your purlite communication, and much regret that it did not

come a little sooner, so as to enable me to avail myself of the offer of your services, as I thinks you seem jest the sort of man—I beg pardon—gentleman I want.—Unfortunately the appointment is filled up, though perhaps £100 a-year, and perquisites to the tune of £50 more, might not have been worth your consideration, though Christmas presents would make the salary up good £200 a-year.—I does all the dirty work myself, and you might have worn wite kids on non 'unting days.

Your's to serve,

JOHN JORROCKS,  
Grocer and M. F. H."

"To Dr. Eady,  
Cat and Compasses,  
Birmingham."

\* \* \* \*

"Here's a cove wants you," said Benjamin, as he brought a candle to seal the foregoing.

"Wants me," repeated Mr. Jorrocks, "who can it be?"

*Benjamin.*—"Don't know—he von't tell me, but he says his names Pigg, and he comes from the north—Scotland, I should think by his tongue."

*Mr. Jorrocks.*—"Pigg—*humph*—Scotland—*humph*—Shouldn't wonder if he's one of those place-'unting coves—the town's full of them."

Without waiting for orders, Benjamin retired, and presently appeared, followed by a stranger.

He was a tall, spindle-shanked man, inclining to bald, with flowing grey locks shading a sharp-featured, weather-beaten face, lit up with a bright penetrating hazel eye. A drop hung at his nose, and tobacco juice simmered down the indented furrows of his chin—His dress was a strange mixture of smart-coloured, misfitting clothes. A blue and white cotton neckcloth was twisted carelessly round his scraggy neck—a green-baise jacket, with the back buttons almost between his shoulders, flattened upon a pair of baggy dirty-white cords, between which, and a little red waistcoat, a vast protuberance of soiled linen appeared.—His shrunk drab mother-of-pearl buttoned gaiters, dragged upon an ill-shaped leg, making his stooping, lathy figure more ungainly, and the scantiness of his upper garments more apparent. His hands, encased in shiny yellow ochre-coloured gloves, were thrust a long way through the little jacket sleeves, between which and the gloves, coarse dirty wristbands appeared—one hand clutched a boy's turned-up hat, and the other rested on a rugged oak staff.

“*Humph!*” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, as he eyed him, observing aloud to himself, “Vot a long-

legged beggar you are," inwardly resolving that he wouldn't do. .

"Your sarvant, Sir," said the figure, shuffling the little hat into the staff hand, while he raised the other to his forehead, and kicked out behind. "Heard tell you was in want of a huntsman."

"*Humph*," grunted Mr. Jorrocks again, "*you* don't look much like one. Who made your breeches?"

"A Mike Brunton made the breeks, ne body can make breeks like Mike Brunton," replied the stranger, laying hold of the baggy cords as he spoke.

"*Humph*," grunted Mr. Jorrocks again, "vere do you come from?"

"Ah, ar's frae Harwich last, but ar's a native of Paradise, aside canny Newcassel—ye'll ken canny Newcassle nae doubt."

"Car'nt say I do," said Mr. Jorrocks, wondering where it was; "vot 'ounds have you been with?"

*Pigg*.—"A vast—I ken all the hounds i' the North, Lambton's, and Ridley's; and Russell's, and Kelburne's, and Whosperer's, and all—Kelburne gav' me this coat," said he, pulling round one of the short laps as he spoke, "ard Winter gav' me the breeks," continued he, hitching them up till they nearly touched the bottom of the little red waistcoat.

"Humph," said Mr. Jorrocks, wondering at his dialect. "You can ride I s'pose?"

*Pigg.*—"Ride! aye, ar wish ar'd nout else to de."

*Mr. Jorrocks.*—"And clean an 'oss?"

*Pigg.*—"Aye, ne doubt, *grum* him, that's to say."

"You'll be *werry* keen, I s'pose?" said Mr. Jorrocks, brightening as he went.

"Ar's varra hungry, if that's what ye mean," replied Pigg, after a moment's consideration.

"No," said Mr. Jorrocks, "I means, are you desperation fond of 'unting?"

"Fond o' huntin'! Oh faith is I—there's *nout* like huntin'"

"Dash my vig! so say I," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "it's the real Daffy's Elixir! The Cordial Balm o' Gilead! The concentrated Essence o' Joy!—Vot weight are you? you're long in the leg," continued Mr. Jorrocks, surveying him from head to foot.

"Ar's lang, but ar's light," replied Pigg, looking down at his spindle shanks, "ar's sure ar dinna ken what ar weighs—may be eliven stone."

"In course you're a bachelor?" observed Mr. Jorrocks.

"Oh quite," replied Pigg, "ar niver fashes the women folk.

*Mr. Jorrocks.*—"Vot's your pedigree? 'ow are you bred in fact?"

*Pigg.*—"Ah, ar dinna ken nout about that, ar's heard tell ar was dropped some where i' canny Newcassel, but ar niver kenned ne body i' the shape o' father or frind but mar cousin Deavilboger—you'll hav' heard tell o' mar cousin Deavilboger, ne doot (doubt)."

"Can't say as 'ow I have," replied Mr. Jor-rocks, "is he a great man for the 'unt?"

*Pigg.*—"No, deil a bit on't, it was just that we fell out about—says Deavilboger to me one mornin' as I war gannin away to Gosforth Gates to see the hunds throw off, says he to me, says he, 'if thou doesn't yoke thy cart and gan and lead tormots (turnips) thou needn't fash thyself to come back here ony more, for ar'll hav' ne gentlemen sportsmen about mar farm.'"

"Says ar, Deavilboger, thou surely wadn't grudge a man the trifle of a hunt, ar that's always i' the way and ready to oblige; but he's a divil of a man when he's angered is mar cousin Deavilboger, and he swore and cussed that if ar went ar shouldn't come back—*ah! how he did swear and cuss*—ar really think he didn't leave a part o' me uncussed—except my teeth and nails. and see we quarrelled and parted.

"But he's a good man i' the main, is Deavilboger, only he canna bear the hunds, and as sure as winter cam round the Deavil an' I were sure to have a dust, but that's all done now and

ended, so ar'll always speak well o' the ard Deavil, for he was a good friend to me, and gav me monny an ard suit o' claes, and monny a half-crown at the Cow Hill fair and such like times—dare say he gav me this varry hat ar hev i' my hand," continued Pigg, thrusting out the little chapeau as he spoke.

"But did you ever 'unt a pack of 'ounds?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

"Why now ar can't say as how ar's iver hunted a pack," replied Pigg, "but ar's used to hunds, and have travelled all o'er the world amaist—Bliss ye all the sportin' gentlemen ken me, King o' Hungary and all!"

"Well, you shall eat as your 'ungry," replied Mr. Jorrocks, not catching the last sentence, "but I wants to know more about you and your pretensions—an 'untsman holds a conspikious place in the world's eye, and it be'oves an M.F.H. to be werry partickler, wot'un a one he selects, tell me now can you holloa "

"Hoop, and holloa, and TALLI-HO!" exclaimed Pigg, at the top of his voice, his eyes sparkling with animation.

"*Gently*," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, partaking of his enthusiasm, "you'll frighten the ladies; tell me now, wot wage do you want?"

"What wage? A ar dinne ken!—we'll not differ about the matter o' wage—What is ar to de?"

“Vy, you’ll have to ’unt and feed the ’ounds, clean two ’osses, look arter the tackle, and see that all’s on the square, in fact.”

“Ar can de all that,” replied Pigg, “and break your ’ard bones into the bargain.”

“Humph! *Werry kind*,” grunted Mr. Jorrocks.”

“Ar mean ’ard kennel bones,” explained Pigg, seeing Mr. Jorrocks looked irate.

“Oh, I twig,” replied our master, resuming his smile, “break ’em for the farmers—for manure, in fact—We’ll go on about the wages.”

“Ar’d like to have my vittels in the house, if you have ne objection,” resumed Pigg.

“In the ’ouse,” said Mr. Jorrocks considering, “I doesn’t know about that—to be sure, you are light in the girth, and don’t seem a great grubber, but ’unting makes one werry ’ungry”—

“Bless ye, ar eat nout,” replied Pigg, rubbing his hand over his stomach, to show how flat it was, “and ar’d take a vast less wage gin ar were fund i’ the house.”

*Mr. Jorrocks.*—“S’pose then, we say eighteen pounds, your meat, and a suit of clothes.”

*Pigg.*—“Say twenty, and ar’ll find mysel’,—ar’ve a capital cap ar got in a raffle, and a red coat ’ard Sebright gave me.”



"No, no," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "none of your cast-offs. The 'Andley Crosss' ounds must be turned out as they should be."

"Well, then," replied Pigg, "you mun hev it your own way, see giv me my arles."

"Your wot?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

*Pigg.*—"My arles! we always get arles i' wor country."

*Mr. Jorrocks.*—"Wot *all* your wittles at once?"

*Pigg.*—"No, man—sir, ar mean—summut to bind bargain like."

*Mr. Jorrocks.*—"I twig! See, there's a shillin' for you. Now go and get your dinner—be werry keen, mind."

Pigg ducked his head as he took the money, and retired.

\* \* \* \*

"*Murder! Murder! Here, sir! Here, sir!*" exclaimed Benjamin, bursting into the room after the lapse of a few minutes, with fear and anger depicted in his face, "That great h'ugly beast's taken the shoulder o' mutton onto his plate, and swears the taters and gravy are good enough for Betsay and me."

"Taken the shoulder of mutton onto his plate," repeated Mr. Jorrocks in astonishment, "impossible, Binjimin! the man told me he had no appetite at all."

"Ah, but he *has*," retorted Benjamin with re-

doubled energy, "and he swears he'll pick his teeth with the bone, and break my 'ead with it when he's done—I never see'd such a great h'ugly beast in all my life."

"Vell, I'll go and see arter this," said Mr. Jorrocks, shaking his head, and buttoning up his breeches pockets, as he rose from his chair with the air of a man determined to show fight.

\* \* \* \*

"How now!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, bursting into the kitchen, to the astonishment of James Pigg, who, knife in hand, was cutting away at the shoulder of mutton, to the infinite indignation of Batsay, who seemed about to contend for her share of the prog.

"How now!" repeated Mr. Jorrocks in a still louder voice, which had the effect of making Pigg drop the mutton and jump up from the table.

"Didn't you tell me," said Mr. Jorrocks, speaking very slowly at the commencement, and boiling up as he went on, "didn't you tell me as 'ow that you hadn't no h'appetite, and yet I finds you seizin' the meat wot's to serve the kitchen for dinner and the parlour for lunch—Vot do you mean by sich haudacity, you great long-legged Scotch sinner!"

"'Ord bliss ye," replied Pigg, "ar was nabbut teasin' yon, bit bowdekite," pointing to Benjam in

“mar appetite may be a bit brisker this morn than at most times, for ar had a lang walk, but ar wasn’t gannin’ to eat all the grub; only that bit bastard wad set up his gob, and say ar was to be under him, see ar thought ar’d jist let him see whether or no at startin’.”

“Vell, but,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, calmly, “*fightin’ von’t do*: I doesn’t grudge you the matter o’ the mutton, but there must be unanimity and concord, or we shalln’t kill no foxes. Benjamin’s a fine bouy,” looking at him, “and will fulfil the duties of his station, by which means alone a man can rise to h’eminence and distinction—*hem!* and get rich, which is a werry great thing, *hem!*—and give satisfaction, and gain unbounded applause, *hem!*—so now jest settle yourselves to your dinners, and don’t let me have any more nonsense”—saying which Mr. Jorrocks walked deliberately out of the kitchen, and shut the door upon the party. But though our worthy friend had thus apparently settled the difficulty, he was too good a judge not to see the importance of an early understanding between Benjamin and Pigg as to their relative situations; and, as the former had to be lowered to the advancement of the latter, Mr. Jorrocks had to summon all his dexterity to reduce the one without giving a triumph to the other. Not that Benjamin would have been

difficult to replace, or indeed any loss, but Mr. Jorrocks did not like losing all the training he had given him, and which he still flattered himself would work him into a good and cheap servant. How far our too confiding master's anticipations were likely to be realized, the reader has most likely formed some opinion for himself. Still, Mr. Jorrocks knew the boy too well to suppose that he would easily brook having any one put over him, and the way of doing it occupied Mr. Jorrocks's thoughts all the afternoon. As the shades of evening were succeeded by winter's darkness, and Mr. Jorrocks had emptied his third tumbler of brandy-and-water, he stirred his fire, and rang for candles.

Benjamin speedily appeared ; but, instead of allowing the youth to depart upon bringing them, he ordered him to take a chair on the other side of the table, and listen to what he had to say. Mr. Jorrocks then arranged the candles so that one threw a light on the boy and the other on his book, without their being too near the fire to suffer from the heat. Thus prepared, he gave the fire a finishing poke, and clearing his voice with a loud hem ! addressed the boy as follows :—

“ Now, Binjimin,” said he, “ the 'igh road to fame and to fortin' is open to you—there is no sayin' what keenness, combined with sagacity and

cleanliness, may accomplish. You have all the ingredients of a great man, and h'opportunity only is wantin' to dewelope them."

"Yes, sir," said Benjamin, assenting to the proposition.

Mr. Jorrocks paused, for it was as far as he had arranged matters in his mind, and the answer rather put him out. "Now, Binjimin," at length he resumed, opening his book at random as he spoke, "this book is the werry best wot ever was written, and is worth all other works put together. It is the h'immortal Peter Beckford's Thoughts upon 'Unting. Thoughts upon 'Unting!" repeated Mr. Jorrocks, casting up his eyes, "My vig, wot a title! Take any page of the book you like, and it's full of reason and genuine substantial knowledge. See!" said Mr. Jorrocks, "I've opened it at page 268, and how his opinions tally with my own.

"'Eagerness and impetuosity,' he says, 'are such essential parts of this diwersion, that I am never more surprized than when I see a fox-'unter without them.' "Charmin' idea!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, looking up at the ceiling, "Dash my vig! how true it is. Whoever heard of a lazy fox-'unter? A man may be late for every thing—late to bed, late to breakfast, late to dinner, late into the city—but if he's a real out-and-outer, he'll never be late at the cover side. Vot, I ax, should

be done with a man wot is slack ? Wot should be done with a man wot is slack, I axes you, Benjamin ?” repeated Mr. Jorrocks, after pausing for an answer.

Benjamin was beat for a reply ; but seeing his master’s glistening optics fixed upon him, he at length drawled out, “ Don’t know I’m sure.”

“ Don’t *know*, you beggar !” responded Mr. Jorrocks, bristling as he spoke, “ I’ll tell you then, you warmint. He should be choaked—strangled in fact !”

“ Yes, Sir,” said Benjamin, quite agreeable.

“ Now then,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, searching in the table of contents for the chapter he wanted, “ I wants to tell you wot the great Mr. Beckford says respecting the vipper-in, and I begs you’ll pay partikler attention, for every word deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and then, when you understand the duties, James Pigg and you will go ‘and-in-’and together, like the sign of the Mutual Assurance h’office, and we shall have no more wranglin’ about shoulders o’ mutton or who’s to have the upper ‘and.—’Uunting is a thing wot admits of no diwision of interests. We must be all on one side like the ‘andle of a tin-pot, or like Bridgenorth election. The master, the ‘ounds, and the servants, are one great unity, radiating from a common centre, like the threads of a Bedford-

shire bobbin pillow—hem—and all that sort o' thing—Now,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, turning to the book,—“ here's the chapter wot I wonts, —No. 9, page one hundred and twenty-two, and again, let me entreat your 'ernest attention. Mr. Jorrocks then commenced reading as follows :—

“ ‘ With regard to the vipper-in, he should be attentive and obedient to the 'untsman ;'---attentive and obedient to the 'untsman, you hear, Binjimin, ‘ that is to say, always on 'the look-out for orders, and ready to obey them—not 'anging back, shufflin', and tryin' to excuse himself, but cheerful and willin', and as his 'oss,' says the immortal author will probably have most to do, the lighter he is the better, though if he be a good 'ossman the objection of his weight will be sufficiently counterbalanced.'

“ Then, mark wot he says—

“ ‘ He must not be conceited.'—That's a beautiful idea,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, fixing his eyes on the boy, and one to which I must 'eartily say ‘ ditto.'

“ ‘ He must *not* be conceited !' No, indeed, he must not, if he's to serve under me, and wishes to escape the acquaintance of my big vip. No conceited beggar will ever do for J. J. I had one formerly,' ” continued Mr. Jorrocks, reading on, “ ‘ who, instead of stoppin' the 'ounds as he ought, would try to kill a fox by himself.—This fault is unpardonable.'

“Dash my vig if it isn’t” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, “a nasty shabby, selfish trick into the bargain.—’Ow I would trounce a chap wot I caught at that game—I’d teach him to kill foxes by himself. But hark to me again, Binjamin.”

“ ‘He should always maintain to the ’untsman’s holloa, and stop such hounds as diwide from it.’

“That’s excellent sense and plain English,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, looking at the boy.

“ ‘When stopped, he should get forward with them, after the ’untsman.’

“Good sense again,” observed Mr. Jorrocks.

“ ‘He must always be content to act an under part.’

“Mark those words, Binjamin, and let them be engraved on your mind’s memory.”

“ ‘He must always be content to act an under part.’

Mr. Jorrocks then omitted the qualifying sentence that follows, and proceeded in his reading.

“ ‘You have heard me say, that when there is much riot, I prefer an excellent vipper-in to an excellent ’untsman. The opinion, I believe, is new ; I must therefore, endeavour to explain it. My meanin’, is this---that I think I should have better sport, and kill more foxes with a moderate ’untsman, and an excellent vipper-in, than



with the best of 'untsmen without such an assistant. You will say, perhaps, that a good 'untsman will make a good vipper-in; not such, however, as I mean;---his talent must be born with him.

“ ‘ His talent must be born with him,’ repeated Mr. Jorrocks, “ that is to say, he must have the bump of Fox-un-ta-tive-ness strongly deweloped,’ ---adding to himself “ wonder if that beggar, Benjamin, has it.”

“ ‘ My reasons are, that good 'ounds (bad I would not keep)—Nor I, either,’—observed Mr. Jorrocks,—“ ‘ oftener need the one than the other; and genius, which in a vipper-in, if attended by obedience, his first requisite, can do no hurt: in an 'untsman, is a dangerous, though a desirable quality; and if not accompanied with a large share of prudence, and I may say, 'umility, will oftentimes spoil your sport and hurt your 'ounds. A gentleman told me that he heard the famous Will Dean, when his 'ounds were runnin' hard in a line with Daventry, from whence they were at that time many miles distant, swear exceedingly at the vipper-in.’

“ A werry improper proceedin' on his part,” observed Mr. Jorrocks,” without looking off the book.

“ ‘ Sayin', *wot business have you here?*---the man was amazed at the question----*why don't*

*you know,*' said he, 'and *be d—d to you, that the great earth at Daventry is open?* The man got forward and reached the earth just time enough to see the fox go in.'

"Ow provokin'" observed Mr. Jorrocks, "absolutely distressin'—enough to make the Archbishop of York swear."

Here, a loud snore interrupted our friend, and looking up, Mr. Jorrocks discovered Benjamin sound asleep, with his head hanging over his left shoulder. Shutting the book in disgust, he took a deliberate aim at his whipper-in's head, and discharged the volume with such precision, that he knocked the back off the book.

Benjamin ran roaring out of the room.

## CHAPTER XV.

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“ e ancientest house, and the best for housekeeping in this county, or the next ; and though the master of it write but yeoman, I know no esquire like him.”—MERRY BEGGARS.

“ Imitation is the sincerest flattery.”—LACON.

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“ DASH my vig, if here b’aint Stubbs !” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as the pawing of a horse at the arched gateway of Diana Lodge, caused him to look up from his breakfast.

“ Stubbs !” exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks.

“ Stubbs !” repeated Belinda, with a blush and a smile ; and Jorrocks ran foul of Betsey in the passage, as she came to announce that “ Mr. Stubbs was at the gate.”

Charles Stubbs was just four-and-twenty—handsome, witty, and gay, he was welcome wherever he went. In height he was just five feet ten, full-limbed, but not coarse, with a cleanliness of make and shape that bespoke strength and muscular activity. His dark brown hair clustered in unstudied locks upon a lofty forehead, while bright brown eyes beamed through

the long fringe that encircled them, giving life and animation to a dark intelligent countenance.

Charles was the only son of a rich Yorkshire yeoman—of a man who, clinging to the style of his ancestors, called himself gentleman, instead of esquire—Gentlemen they had been styled for many generations, and son had succeeded sire without wishing for a change,

The old lattice-windowed manor-house, substantial, and stone-roofed, stood amid lofty oaks, upon a gentle eminence above the bend of a rapid river—myriads of rooks nestled in the branches, and the rich meadows around were studded with gigantic oaks, and venerable weather-beaten firs. The finest flocks and herds grazed in the pastures, ducks were on the pond, pigs and geese revelled in the stubbles, while the spacious yard at the back of the house, contained Dorking fowls, the finest turkeys, and the best of cows. Old Stubbs was in short a gentleman farmer. His wife had been dead some years, and Charles and a daughter were the only ties that bound him to the world.

The common desire of seeing one's son better than one's self, induced old Stubbs to give Charles a good education, not that he sent him to College, but he placed him at a good Yorkshire school, which, just as he was leaving, and the old gentle-

man was wondering "what to make of him," he happened, while serving at York assizes, to be struck with the easy eloquence of a neighbour's son, whom he remembered a most unpromising boy, that he determined to see if Charles would not train from the saddle and gun and make a barrister too.

Having ascertained the line of study that gentleman had pursued, in due course, old Stubbs and his son started for London, per Highflyer, the father inside and the son on the box. The Piazza Coffee House had the honour of receiving them, and after a week spent in sight seeing, during which they each had their pockets picked half a dozen times while staring into the shop windows, they found themselves one fine morning at the chambers of the great Mr. Snarle, in Lincoln's Inn Square.

Mr. Snarle was a great conveyancer, his opinion was nearly as good as law, and having plenty to do himself, he took as many pupils as ever he could get, to help each other to do nothing. Each of these paid him a hundred guineas a year, in return for which they had the run of a dingey, carpetless room, the use of some repulsive-looking desks, and liberty to copy twenty volumes of manuscript precedents, that the great Mr. Snarle had copied himself when a pupil with great Mr. somebody else.

The chapel clock was striking nine as father and son squeezed through the iron bars in the Portugal Street entrance to Lincoln's Inn, and before they got to the uncouth outer door that shuts in the set, the great conveyancer had handed his great coat to his bustling clerk, and was pulling a little brown wig straight, preparatory to setting to for the day. The newly-lit fire, shed a scanty ray over the cheerless comfortless apartment, which was fitted up with a large library-table piled with dusty papers, and a rag of a carpet under it, three or four faded morocco chairs, and a large glass book-case, with an almanack flopping in front,

“Good morning, gentlemen,” said the parchment-faced old man, as the clerk ushered the fresh fly into the spider's web. “Hope to make your better acquaintance,” bowing to each.

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Old Stubbs would have sat down and told him all his hopes and fears, but Mr. Snarle cut short his dialogue by looking at his watch and producing a little red volume indorsed CASH BOOK, he politely inquired what name he should enter, and then observing that his clerk would receive the fee, and show Mr. Charles what to do, he civilly bowed them into the outer room.

Contrasting Mr. Snarle's brevity with his country solicitor's loquacity, old Stubbs told over his

hundred guineas to Mr. Bowker, the aforesaid clerk; and just as he was leaving Lincoln's Inn, his mind received consolation for the otherwise unpromising investment, by seeing the Lord Chancellor arrive in his coach, and enter his court, preceded by the mace and other glittering insignia of office. "Who knows," thought old Stubbs to himself, "but Charles may some day occupy that throne;" and an indistinct vision flitted across the old man's mind, of stuffing the woolsack with the produce of his own sheep.

Shortly after, with an aching heart and fervent prayers for his son's happiness, the old gentleman returned to Yorkshire; and Charles, having removed his portmanteau from the Piazza to a first-floor lodging in Hadlow Street, Burton Crescent, made his second appearance at the chambers of Mr. Snarle.

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"Oh, it's *you!*" exclaimed Mr. Bowker, answering the gentle *rat-tat-tat* at the outer door, "come in, Sir, come in—no occasion to knock!—No ceremony!—Paid your footing you know—One of *us*."

Mr. Bowker, or, Bill Bowker, as he was generally called, was a stout, square-built, ruddy-complexioned, yellow-haired, bustling, middle-aged man, with a great taste for flash clothes and jewellery. On the present occasion, he sported a smart nut-brown coat, with a velvet collar; a sky-

blue satin stock, secured by numerous pins and brooches; a double-breasted red tartan waistcoat, well laid back; with brownish drab stockingette pantaloons, and hessian boots. A great bunch of Mosaic seals dangled from a massive chain of the same material; and a cut steel guard, one passing over his waistcoat, secured a pair of mother-of-pearl-cased eye-glasses, though Bill was not in the least short-sighted.

“You’re early,” said Bowker, as Charles deposited a dripping umbrella in the stand. “You don’t look like a sap either,” added he, eyeing Charles in a free and easy sort of way, for Bill was a real impudent fellow.

“What is the right hour?” inquired Charles, with a schoolboy sort of air.

“Right hour!” exclaimed Bill, “*any time you like*—saps come at opening, others at noon, the honourable not till afternoon. There are two chaps copying precedents now, that the laundress left here at ten last night—(*tinkle, tinkle, tinkle*, went a little hand bell). There’s old Snarle, observed Bill, bundling off, adding, as he went, “be back to you directly.”

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“Confound these covenants for quiet enjoyment!” muttered he, returning and opening a pigeon-holed cupboard, labelled like the drawers against a chemist’s shop wall; “I get no quiet



enjoyment for them I know. One, two, three—there—three and one left,” returning a few sheets of manuscript to their hole, “free from incumbrances.” “Wish I was,” thought Bill—“and for further assurance—one, two, three, counted Bill, “now let’s see if he’ll have the further assurance to ask for any more to-day.”

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“Well now, what can I do for you?” inquired he, returning from the delivery of his “common forms.” There’s Squelchback’s settlement, that most pupils copy—five hundred pages! produced ten issues, an arbitration, and a Chancery suit—Great precedent!

“But I think I’ve something in my peejacket that will suit you better,” observed Bill, taking up a great coarse large-buttoned pilot jacket, and producing a paper from the pocket. “There,” said he opening it out, “there’s ‘Bell’s Life in London,’ you’ll see a letter from me signed ‘Ajax.’ Bring it back when you’ve done, and don’t let the Honourable catch it or he’ll burn it.” Saying which, Bill presented our pupil with the paper, and opening the door of an adjoining apartment, ushered Charles into a room on the right, in which sat two youths in very seedy coats, copying away out of manuscript books.

“Mr. Stubbs, gentlemen!” exclaimed Bill with an air of importance, “Mr. Frost, Mr. Stubbs;

Mr. Stubbs, Mr. Frost ; Mr. Jones, Mr. Stubbs ; Mr. Stubbs, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Frost and Mr. Jones rose from their chairs, and greeted Mr. Stubbs much in the manner of debtors receiving a chum into their already over-crowded apartment. Frost and Jones were both working men ; with their ways to make in the world, they had paid their hundred guineas for a high sounding name, and betaken themselves to the mechanical drudgery of precedent copying, with an industry worthy of a better direction. Old Snarle sometimes had them in to settle drafts that either had drawn, but the majority of their instruction consisted in reperusing what he had settled without the benefit of the "why and wherefore." Old Snarle was too crusty, and too high in the profession to condescend to explain.

Stubbs's early appearance at Chambers inspired hopes that he was going to be a working man, but the sight of "Bell's Life" demolished the idea, and the conversation died out as the pupils gradually resumed their weary occupations.

"The Life" was uncommonly lively that morning ; there had been a great fight at No Man's Land, between Big-headed Bob and the Pet of the Fancy, which appeared clothed in all the glowing language with which the editor colours his pugilistic accounts. How Big-head was caught, and his nob put in chancery, how he

sent the Pet's teeth down his trap in return, how both were floored, and picked up by their seconds with their claret corks out.

Then there was a host of correspondence; complaints against stewards; accounts of races; nints to judges; and Ajax's letter, in which he assumed the toga of his master, and dating from Lincoln's Inn, gave some very queer law respecting landlord and tenant. The challenges too were numerous. Ugly Borrock of Bristol, would eat boiled mutton and turnips with any man in England; Tom Jumper had a terrier he would match against any dog of his weight for ten sovereigns, to be heard of at the Jews Harp, City Road; Jem Scamp could be backed to whistle; Tom King to run on all fours; and the Lord knows what else.

The advertisements too, were peculiar. In addition to the usual inquiry after hounds, and offers of horses, there were a suit of Daniel Lambert's clothes for sale, a preserved boa constrictor serpent, notice of vocalisation and frontal-frapidigitation, at the Coal-hole, and meeting of the judge and jury society at the Garrick's head.

Charles kept reading and wondering, amid occasional interruptions from the arrival and introduction of pupils. They were mostly gentlemenly men, somewhat choaked into idleness by the prolixity of Squelchback's settlement.

Indeed, their chief claims to the title of reading men consisted in the perusal of the newspapers, of which old Snarle furnished the Times, and they clubbed for the Chronicle. Bowker's "Life" was well-known, and what with it and a pair of white cord trousers, Charles had on, they made up their minds that he was a "sporting man."

Between twelve and one o'clock, all the gentlemen, except the honourable, had arrived, and the old question of "fire" or "no fire," was broached. This had been an open question in the Chambers ever since old Snarle commenced taking double the number of pupils the room would accommodate, and as it furnished great scope for eloquence and idleness, the debate frequently lasted a couple of hours, during which time the Sap's used to sneak out to dinner, generally getting back in time to vote. This day they stayed, expecting the new pupil would "hold forth," but he was so absorbed with Bell's Life, that when called upon by the chair, he gave a silent vote ; and just as Bill Bowker answered the bell, and let off his old joke about issuing a fiery facias, "the honourable" arrived, and the room was full.

The Hon. Henry Lollington, the ninth son of an Earl, was quite a west-end man, and what is generally called a *petite maitre*. He was a tall, drawling, dancing sort of a man, in great request

at Almack's, and had a perfect abhorrence of any thing coarse or common-place. He was a mortal enemy to Mr. Bowker, who he kept at arm's length, instead of treating as an equal as some of the pupils did.

"Mr. Bowker," drawled he, as he encountered that worthy in the passage, "bring me a piece of paper, and let me give you orders about my letters—I'm going to Bath."

"Yes, my LUD!" responded Bill, in a loud tone, to let Charles hear what a great man they had among them.

"Dem you, Mr. Bowker, I'm not a Lord," responded the Hon. Mr. Lollington.

"*Beg pardon, my Lud!*" replied the imperturbable Bill, bustling out.

Charles at this moment had got into the notices to correspondents, and was chuckling at their humorous originality.

"Suppose one man to wilfully fire at another with intention of taking away his life, but accidentally misses his aim and kills another, will the laws of our country find this man guilty of wilful murder?" asked a correspondent.

"No," replied the Editor, "but a jury will, and he will be comfortably hanged."

"A snake is not a 'barber' although he 'curls.'—The querist is not snake-headed," was the answer to another."

"We are not aware that a negro boiled, turns white.—If *Niger* will boil one of his children and it turns black, the problem will be solved," he observed to another.

"J. G.—The 'respectable class of servants' alluded to are very properly employed in turning the mangle, we wish in their leisure hours, they would turn J. G. inside out."

"The best cure for carbuncles is to rub them with cheese, and sleep in the domicile of mice, who will eat them off in a night."

"The masculine for 'firt' is a cock firt, if there be such a wretch."

"Apopos.—Hand-shaking is vulgar in polite society upon merely meeting ladies.—Pay your respects to the ladies first, married before single."

"Magdalen.—A gentleman may jilt as well as a lady."

- "J. N.—We are not skilled in undertakers' etiquette, but we should say every alternate shutter would be sufficiently respectful, and all on the day of death and funeral."
- "Mr. J. B. if about to become a bridegroom, had better dress like a gentleman and avoid all flashy rubbish; a blue coat, gilt buttons, and light trousers would be perfectly correct."
- "A 'catometer' is an instrument to ascertain the number of mice in a barn. It is sold by the patentees, Grimalkin and Co., *Ratcliffe Highway*."
- "T. F.—There is no parliamentary reward for the discovery of perpetual motion, but there is for a donkey that can sing 'God save the Queen.'"

The following American story graced the columns of general information :

"**THE NEGRO AND THE CHEESE.**—The Boston Post says, that up at the west-end of that city there is a good-natured, fun-making negro named Parsis, who hovers round the grocery stores in that neighbourhood rather more than is desirable. Like many other gentlemen of colour, he prides himself upon the thickness of his skull, and he is always up for a bet upon his butting powers, and well he may be, for his head is hard enough for a battering ram. The other day he made a bet in a store that he could butt in the head of a flour barrel, and he succeeded. He then took up a bet to drive it through a very large cheese, which was to be covered with a crash cloth to keep his wool clear of cheese-crumbs. The cheese, thus enveloped, was placed in a proper position, and Parsis started off like a locomotive, buried his head up to his ears in the inviting target. Parsis now began to feel himself irresistible, and talked up 'purty considerable.' A plan, however, was soon contrived to take the conceit out of him. There being some grindstones in the store for sale, one of them was privately taken up, and wrapped up in the same manner as the cheese had been, and looked precisely as if it were a second cheese, and Parsis readily took another bet for 9d. that he would butt his head through it as easy as he had sent it through the first. The interest of the spectators in the operation became intense. Every thing was carefully adjusted, and upon the word being given, Parsis darted like an arrow at the ambush grindstone, he struck it fair in the centre, and in the next instant lay sprawling on the floor, upon which he recoiled. For some minutes he lay speechless, and then he raised himself slowly on his knees, and scratching his head, said, with a squirming voice—"Berry hard cheese dat, massa! Dey skim de milk too much altogether befores dey make him, dat's a fact."

At length, amid many chuckles, having fairly exhausted its contents, in compliance with Bill Bowker's request, Charles left the room for the purpose of returning his paper. As he departed, Mr. Lollington eyed him through his glass, and with air of well-feigned astonishment, exclaimed, as Charles closed the door,

"Surely, that isn't Young Dutch Sem we've got among us!"

“ Well,” said Bill Bowker, flourishing his seals, as he received the paper from Charles, “ that’s *something like*, isn’t it? And how do you like the Honourable? By the way, I forgot to introduce you! Never mind, soon get acquainted—manner against him—but a good-hearted fellow when you know him. Saw him give a gal half-a-crown once for picking up his glove—noble, wasn’t it? Your fiddle-strings will begin to grumble, I guess, for want of your dinner, and, by the way, that reminds me, if you havn’t got yourself suited for lodging, we have an excellent first floor disengaged, and Mrs. B. and her sister will be happy to do for you—Smart girl!—Dances at the ‘Cobourg;’ ” and thereupon Bill, who had exchanged his fine brown coat for a little grey butler’s pantry-looking jacket, kimbo’d his arms, pointed his toe, and pirouetted in the middle of his office.

Charles replied, that he had just taken lodgings in Hadlow Street.

“ What at the feather-maker’s?” inquired Bowker, balancing on one leg.

“ No,” replied Charles; “ at Mrs. Hall’s, a widow woman’s number twenty something.”

“ I know her !” exclaimed Bill, resuming both feet, “ left-hand side of the way, going up—D—d bitch she is, too (aside); pawned her last lodger’s linen—Well, perhaps you’ll bear *us* in mind, in case she don’t suit—Quiet house—no children—

private door—sneek key—social party. You'll find London deuced dull without acquaintance."

This last observation came home with uncommon keenness, for Charles had begun to feel the full force of that London loneliness, which damps the spirit of many an ardent genius from the country. At their own market town of Borough-bridge, he met familiar faces at every turn, while, in London, all hurried on, or looked as they would at an indifferent object—a dog or a post. The style of living too disgusted him.

Instead of the comfortable well-stored table, and cheerful fire, he had been accustomed to at home, he had to stew into hot chop-houses, where they doled out their dinners in portions, and a frowsy waiter kept whisking a duster, to get him away the moment his dinner was done. The dull freedom of manhood did not compensate for the joyousness of boyish restraint.

Mr. Bowker did not give him much time for reflection—"Should have been glad to have taken you to the Cobourg to-night," observed he, "but have a particular engagement, and that reminds me, I must get one of our saps to answer the door when I go, for I must be off before seven. Have to meet a particular friend of mine, a great fox-hunter, to introduce him at the Green Dragon Yard, where he wants to choose a terrier.—Dare say I could take you if you liked?"

Charles had a taste for terriers, and no taste



for his own society, and without ascertaining what Bowker's offer amounted to, he gladly accepted it, and just as that worthy had fixed for him to meet him at his snuff and cigar warehouse in Eagle Street, Red Lion Square, old Snarle tinkled the bell for his biscuit, and Charles returned to the pupils' room.

Having settled, on the motion of Mr. Lolington, that Charles was a snob, he met with little encouragement from his brother pupils. They answered his questions, and were civil, but that was all. There was no approach to sociality, and as a dirty, slip-shod straw-bonneted hag of a laundress, scattered some block tin candlesticks with thick-wicked candles about the pupils' room, Charles repaired to a neighbouring chop-house, to kill time, until he was due at Mr. Bowker's.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the appointed hour, a fan-tailed gas-light revolving between miniature negroes, stopped his progress up the poverty-stricken region of Eagle Street, and looking up—"BOWKER AND Co.'s, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SNUFF WAREHOUSE," figured in gilt capitals above the shop-front, while a further notification of "THE TRADE SUPPLIED," appeared in the window, though the coal-shed, milk shop, pawn-broking, huckstering appearance of the dirty, narrow, irregularly built street, gave a palpable contradiction

to the assertion. Large gilt-lettered barrels were ranged along the walls and floor of the shop, and the lower part of the window was strewn with snuff-boxes, Meerschams, loose cigars, and wooden rolls of tobacco.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Come in!” exclaimed a female voice, through a sash-door, drawing a green curtain aside, and showing a fire in the little back parlour—as Charles hesitated on seeing the shop empty—“Oh, it’s Mr. Stubbs!” continued the voice, and a fat tawdry woman in ringlets and a yellow gauze gown with short sleeves, made her appearance. The pleasure of being recognised in London, was grateful, and Charles readily accepted the lady’s invitation to enter and sit down.

“Bill ’ill be here presently,” observed she, sweeping a handful of filbert shells off the green baize table cover, and throwing them on to the fire. “Take a glass of brandy,” said she handing a tumbler off a side table, and passing the bottle to Charles to help himself and replenish her glass.

“’Ot with? or cold without?” inquired Mrs. Bowker, pointing to a little black kettle singing on the stand on the upper bar of the fire.

Charles took hot with, and so did Mrs. Bowker; and the dancer from the Cobourg coming in, they all had hot together.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Is Stubbs here?” exclaimed Bowker, bursting into the shop, with his pee-jacket collar up to his ears, and a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat on his head.—“Ah, you rogue!—what, you’ve found your way to the ladies, have you?” continued he, throwing open the sash-door.—“Well, sorry to interrupt you, but my friend’s waiting, so come along and renew your acquaintance here another time. Always happy to see you, you know.” Charles bid his fair friends a hasty adieu, and Bowker, thrusting his arm through his, led the way along Eagle Street to the turning down of Dean Street. Under the lamp at the Holborn end, stood a man in shape, make, and dress, exactly the counterpart of Bowker. Low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, pee-jacket up to his ears, pantaloons, and Hessian boots.

“Sorry to have kept you waiting, Sir,” said Bowker, in the most respectful tone, as he approached the figure. “Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Stubbs—Yorkshire gentleman—Mr. Stubbs—Mr. Jorrocks—Mr. Jorrocks—Mr. Stubbs.”

Mr. Jorrocks raised his hat, and Mr. Stubbs did the same, and then Bowker offering an arm to each, they proceeded on their way.

High Holborn, what with its carts, coaches, busses, and general traffic, affords little opportunity for conversation, and it was as much as

the trio could do to keep their place on the flags.

"Cross here," observed Mr. Bowker, as they neared the narrower part of the street, and passing under an archway, they suddenly entered upon darkness.

Savage yells, mingled with the worrying, barking, and howling of dogs, issued from the upper part of a building on the right, and Bowker with difficulty made himself heard as he halloed for Slender Billy.

"I 'opes it's all right," observed Mr. Jorrocks, twisting his watch in his fob, and tripping over a heap of something that lay in his way.

"O, all right, I assure you, sir," replied Bowker, tripping up also. "Confound the rascals," continued he, "near as a toucher broke my neck.

"SLENDER, A-HOOI!" roared he, after three or four ineffectual holloas.

"Coming, masters! coming!" exclaimed a voice, and a person appeared on the top of a step-ladder, holding a blacking bottle, with a candle stuck in the neck.

"Come, Billy! come!" exclaimed Mr. Bowker, peevishly, "didn't I tell you to be on the look-out for company, and here you're letting us break our necks in the dark: pretty way to treat gents.: show a light, come!"

Billy, all apologies, tripped down the ladder, and holding the candle low enough to discover

the steps, crawled backwards, followed by Mr. Bowker and his party.

“What’s to pay?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks, as he reached the landing, of a forbidding-looking one-eyed hag, sitting in a little curtained corner, partitioned from the scene of action by a frowsy green counterpane.

“O, Mr. Bowker’s free here,” observed Bill to his gentle wife, drawing aside the curtain, and exhibiting the interior. What a scene presented itself! From the centre of the unceiled hugely rafted roof of a spacious building, hung an iron hoop, stuck round with various lengths of tallow candles, lighting an oval pit, in which two savage bull-dogs were rolling and tearing each other about, under the auspices of their coatless masters, who stood at either end applauding their exertions. A vast concourse of ruffianly spectators occupied the benches rising gradually from the pit towards the rafters, along which some were carelessly stretched, lost in ecstasy at the scene below.

Ponderous draymen, in coloured plush breeches, with their enormous calves clad in dirty white cotton stockings, sat with their red-capp’d heads resting on their hands, or uproariously applauding as their favourite got the turn. Smithfield drovers; with their badges and knotty clubs; huge coated hackney coachmen; coatless butchers’ boys; dingy dustmen, with their great sou’-westers; sailors,

with their pipes; and Jews, with oranges, were mingled with Cyprians of the lowest order, dissolute boys, swell pickpockets, and a few simple countrymen. At the far end of the loft, a partition concealed from view, bears, badgers and innumerable bull-dogs; while "gentlemen of the fancy" sat with the great round heads, and glaring eye-balls of others between their knees straining for their turn in the pit. The yells and screams of the spectators, the baying of the dogs, the growling of the bears, the worrying of the combatants, and the appearance of the company, caused a shudder through the frames of Mr. Jor-rocks and the Yorkshireman.

A volley of yells and plaudits rent the building, as the white dog pinned the brindled one for the fourteenth time, and the lacerated animal refused to come to the scratch, and as the pit was cleared for a fresh "set-to," Slender Billy, with a mildness of manner contrasting with the rudeness of the scene, passed our party on, and turned out two coal-heavers and a ticket-porter, to place them advantageously near the centre. This was a signal for renewed uproar.

"Make vay for the real swells wot pay!" roared a stentorian voice from the rafters.

"Crikey, it's the Lord Mayor!" responded a shrill one from below.

"Does your mother know your out?" inquired a squeaking voice just behind.

“There’s a brace of plummy ones;” exclaimed another, as Bowker and Jorrocks stood up together.

“*Luff*, there! *luff*!” exclaimed Slender Billy, stepping into the centre of the pit, making a sign that had the effect of restoring order on the instant. Three cheers for the Captain, were then called for by some friend of Bowker’s, as he opened his pee jacket; and while they were going on, two more bull dogs entered the pit, and the sports were resumed. After several dog-fights, Billy’s accomplished daughter lugged in a bear, which Billy fastened by his chain to a ring in the centre of the pit.

“Any gentleman,” said he, looking round, “may have a run at this ’ere hanimal for sixpence;” but though many dogs struggled to get at him, they almost all turned tail, on finding themselves solus with Bruin. Those that did seize were speedily disposed of, and the company being satisfied, the bear took his departure, and Billy announced the badger as the next performer.

Slender Billy’s boy, a lad of nine years old, had the first run at him, and brought the badger out in his mouth, after which, it was drawn by terriers at so much a run, during which Mr. Jorrocks criticized their performances, and with the aid of Charles Stubbs succeeded in selecting a good one.

But enough of Slender Billy and his bull-dogs—He was a well-known character, but all we

have to do with him, is as the medium of introduction between Mr. Jorrocks and Stubbs—That introduction ripened into intimacy, and many were the excursions\* of our friends.

Let not, however, “ingenuous youth,” as Mr. Jorrocks would say, rush to the cock pit in hopes of like success—There are many Charles Stubbs’ in London—Many youths sent to buffet its difficulties with no better introduction than the chances of a chamber, no further training than that of a Yorkshire school, and no abler monitor than our Yorkshire yeoman—Let them, however, beware of Bowkers and Billys. Thousands are ruined by low acquaintance, for one that is made by a meeting like the present.

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\* A volume descriptive of many of these, was published some few years since by SPIERS, Oxford Street:—A third edition, with new illustrations by Alken, will shortly make its appearance from the establishment of Mr. Ackermann, of the Eclipse Sporting Gallery.

·END OF VOL. I.



**HANDLEY CROSS;**

**OR,**

**THE SPA HUNT.**

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**VOL. II.**

**LONDON:**  
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# HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

## THE SPA HUNT.

*A Sporting Tale.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"JOBROCKS' JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1843.



# HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

## THE SPA HUNT.

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### CHAPTER I.

“Uncouple in the western valley ; go :  
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.”—

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

“’Ow are ye, my lad o’ wax?” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, bouncing out in his sky-blue dressing-gown and slippers, as Charles Stubbs appeared at the garden-gate, where we have most uncere-  
moniously kept him standing during his introduc-  
tion.

“Delighted to see you!” continued Mr. Jorrocks, wringing his hand, and hopping about on one leg ; “most ’appy, indeed ! Bed for yourself—stable for your ’oss ; all snug and comfey, in fact. Binjimin !—I say, Binjimin !”

“Coming, sir !—coming !” replied the boy, settling himself into a fustian coat.

“Take this ’oss to the stable, and bid Pigg treat him as one of his own—warm stall—thick

Copenhagen Fields, and an exciseman was despatched last Thursday to watch, and, if necessary, take him. Somehow or other the exciseman has never cast up again, and poor Billy has been taken up on suspicion of having sent him to 'that bourn from whence no traveller returns.' I hope he has not, but time will shew.

"Susan Slummers has cut the Cobourg, and got engaged at Sadlers' Wells under the name of Clarissa Howard. I said if she was choosing a name, she might as well take a good one: she is to do genteel comedy, and is not to be called upon to paint black or wear tights. Her legs have got rather gummy of late, from too constant strain on the sinews, and the manager wanted to reduce her salary, and Susan kicked in consequence; and this reminds me that I have seen a blister in your stable—James's or Jones's, I forget which—that your groom, Benjimin, told me you applied to horses' legs when they are enlarged. Might I take the liberty of asking if you think it might be beneficially applied in this case?

"I am happy to say that tights are decidedly coming in. I was in the Park on Sunday, and saw two tremendous swells in them: one had patent leather Hessians, and rode a horse that lifted his fore-legs like your old string-haltery one lifted his hind ones; the other was a long-legged man, and rode a short-tailed cob. They both seemed well pleased with themselves.

“ I hope Mr. Stubbs is well. I was sorry I was at Chambers when he called, but Mrs. B. will send his ‘ baccy ’ by the early train to-morrow. Old Snarle’s business is sadly fallen off—my fees have diminished a third—and we have only half the number of pupils we had. That, however, makes no difference to me, as I never got any thing from them but sauce. I hope Mrs. and Miss Jorrocks are enjoying the pure air of Handley Cross. We are enjoying a dense yellow fog here—so thick and so damp, that the gas-lights, which have been burning all day, are hardly visible ; I tripped over a child at the corner of Chancery Lane, and pitched with my head in an old chestnut-woman’s roasting oven.

“ P.S.—By the way, I read an advertisement in a north country paper the other day, of ‘ the eatage of the fog in a park to let.’ I wish some one would take the eatage of it here ; he’d get a good bellyful, I’m sure. Adieu. Excuse haste and a bad pen, as the pig said when he ran away from the butcher ; and believe me to remain,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Yours most respectfully,

“ *Lincoln’s Inn, London.*

“ WM. BOWKER.

“ To John Jorrocks, Esq.

“ Master of Fox-Hounds, &c. &c.

“ Handley Cross Spa.

“ Please direct to me here, as I get my letters an hour earlier.”

Charles and James Pigg soon became thick ; our master and they spent hours in the kennel, discussing the shape, make, and probable pedigree of each hound. The hounds were an unruly lot at first, but by dint of trashing and working they soon became handier. Reinforcements were offered from other kennels, but Pigg’s experience teaching him that no one parted with any thing worth having in the middle of the season, all contributions were declined.

“ We’ve plenty o’ hunds for killin’ foxes,” he would say ; “ and a short pack’s easier manish’d nor a big ’un.”

Benjamin promised badly in the way of assistance, for, unless Mr. Jorrocks was present, there was no getting him to do any thing. He was fond of strutting about in his red coat, and Pigg and he looked quite different beings when properly attired in their new clothes and caps : caps which disfigure gentlemen always look well on servants.

While all this was going on, many of the Handley Crossites waxed uncommonly eager for the chase. “ Oh, they would give any thing for a hunt !” and Duncan Nevin swore it was too bad, keeping his hack-hunters standing—eating their heads off.



At length the following announcement appeared in the "Paul Pry:"—

**"THE HANDLEY CROSS (MR. JORROCKS'S) FOX-  
HOUNDS**

Will meet on Wednesday next, at the 'Round-of-Beef and Carrots,' Appledove Road; and on Saturday, at the 'Mountain Daisy,' near Hookey Hutch, each morning at ten o'clock.

"N.B.—These hounds will hunt Mondays and Fridays in future."

Mr. Jorrocks's intimacy with Bowker, and *entrée* at the Cobourg, having taught him the benefits of rehearsal, it was agreed that a bye-day in Newtimber Forest on the Monday would be highly advantageous, and contribute greatly to their comfort and appearance on the Wednesday. Accordingly, Pigg was intrusted with orders for the earth-stopper, who received them too late to tell the news to many others. The secret was well kept, and our heroes went to bed, all anxious for the morning.

\* \* \* \*

Day dawned gaudily; a red sky and a watery sun raised hopes for certain disappointment.

\* \* \* \*

"Doesn't know wot to think of the mornin'," said Mr. Jorrocks to himself, as he rose, and

looked out of the window. "Bright! too fine to last, I fear."

The peacock then emerged from beneath a sun-bright laurel, and, after stretching his neck and flapping his wings, uttered a loud and piercing scream. This bird—Gabriel Junks, as he was called—belonged to the house, and was a great favourite with Mr. Jorrocks. He was a majestic peacock, of great size, and considerable age. Our master would amuse himself for hours in feeding and watching him; and Mr. Jorrocks considered him quite as good as a weather-glass.

"Dash my vig!" exclaimed he, as the scream fell on his ear, "but that's a bad sound: Gabriel Junks is seldom wrong, and I fear we are a-goin' to have weather—snow, or sleet, or vind, or sum-mut nasty."

Still our master went on dressing; and, as he shaved, and pulled on his drab shags and tops, he kept watching the bird as it run restlessly about the garden, or mounted the garden-wall with a scream.

"Confound the bird!" muttered Mr. Jorrocks, every time the grating noise disturbed his thoughts. "May be wrong—'opes he is—but my corns are on his side," added he, twitching up his right foot as he spoke. "Howsomever, if we get an 'unt to-day, it will be so much out of the fire;" saying which, our master shuffled himself into a roomy

red frock, with a blue collar, and spurs in hand went down-stairs to breakfast.

“ Good mornin’, Belinda, my loove,” said he, imprinting a kiss on her cheek, as she sat making breakfast, assisted by Stubbs. “ Put my spurs on for me,” added he, sitting down, and cocking up his leg.

“ Good mornin’, Charley, my bouy! ’ow does the cat jump with you? — Been out yet?”

Charles had not, but expressed an opinion that it was a fine hunting-day.

“ Doesn’t know vot to say about *that*,” replied Mr. Jorrocks. “ Werry fine *now*; — ’opes it may last. Gabriel Junks is *rayther* uneasy.”

“ Oh, but Gabriel is not always right, you know, uncle,” replied Belinda. “ You thought it would rain the day aunt put on her new bonnet because Gabriel had screamed, but it didn’t do so for all that.”

“ True,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, comforted by the recollection; “ ’opes he’ll be wrong this time;” and thereupon Mr. Jorrocks set to most lustily at the breakfast.

Things seemed inclined to go wrong this morning. It was half-past one ere our master got away from the kennel. Every thing was ordered to be ready at ten, but when Mr. Jorrocks and Stubbs went to the stables, they found horses unsaddled, and nobody there. Benjamin was lost

and Pigg was in search of him. At eleven o'clock, Pigg returned, without having gained any intelligence of the boy. Twelve o'clock came, and still no Benjamin. Thinking that feeding-time would be sure to bring him, Mr. Jorrocks dawdled about till one, when, losing all patience, he told Pigg to get a mouthful of something to eat, and they would go away without him.

\* \* \* \*

“Never mind, I dare say we shall do quite as well without him,” said Mr. Jorrocks, hoisting himself on to Arterxerxes with a swag that would have sent a light-carcassed horse over. “If I could catch him, I’d give him a wopping, jest to make him more careful in futur,” added he. “Now, Pigg, you must vip into me; and Charles, if you go a *leetle* in advance, till we get clear o’ the town, you’ll keep the ’ounds back.”

Thus arranged, they set off at a gentle trot, telling the inquirers that they were only going to exercise.

Bump, bump,—jog, jog,—on they went; Mr. Jorrocks now chiding, now coaxing, now dropping an observation fore or aft, now looking at the sky, and now at his watch.

“Dare say we shall find pretty soon,” observed Mr. Jorrocks; “for they tells me the cover has not been disturbed this long time; and there’s lots of lyin’—nice, and dry, and warm—foxes like

damp beds as little as Christians. Uncommon pretty betch, that Barbara,—like Bravery as two peas,—by Billin'sgate out o' Benedict, I think. 'Opes we may get blood; it'll do them a deal o' good, and make them steady for the Beef and Carrots. Ven we gets the 'ounds all on the square, we will have the great Mr. Pomponius Hego to come and give us a good hoiling. Nothin' like soap.

“Hooi! you chap with the turnip-cart!” roared our master, to a cartman coming up; “vot do you mean by stickin' your great hugly wehicle right afore my 'ounds!—Mr. Jorrocks' 'ounds, in fact! I'll skin ye alive!” added he, looking at the man, who stood staring with astonishment.

At length they reached the cover side,—a long wood stretching up the sides of a gently sloping hill, and widening towards the summit. On the crown there stood a clump of Scotch firs and hollies, forming a landmark for many miles round. Turning from the highroad into a grass field on the right, the party pulled up to reconnoitre the ground, and make their final arrangements.

“Now,” said Mr. Jorrocks, standing erect in his stirrups, and pointing with his whip, which had the effect of making half the pack break towards the cover,—“Now,” said he, as soon as he had got them turned, “this is a good big wood—a hundred acres or more—and they tells me the

foxes generally lie on the risin' ground, towards the clump. The vind's north-west; so if we puts in at this point, we shall draw up it, and p'raps get close to the warmint at startin', which is a grand thing; but, howsomever, let's be doin'. Draw your girths, Pigg, or your 'oss will slip through his saddle. Now observe, there are three rides — one on each side, one up the middle, *all* leadin' to the clump; and there are cross ones in all directions; so no man need be afraid of losin' himself. Now let's put in. Pigg, open the wicket."

"It's locked," observed Pigg, running the hammer of his whip into the rails, throwing himself off his horse, and pulling a great clasp-knife out of his pocket as he spoke. "It always gars mar knife laugh to see a lock put upon leather," added he, drawing the huge blade across the stiff band that secured the gate. Open flew the wicket — in went the pack with a dash, a crash, and a little music from the riotous ones, which gradually yielded to the 'Have a cares!' and 'Gently, Wenus;' 'Gently, Lousey' (Louisa), with the cracks of the whips of Mr. Jorrocks and his huntsman.

"Now, Pigg, my frind, let's have a touch o' north country science," observed Mr. Jorrocks, bringing his horse alongside of his huntsman's. "I'd like *well* to kill a fox to-day; I'd praise you werry much if we did."

“*Aye, aye,*” said Pigg. “Hoic in, Lousey! Solid puddin’s better nor empty praise. Have at him there, Statesman, old boy,—ye look like a finder. Deil bon me, but ar thought ar winded him at the crossin’ there,” added Pigg, pulling his horse short back to a cross ride he had just passed. “Hoic in there, Priestess, ould gal,” said he, to an old black and white bitch, feathering round some gorse among the underwood; waving his hand as he spoke. “That’s gospel, ar warrant ye,” continued he, watching her movements.

“What will’t tak for t’ard nag?” inquired Pigg, of a besom-maker, who now came down the ride with a wretched white Rosinante, laden with stolen brushwood.—“Have at him, there, Challenger!” speaking to a hound.

“Twenty shillin’,” replied the man.

“Gie thee eight!” was the answer.—“Yooi, push him up!” to the hound.

“Tak twelve,” rejoined the tinker. “Good horse—can get up of hisself, top puller and all?”

“Aye, but ye dinna want him to poole; we want him to eat,” replied Pigg. “*Had still!*” exclaimed he; “*ar has him!*—TALLY HO!” roared Pigg, cramming his spurs into his horse, and dashing past Jorrocks like a shot. Out went both horns—twang—twang—twang sounded Pigg’s; wow! wow! wow! went Jorrocks’ in

deeper and more substantial notes, and in a very short time, the body of the pack were laid on the scent, and opened the concert with an overpowering burst of melody.

“ Oh, beautiful ! beautiful ! ” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in raptures, as each hound put his nose to the ground, and acknowledged the correctness of the scent. “ Oh, beautiful indeed ! ” added he, thumping the end of his horn upon his thigh, as though he were cutting large gun-waddings out of his breeches. “ ‘Ow true to the line ! best ‘ounds in England, by far — never were such a pack ! Shall have a rare Chevy — all alone to ourselves ; and when I gets home I’ll write an account to ‘ Bell’s Life,’ which nobody *can* contradict. Hark forrard ! hark forrard ! hark forrard ! away ! ” continued he, ramming the spurs into Arterxerxes’s sides, to induce him to change his lumbering trot into a canter, which having accomplished, Mr. Jorrocks settled himself into a regular home seat in his saddle, and pounded up a grass ride through the centre of the wood in a perfect frenzy of delight, as the hounds worked their way a little to his right with a full and melodious cry.

“ Hould hard, ye sackless ould man ! ” cried Pigg, crossing the main ride at a canter, and nearly knocking Jorrocks off his horse, as he charged him in his stride. “ *Had* (hold) *bye*, ar



*say!*" he roared in his master's ear; "or ar'll be dinging on ye down—fox crossed under husse's tail, and thou sits glowerin' there and never see'd him."

Out went both the horns again—twang—twang—twang; wow! wow! wow!

"Hark together! hark! get forrard, hounds, get forrard!" cried Mr. Jorrocks, cracking his ponderous whip at some lingerers that loitered on the ride, questioning the correctness of their comrades' cry. "*Get forrard*, I say!" repeated he, with redoubled energy. "Confound your unbelevin' souls!" added he, as they went to cry. "Now they are all on him again! Oh, beautiful, beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in ecstasies. "I'll lay five puns to a fiddler's farthin' they kill him. Mischief in their cry!—a rare scent—can wind him myself." Saying which, he gathered up his reins again, thrust his feet home in the stirrups, crammed the spurs into his horse, and rolled back on the ride he had just come up. "Hark!" cried our master, pulling up short and holding his hand in the air as though he had a hundred and fifty horsemen at his tail to check in their career. "Hark!" again he exclaimed; "whoay, 'oss, whoay!" trying to get Arterxerxes to stand still and let him listen. "Now, fool, vot are you champin' the bit for?—whoay, I say! He's turned again! Hoick back!

Hoick back ! They've overrun the scent," continued he, listening, as the chorus gradually died out.

" *Tally ho !*" he screamed, as a magnificent fellow in a spotless suit of ruddy fur crossed the ride before him at a quiet, stealing, listening sort of pace, and gave a whisk of his well-tagged brush on entering the copse-wood across. "*Hoop ! hoop ! hoop !*" roared Mr. Jorrocks, putting his finger in his ear, and holloaing as loud as ever he could shout ; and just as he got his horn fumbled past the guard, Dexterous, Affable, and Mercury, dashed upon the ride, lashing their sterns and bristling for blood, and Pigg appeared a little below cantering along with the rest of the pack at his horse's heels. "*Here, Pigg ! there, Pigg !*" roared Mr. Jorrocks ; " just by the old hoak-stump.—*Gently* now ! ah, ware 'eel—that's not the vay of him ; he's hover to the left, I tells ye. That's him ! Mercury has him. Hoick to Mercury, hoick ! *get away, get away, get away, 'ounds !* hoick together ! hoick together ! Oh, Pigg, wot a wopper he is !" observed Mr. Jorrocks, as Pigg joined him in the ride. " The biggest fox whatever was seen—if we do but kill him—my vig ! I'll eat his tongue for supper. Have it grilled, '*cum grano salis,*' with a leetle Cayenne pepper, as Pomponius Ego would say."

" Aye," replied Pigg, grinning with delight, his cap-peak in the air and the tobacco-juice

streaming down his mouth like a Chinese mandarin. “Ar’ll be the *death of a shillin’* mysel’!” Saying which he hussled his horse and turned to his hounds.

Away they go again full cry across the cover to the utmost limits, and then back again to the far side. Now the fox takes a full swing round, but won’t quit—now he cuts across—now Mr. Jorrocks views him, and swears he’ll have his brains as well as his tongue for supper. Pigg has him next, and again comes Mr. Jorrocks’ turn. “Dash my vig, but he’s a tough un!” observed Mr. Jorrocks to James Pigg, as they met again on the rising ground at the top of the ride, where Mr. Jorrocks had been fifteen times and Pigg seventeen, both their horses streaming with perspiration, and the blue and yellow worsted fronts of the bridles embossed with foam. “Dash my vig, but it’s a million and a half of petties,” continued he, looking at his watch, and seeing it wanted but twenty minutes to four, “that we advertised, for there’s a wast o’ go left in him yet, and he will take the shine out of some of our ’ounds before he is done with them—send them dragglin’ ’ome with their sterns down.”

“Niver fear!” exclaimed Pigg—“niver fear!—whativer ye de keep Tamboreen a rowlin’—yonder he gans! ar wish it mayn’t be a fresh un. Arn’t draggled a bit.”

“ Oh, I ’opes not ! ” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, the picture of despair ; “ Would eat him, brush and all, sooner than that. Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! a fresh fox would be cruel—’ounds deserve him—worked him well.”

“ Now they begin to *chass* ! ” exclaimed Pigg, listening to the ripening chorus. “ Aye, but there’s a grand scent !—Ar’ll be the death of a shillin’ if we de but kill him. How way, ould man, how way,” continued Pigg, cheerily, jerking his arm to induce his master to follow. “ Whativer ye de, keep Tamboreen a rowlin’ ! ”

On they go—now they meet Charles, and all three are together. Again they part company for different rides, each according to his fancy. There is an evident improvement in the scent, but whether from a fresh fox, or the hounds having got nearer the hunted one, is matter of doubt. Mr. Jorrocks is elated and excited beyond expression. The hounds are evidently working the fox, but the fear of a fresh one rather mars his enjoyment. The hounds turn short, and Pigg and Charles again join Mr. Jorrocks.

“ A ! man alive, but they are dustin’ his jacket ! ” exclaimed Pigg, pulling up to listen ;—“ iv’ry hund’s at him ; ” saying which he pulled out a large steel box and stuffed his mouth full of tobacco.

\* \* \* \*

A sudden pause ensues—all still as death—not a note—not even a whimper!

“ *Who hoop!*” exclaims Mr. Jorrocks in ecstasies—“ *Who hoop!* I say—heard the leadin’ ’ound crack his back! Old Cruiser for a guinea!”

\* \* \* \*

“ *Yonder they gan!*” cried Pigg, pointing to a hog-backed hill on the left, over which three couple of hounds were straining to gain the body of the pack—saying which he clapt spurs to his horse and dashed off at full gallop, followed by Charles.

\* \* \* \*

“ Oh, dear! oh, dear!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, the picture of despair—“ wot shall I do? wot shall I do?—gone away at this hour—strange country—nobody to pull the ’edges down for me or catch my ’oss if I gets spilt, and there’s that Pigg ridin’ as if there was never no such man as his master. Pretty kettle of fish!” continued Mr. Jorrocks, trotting on in the line they had taken. A bridle-gate let him out of cover, and from the first hill our master sees his hounds going like pigeons over the large grazing grounds of Beddington Bottoms, with Pigg and Stubbs a little in the rear, riding as hard as ever their horses can lay legs to the ground.

\* \* \* \*

“ ‘Ow that Scotch beggar rides!” exclaimed

Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing Pigg going as straight as an arrow, which exclamation brought him to his first fence at the bottom of the hill, over which both horsemen had passed without disturbing a twig.

“ ‘OLD UP, ‘oss !” roared Mr. Jorrocks, seizing the reins and whip with one hand and the cantrel of the saddle with the other, as Arterxerxes floundered sideways through a low fence with a little runner on the far side. “ ‘OLD UP !” repeated he, as they got through, looking back and saying, “ Terrible nasty place—wonders I ever got over ;” adding, “ Cuss those Seidlitz pooders ! ‘Eavens be praised, however, here’s a gate—and a lane too,” saying which he was speedily in the latter, and gathering his horse together set off at a brisk trot in the direction he saw the hounds going.

Terribly deep it was, and great Arterxerxes made a noise like the drawing of corks as he blobbed along through the stiff, holding clay.

Thus Mr. Jorrocks proceeded for some miles, until he came upon a red-cloaked gipsy wench stealing sticks from a rotten fence on the left.

“ ‘Ave you seen my ‘ounds, ould gal ?” inquired he, pulling up.

“ Bless your beautiful countenance, my cock angel !” exclaimed the woman, in astonishment at the sight of a man in a scarlet coat with a face to match ; “ You’re the very babe I’ve been look-

ing for all this blessed day—cross my palm with a bit o' silver, and I'll tell you *sich* a fortin !'

" CUSS YOUR FORTIN !" roared Mr. Jorrocks, grinning with rage at the idea of having pulled up to listen to such nonsense.

" I hope you'll break your neck, ye nasty ugly ould thief !" rejoined the gipsy, altering her tone.

" 'Opes I *sharn't*," replied Mr. Jorrocks, trotting on to get out of hearing. Away he went—blob, blob, blobbing through the deep lane as before.

" Pray, good man, 'ave you seen my 'ounds—Mr. Jorrocks' 'ounds, in fact ?" inquired he of a labourer scouring a fence-gutter. " Don't you 'ear me, man ?" he bellowed out, as the countryman stood staring with his hand on his spade.

" I be dull of hearing, sir," at length drawled the man, advancing very slowly with his hand up to his ear.

" Oh, dear ! oh dear !" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, " was there ever *sich* a misfortunate indiividual as John Jorrocks ?—'Ark ! vot's that ? Pigg's 'orn ? Oh, dear, only a cow ! Come hup, 'oss, I say, you hugly beast !—there surely never was *sich* a worthless beast lapped in leather as you," giving Arterxerxes a good double thonging as he spoke. " Oh, dear ! oh, dear !" continued he, " I wish I was well back at the Cross, with my 'ounds safe in kennel.—Vot a go is this !—Dinner at five—

baked haddocks, prime piece of fore chine, Portingal onions, and fried plum-pudding; and now, by these darkening clouds, it must be four, and here I be's, miles and miles away—'ounds still running, and advertised for the Beef and Carrots on Wednesday—never will be fit to go, or to the Daisy either.

“ Pray, good man,” inquired he of a drab-coated, big-basketed farmer, on a bay cart-horse, whom he suddenly encountered at the turn of the road, “ 'ave you seen any thing of my 'ounds? Mr. Jorrocks' 'ounds, in fact?”

“ Yes, sir,” replied the farmer, all alive; “ they were running past Langford plantations with the fox dead beat close afore them.”

“ 'Ow long since, my frind?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

“ Oh, why just as long as it's taken me to come here—from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour, not longer certainly. If you put on you may be in at the death yet.”

Away went spurs, elbows, and legs, Arterxerxes was again impelled into a canter, and our worthy master pounded along, all eyes, ears, and fears.—Night drew on, the darkening clouds began to lower, bringing with them fog and a drizzling rain. “ Bad go this,” said Mr. Jorrocks, rubbing his hand down his coat-sleeve, and raising his face towards the heavens, to ascertain the precise



amount of the fall. "Bad go, indeed. Got my Sunday 'at on, too.—Hooi, bouys! did you see th' 'ounds?" inquired he of a troop of satchel-slung youths, plodding their ways home from school.

"*Yeas*," at length drawled out one, after a good stare at the inquirer.

"'Ow long since? come, *quick*, bouy!"

"May be twenty minutes; just as we com'd past Hookem-Snivey church we see'd fox, and hounds were close behind—he was *varra* tired."

"Twenty minutes," said Mr. Jorrocks, aloud to himself; "they may be a werry long way off by this; foxes travel fast. Vich way were they goin'?"

"Straight for Staunton-Snivey," drawled the boy.

"My vig!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "vot a run; if we don't kill werry soon it will be pitch dark, and then there'll be a pretty kittle of fish — th' 'ounds will kill all the ship (sheep) in the country — shall have a bill as long as my arm to pay."

Fear lent fresh impetus to our worthy friend, and tightening his hold of Arterxerxes' head, who now began tripping and stumbling in a most slovenly manner, Mr. Jorrocks trotted forward, and reaching Hookem-Snivey, saw by the foot-people standing on the churchyard-wall, that the hounds were forward, he turned down a lane to

the left of the village stocks, in the direction the people were looking, and catching Staunton-Snivey steeple in the distance, set off for it as hard as ever he could tear.

Night now drew on apace, and heavy darkening clouds proclaimed a fast approaching storm. At Staunton-Snivey, he learned that the hounds had just crossed the turnpike on to the Downs, with the fox dead beat close before them ; and still unwilling to give in, though every moment increased his difficulties, he groped a bridle gate open, and entered upon the wide extending Downs. The wind had now risen, and swept with uncommon keenness over the unprotected open. The drizzling rain too became changed into larger and heavier drops, and thrusting his hat over his brow, Mr. Jorrocks buttoned his single-breasted frock-coat up to the throat, and wrapping its flowing laps over his thighs, tucked them between his legs and the saddle. Dismal and disheartening were his thoughts, and many his misgivings for his rashness. “ Oh, dear ! ” exclaimed he, “ vot a most momentous crisis — lost ! lost ! lost ! — completely lost ! Dinner lost ! ’ounds lost, self lost, — all lost together ! Oh ! vot evil genius ever tempted me from the lovely retirement of Great Coram Street ? Oh ! why did I neglect the frindly warnin’ of Gabriel Junks ? Change, change, — storm, storm, — was in every

scream, and yet I would come out. Cuss the rain, it's gettin' down my werry back, I do declare;" saying which he turned the blue collar of his coat up to his ears, and both laps flew up with a desperate gust of wind. "It's not never no use persewerin'," observed he to himself; "may as well give in at once and 'ark back to Snivey; my Berlins too are wet through, and I shall be drenched in another second. Who-ay, 'oss! who-ay! stand still, you hugly beast, and let me listen \* \* \*

"It is the 'orn, Pigg's not far off! There it goes again, but the wind carries so many ways, there's no saying whereabouts he is. I'll blow, and see if I can draw him." Mr. Jorrocks then took out his horn and puffed and blew most lustily, but the raging tempest scattered the notes before they were well out of his mouth, and having exhausted his breath, he again paused, horn in hand, to listen. Between each blast of the raging hurricane, the faint notes of the horn were audible, some coming more fully as the gale blew more favourably, and a fuller one falling on his ear, during a period of partial lull, Mr. Jorrocks determined on advancing and endeavouring to rejoin his huntsman. Night had now closed in, and even the sort of light of darkness that remains so long to the traveller who journeys onward with the closing day, deserted him,

and earth and sky assumed the same sombre hue :—

“ The Dragon wing of night o’erspread the earth.”

Scarce a star was visible in the firmament, and the few scattered lights that appeared here and there about the country, seemed merely snatches of hope lit up for the moment to allure and perplex the wanderer.

“ If ever mortal man catches me in such a quandary as this again,” said Mr. Jorrocks, “ I ’opes—*oh, dear!* who’s there?—Confound those Seidletz pooders!—*Speak, I say!*—vot are you? —Come up, ’oss, I say!” roared he, ramming the spurs into Arterxerxes, who had suddenly shied off with a loud snort. “ Now for a murder!”

*E-au, e-au, e-au, e-au,* went a donkey, greatly to the relief of Mr. Jorrocks’s mind, who had clenched his huge hunting-whip by the middle so as to give an assailant the full benefit of its heavy, iron-hammered head; out went his horn again, and the donkey brayed a full accompaniment.

“ Oh, the deuce be with the hanimal!” cried he, “ I never saw a donkey yet that knew when to hold his tongue. Oh, my vig, vot a vind! almost blows the ’orn itself; shall be blown to hatoms, I do believe. And the rain too! I really

believes I'm wet even to the waistband of my breeches; I'll lay a guinea 'at to a half-crown gossamer I haven't a dry thread upon me in half a minute. Got a five-pound note in my pocket that will be utterly ruined; serves me right, for bein' such a hass as take these 'ounds—vy wasn't I content with the old Surrey? Well; I think this night will be the last of John Jorrocks! 'Orrid termination to a hactive life; starved on a common—why even yon donkey would be ashamed of such an end. There goes the vind with my 'at—lucky it's tied on," added he, trying to catch it as it dangled at his back, "or I should never have seen it no more. I'd give fifty pounds to be back at 'Andley Cross—I'd give a hundred pounds—oh, dear, 'ow it pours!—I'd give two hundred pounds—yonder's a light, I declares—*two* of them—come hup, 'oss, I say. The hanimal seems to have no sense! I'll lead you, you nasty hugly brute, for I do believe you'll break my neck, after all;" saying which Mr. Jorrocks clambered down, and getting on to the sheltered side of the animal, proceeded to plunge and roll, and stumble across the common, with the water churning in his top-boots, in the direction of the distant lights.

After a good half-hour's roll about the open Downs, amid a most pelting, pitiless storm, our much-respected master at length neared the

lights, which he had kept steadily in view, and found they proceeded from the lamps at lodges on either side of handsome gates, betokening the entrance to a large demesne; mounting his horse, he rode quickly through the gates, and trusting to the sound of Arterxerxes' hoofs for keeping on the road, he jogged on in search of the mansion. Tall stately pines, rising like towers to heaven, with sombre yews in massive clumps, now made darkness visible, and a sudden turn of the road brought a large screen full of lights to view, some stationary, others gliding about, which acted like sun-beams on our master's mind; more grateful still was the shelter afforded by the lofty portals of the entrance, under which, as if by instinct, Arterxerxes bore his master, and then stood still to be delivered of his load. "The bell will be somewhere here, I guess," observed Mr. Jorrocks, dismounting and running his hand up either side of the door-posts. "Here's as much door as would serve Jack the Giant-killer's castle, and leave a little over." So saying, having grasped the bulky handle of a well-hung bell, he gave it such a pull as sounded throughout the edifice, and seemed as though it never would cease.

Two tall, powdered footmen, in rich scarlet and white liveries, all bedaubed with silver lace, had the folding-doors thrown back exhibiting a groom of the chamber and a lusty porter, laying

down the newspapers, and hurrying from a blazing fire in the back-ground, ere the bell had half done its vociferations.

\* \* \* \*

“ Perhaps you would like to be shewn to your room, sir, as you seem wet ?” observed the groom of the chamber, after a mutual stare, which Mr. Jorrocks did not seem likely to interrupt.

“ *Seem* vet,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, “ I’m just as vet as a man can be and no vetter ; but what shall I do with my ’oss ? The merciful man, you know, is merciful to his beast.”

“ Oh, there’s a stall ready for him, sir ; your servant has been here this half-hour and more ; I’ll send the horse round for you, if you’ll allow me, sir. Here, Jones, take hold of him, and you, Peters, run down-stairs and tell the coachman to come and take it round.”

“ Yes,” added Mr. Jorrocks ; “ and tell Pigg to let him have some warm gruel directly. Werry clever of the chap,” said he, “ runnin’ to ground here—seems a capital house—wot a passage ! like the Thames Tunnel.”

“ This way, if you please, sir,” said the groom of the chamber, conducting him across a magnificent old baronial hall, and turning short up a well-lit, softly-carpeted winding staircase, he preceded Mr. Jorrocks, with a chamber candle, along another lengthy gallery, all hung with

portraits of grim-visaged warriors, and pictures of ladies with small waists and large hoops. "This is *your* room, sir," said he, at length, opening a partially closed door, and ushering Mr. Jorrocks into a splendidly furnished apartment, whose blazing fire gleaming on the rich scarlet silk furniture of the bed and hangings, imparted a glow that long exposure to the unruly elements made appear quite enchanting. "'Eavens be praised for these and all other mercies!" exclaimed the grateful Mr. Jorrocks, throwing his hat and whip upon the sofa, and plunging into the luxurious depths of a many-cushioned easy chair.

"Your clothes *are* laid out, I think, sir," observed the groom of the chamber, casting a glance at another sofa on which clean linen, dress clothes, shiny thin shoes, were ranged in the most orthodox order. "Perhaps you'd like some hot water, sir?"

"Yes, I should," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "werry much—and some brandy too, if you have no objection."

"Certainly, sir," replied the well-drilled servant, giving the top log on the fire a lift so as to make it blaze, and lighting the toilet-table candles.

All this passed with such extraordinary rapidity—the events of the day had been so nume-



rous and exciting—the transition from the depths of misery to the height of luxury so sudden, and, above all, the perfect confidence of the servant so seductively convincing, that not doubting of the accuracy of every thing, and placing all to the credit of his renowned name and the acuteness of his northern huntsman, Mr. Jorrocks proceeded with the aid of a boot-jack to suck off his adhering boots, and divest himself of his well-soaked garments. The servant presently returned with a long-necked bottle of white brandy on a massive silver tray, accompanied with lemon, sugar, nutmeg, and a plate of biscuits. Seeing Mr. Jorrocks advancing rapidly to a state of nudity, he placed them on a table near the fire, and pointing to a bell beside the bed, observed that if Mr. Jorrocks would ring when he was ready, he would come and conduct him to the drawing-room.

\* \* \* \*

“ I wonders if Pigg has killed the fox,” observed Mr. Jorrocks to himself, pouring out half a tumbler of brandy and filling the glass up with hot water. “ Capital fun ’unting, to be sure,” said he, sipping away; “ especial ven one gets into a good quarter like this, but desperation poor fun sleepin’ on a common!” and thereupon he drained off the tumbler.

“ May as well vet both eyes,” observed he, as

he felt the grateful influence of the brandy upon his frame, saying which he poured himself out another half tumbler, and adding sugar and lemon, drank off a good part of it, and left the remainder till he got himself washed over with cold water.

“ Werry considerate this,” said he,—“ werry considerate, indeed,” he repeated, taking up a large sponge stuck into the handle of an immense round green tin tub, shaded from the fire by a glass screen, inside of which upon a rail was hung a row of baked towels. The tub was full of cold water, so putting off his wig, Mr. Jorrocks stepped in and proceeded to wash and disport himself therein. In the midst of his ablutions the door opened, and through the glass screen he saw a servant in a dark coat and scarlet waistcoat enter, and hastily retire as he caught a glimpse of our hero squatting like a white Hot-tentot in the water;—out Mr. Jorrocks got and bolted the door, and hearing something going on in the passage he listened for a moment and caught divers scraps of conversation, apparently between a servant and his master, such as, “ Why, you stupid fool, don’t you know the room? You are the greatest ass, certainly, that ever a man encumbered himself with.”

“ Beg pardon, sir, I could have sworn that was the room.”

“ Stuff and nonsense ! look along the passage, the doors are all so much alike, no wonder a fool like you is puzzled ;” saying which the voices moved along, and Mr. Jorrocks heard knocking and opening of doors all along the gallery, until they gradually died away in the distance. Our hero had just done with his tub, and finished his brandy and water, when the sound of returning footsteps again drew his attention to his door, and an angry voice and a meek one sounded alternately through the panel.

“ Now what are you staring there about, you great idiot—keeping me shivering in my wet clothes. If this is the room, why don’t you knock ?”

“ Please, sir, there’s a gentleman in.”

“ How do you know ?

“ Saw him, sir.”

“ Then it can’t be my room.”

“ Laid your clothes out in it howsomever, sir.”

“ How do you know this is it ?”

“ Because I tied this bit of straw round the handle of the door.”

“ Then knock and ask the gentleman to let you in, and get my clothes out again. You’ve put them into the wrong room, that’s the long and short of the matter—stupid fool !” The servant ventured a very respectful double knock.

“WHO’S THERE?” roared Mr. Jorrocks, with a voice of thunder.

“Beg pardon, sir,—but I think I’ve made a mistake with master’s clothes.”

“NO YOU HAVEN’T!” replied Mr. Jorrocks, in the same sweet tone as before.

“Oh, beg pardon, sir,” rejoined the servant.

“NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED?” roared the master in the Jorrockian strain. “Go along, you fool, and seek a servant.”

\* \* \* \*

In a few minutes there was a renewed and increased noise outside, and Mr. Jorrocks recognised the voice of his friend the groom of the chamber.

“Beg pardon, sir,” said he, through the door, “would you allow me to speak to you for a moment?”

“Certainly,” replied Mr. Jorrocks; “talk through the door.”

“Would you oblige me with your name?”

“Why, Mr. JORROCKS, to be sure! The M. F. H.! Who else could it be?”

“I fear, sir, there’s a mistake. This room was meant for Captain Widowfield. Those are his clothes.”

“The deuce!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks. “Didn’t Pigg tell you I was comin’?”

“It was the captain’s servant I took for yours, sir.”

“ *Humph!*” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, “ that won’t do; at all ewents, I can’t part with the garments.”

“ I will thank you, sir, to let *my* servant remove *my* clothes from *my* room,” observed Captain Widowfield, in a slow, determined tone through the door.

“ My good frind,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, altering his manner, “ ’ow is it possible for me to part with the garments when I’ve nothing of my own but wot’s as drippin’ wet as though I’d been dragged through the basin of the Paddington Canal?”

“ I have nothing to do with that, sir?” replied the captain; “ I am wet myself. *Will you open the door, I say?*”

“ *No I von’t,*” replied Mr. Jorrocks, “ and that’s the plain English of it!” Saying which he marched back to the fire with the air of a man resisting an imposition, and mixed himself another tumbler of brandy and water.

It may be well here to mention that the mansion in which Mr. Jorrocks so suddenly found himself was Onger Castle, where Michael Hardy, the founder of the hunt, found himself at the end of his long and successful run. The vicissitudes of many years had thrice changed the ownership of the castle since the day when the good earl greeted our primitive sportsman on killing his

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• If you will  
 please be ~~kind~~  
 to let me know  
 if you will  
 be able to  
 do so.

*[Faint, illegible handwritten notes]*

*[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to poor scan quality.]*

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
DO hereby certify that  
[Name] is a citizen of the  
State of [State] and  
is entitled to the  
privileges and immunities  
of such citizen.

fox before the castle windows, and the present possessor was nephew to that nobleman, who having that day attained his majority, was about to celebrate the event among a party of friends and neighbours.

Having waited until half-past six to welcome Captain Widowfield, before dressing, his lordship at length concluded the storm had prevented his coming; and the party, consisting of five or six and twenty, were in the act of retiring to their respective apartments to prepare for dinner, when Walker, the aforesaid groom of the chamber, came hurrying along, pale in the face from the *parley* in the passage, followed by the captain in a high state of exasperation, to announce the appearance of an uninvited guest. No sooner was the name "Jorrocks" announced, than a shout of triumph and a roar of laughter burst from all present; and after learning the particulars of his arrival, which seemed to fill every one with ecstasies, (for during the long wait before dressing, they had talked all their absent friends over,) his lordship begged the gallant captain to be pacified, and put up with a suit of his clothes for the evening.

"It was of no use being angry with such a man as old Jorrocks," he observed, "whom general report allowed to be mad; and he trusted the amusement he would afford the company would



atone for the inconvenience he had subjected his good friend the captain to."

The doctrine, though any thing but satisfactory to a man burning for vengeance, seemed all the consolation the captain was likely to get, as returning with Walker, he borrowed the roomiest suit of Lord Bramber's clothes, and while attiring himself in them, he considered how best he could have his revenge.

Meanwhile our hero, having disposed of a third tumbler of stiff brandy and water, which contributed materially to the restoration of his usual equanimity, he began to appropriate the clothes so conveniently laid out on the sofa.

Captain Widowfield was a stout big fellow, as bulky as Jorrocks, and much taller, and being proud of his leg, was wont to adorn his lower man in shorts on high days and holydays; so having drawn on a pair of fine open-ribbed black silk stockings, over the gauze ones, Mr. Jorrocks speedily found himself in a pair of shorts, which, by dint of tight girthing, he managed to bring up to the middle of his calves. The Captain's cravat was of black satin, the waistcoat a white one, articles, as Mr. Jorrocks observed, that could be reefed or let out to fit any one, and having plunged into the roomy recesses of a blue coat, with conservative buttons, he surveyed the whole in the swing-mirror, and pronounced them "werry

good." He then exchanged the captain's worsted worked slippers for his patent leather pumps, and the brandy acting forcibly on an empty stomach, banished all diffidence, and made him ring the bell, as though the house were his own.

\* \* \* \*

"You've got me into a pretty scrape with the Earl," said Walker, entering the room; "I thought you were Captain Widowfield."

"Did you?" replied Mr. Jorrocks, placing himself before the fire with a coat-lap over each arm.—"You'll know better another time.—But tell me what Earl is it you are talkin' about?"

"The Earl of Bramber, to be sure," replied the servant.

"This is his shop, is it?" inquired Jorrocks—"Onger Castle, in fact?"

"Yes; I thought you had been one of the party when I shewed you in here," replied Walker.

"Oh, never mind," said Mr. Jorrocks, "where there's ceremony there's no frindship—I make no doubt I shall be werry welcome—See; there's five shillin's for you," giving him a dollar. "You mus'n't let the captain in here though, mind. Now tell me, is there any grub to get?"

"Dinner will be served in a quarter of an hour."

“ *Dinner!*” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, looking at his watch; “ten minutes past seven, and not dined yet; what will the world come to next?”

Walker then conducted him down-stairs, and ushered him into a splendid drawing-room, brilliantly lighted up, whose countless mirrors multiplied his person a hundred times. The housemaids were just giving the finishing sweep to the grates, and the footmen lighting the candles and lamps, when our master entered; so making up to a table all covered with pamphlets and papers, he drew an easy chair towards it, and made himself comfortable.

Lord Bramber was the first to enter. He was a tall handsome young man, of delicate appearance and gentlemanly manners. He wore mustachios, and was dressed in a black coat and trousers, with a white waistcoat.

Seeing a stranger, he had no difficulty in settling who he was, so he advanced with a bow, and extended his hand to greet him.

Mr. Jorrocks was on his legs in an instant.

“My Lord, ‘*necessitas non habet legs,*’ as that classical stable-man, Pomponius Hego would say—or, ‘*unger makes a man bold,*’ as I would say—I’m werry glad to see you,” saying which he shook his lordship’s hand most severely.

“Thank you,” replied Lord Bramber, smiling

at his guest's hospitality; "hope you left Mrs. Jorrocks well."

"Thank'e," said Mr. Jorrocks, "thank'e, my lordship," as the existence of his better half was brought to his recollection; "'opes I sharn't find her as I left her."

"How's that? I hope she is not unwell?" inquired his lordship with feigned anxiety.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "but I left her in a werry bad humour, and I 'opes I shall not find her in one when I gets back,—*haw, haw, haw*,—suppose your 'at (hat) covers your family—wish mine did the same; for betwixt you and I and the wall, my lordship, women are werry weary warmints. I say, a gen'leman should do nothin' but 'unt,—it's the sport of kings, the image of war, without its guilt, and only half its danger. You've got a werry good house here—capital house, I may say," added he, surveying the rich green silk furniture and gilding of the room.—"Wonder how long this room is? Forty feet, I should say, if it's a hinch;—let's see." Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks, having set his back against the far wall, took a coat-lap over each arm, and thrusting his hands into Captain Widow-field's breeches pockets, proceeded to step the apartment. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen,

fourteen, fifteen, sixteen;" when he was interrupted by the opening of the door, and entrance of some of the guests. He was introduced to each in succession, including Captain Widowfield, a big, red-whiskered, choleric-looking gentleman, to whom our worthy master tendered the hand of fellowship, in perfect ignorance of his being the person with whom he had held communion sweet through the door.

Dinner was then announced.

We suppose our readers will not care to have the names of the guests who sat down to the banquet, or yet the wines or viands that constituted the repast; suffice it to say, that the company consisted chiefly of people in the neighbourhood, sprinkled with a few idle Honourables, who lend themselves out to country-houses in the dull season, and the best French and English cookery furnished the repast.

Every body, save Captain Widowfield, drank wine with Mr. Jorrocks, and before the dessert appeared, the poor gentleman, what from the effects of brandy on an empty stomach before dinner, and wine on a full one during it, began to clip Her Majesty's English very considerably. "Never were such 'ounds as mine," he kept hiccupping, first into one neighbour's ear and then into another. "Never were such 'ounds,

(hiccup) certainly—hurrah, I say, (hiccup) Jor-rocks is the boy ! Forrard ! hark forrard, away ! (hiccup.) You must come and 'unt with me," hiccupped he to the gentleman on the left. " Beef and Onions on Wednesday, (hiccup)—Candid Pig—no, Mountain-Daisy, (hiccup)—Saturday—James Pigg is a real warmint (hiccup)—a trump, a real trump, (hiccup) and no mistake. Give me port, none of your clarety wines."

The Earl of Bramber's health, of course, was proposed in a bumper, with " all the honours." Mr. Jorrocks hooped and holloaed at the top of his voice, an exertion that put the finishing stroke to his performances, for on attempting to resume his seat he made a miscalculation of distance, and fell with a heavy thump upon the floor. After two or three rolls he was lifted into his chair, but speedily resumed his place on the floor, so Walker was summoned with two stout footmen to carry him to bed.

Captain Widowfield followed to make sure of his clothes : the gap caused by Mr. Jorrocks's secession was speedily closed in, and the party resumed the convivialities of the evening.

The room to which our master was transferred was the dressing-room, over a large swimming-bath, on the eastern side of the castle, and very cozily he was laid into a little French bed.

Walker wound up his watch, Captain Widowfield walked off with his clothes, and our drunken hero was left alone in his glory.

The events of the day, together with the quantity of brandy and wine he had drank, and the natural fatigue consequent upon his exertions, combined to make Mr. Jorrocks feverish and restless, and he kept dreaming, and tossing, and turning, and tumbling about, without being able to settle to sleep. First, he fancied he was riding on the narrow parapet of a lofty bridge; next, that he was benighted on the common, and getting devoured by shepherds' dogs; then, that having bought up all the Barcelona nuts in the world, and written to the man in the moon to secure what were there, he saw them become a drug in the market, and the firm of Jorrocks and Co. figuring in the "Gazette."

Now he fancied he was Mr. Pickwick, and could not get his black gaiters buttoned. Next, that he had got one of James Pigg's legs and one of his own—that on examination they both turned out to be left ones, and he could not get his top-boots on. Now that he was half-famished, and chained to a wall in sight of a roast goose—anon, that the Queen had sent chummy Jones to say she wanted to dance with him, and he could not find his pumps; "No! give him all the world, sir, he could not find his pumps." Then

he got back to the chase, and in a paroxysm of rage, as he fancied himself kicking on his back in a wet ditch, with Benjamin running away with his horse, his dreams were interrupted by a heavy *crack, bang, splash* sort of sound, and in an instant he was under water. All was dark and still. His dreams, though frightful, had all vanished as he awoke, and after rising to the top he waited an instant to see if this would not do likewise; but the sad reality was too convincing, so he began bellowing, and roaring, and splashing about in a most resolute manner.

“ *Hooi! hooi! hooi!*” spluttered he, with his eyes and mouth full of water. “ ‘*Elp! ’elp! ’elp! ’elp!* I’m drownin’, I’m drownin’!—Mr. Jorrocks is drownin’—oh, dear, oh, dear, will nobody come?—Oh, vere am I? vere am I? Binjimin! I say, Binjimin! James Pigg! James Pigg! James Pigg! Batsay! Batsay!”

“ What’s happen’d? what’s happen’d? what’s happen’d? Who’s there? who’s there? Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!” screamed half-a-dozen voices at once, rushing with candles into the gallery of the swimming-bath.

“ Vot’s ’appen’d?” replied Mr. Jorrocks, blobbing and striking out for hard life with his white cotton night-capped head half under water; “ Vy, I’m drownin’.—’Elp! ’elp! ’elp, I say! Oh, vill nobody come to ’elp?”



“ Throw out the rope ! throw out the rope ! ”  
cried half a dozen voices.

“ No ; get a boat , ” responded Mr. Jorrocks, thinking there was little choice between hanging and drowning. “ Oh dear, I’m sinkin’, I’m sinkin’ ! ”

“ Come to this side , ” cried one, “ and I’ll lend you a hand out ; ” thereupon Mr. Jorrocks struck out with a last desperate effort, and dashed his head against the wall.

They then pulled him out of the bath.

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## CHAPTER II.

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“ Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst.” — THOMSON.

“ WELL, I can’t stand it any longer, so it’s no use trying,” said Charles Stubbs to himself, turning his horse’s head in the direction of a light he saw gleaming past a window on the left of the road.

Having about got through his horse, and lost Pigg and the hounds, he had taken temporary refuge at a small public-house, which he had imprudently left, in hopes of regaining Handley Cross that night.

After much casting about in the dark, with the imperfect and contradictory directions usually obtained from peasants in remote parts, Charles’s perseverance at length failed him, and he resolved to give in.

The night was drear and dark — the wind

howled and whistled with uncommon keenness—and the cutting hail drifted with the sharpness of needles against his face. Horse and rider were equally dispirited.

Having formed his resolution, Charles was speedily at a white gate, whose sound and easy swing denoted an entrance of some pretension.

A few seconds more, and he was under the lee of a large house. Having dismounted, and broken his shins against a scraper, he at length discovered a bell-pull in the door-post, which, having sounded, the echoing notes from afar proclaimed the size and importance of the mansion.

All was still, save the wild wind, which swept over the lawn, dashing a few straggling leaves about with uncommon fury. Charles stood dripping and shivering, with his horse in his hand, but no one came—all was still within. Another pull sounded through the house, and a third succeeded that. At length, in a partial lull, a soft female voice was heard through the door, inquiring, “Who was there?”

“*Me!*” exclaimed Charles; “Charles Stubbs!—a benighted fox-hunter—been out with Mr. Jorrocks’ hounds.”

“Master’s gone to bed,” replied the servant, drawing the bolts and chain as she spoke; and just as she began to open the door, a sudden gust of wind extinguished her candle.

“ I’ll run for a lantern,” exclaimed she, shutting to the door, leaving Charles stamping and thumping himself with his hands. Presently she returned with a dark lantern, with the slide up, which threw a light over the horseman without discovering the holder.

The sight of a red coat banishing fear, she closed the door after her, and informed Charles that master was gone to bed, and the butler too, but she would shew him the stable, and get a man to take charge of his horse. The Yorkshire nag seemed to understand the arrangement, for he immediately gave himself a hearty shake, as if to say that his labours were done at last.

The maid led the way, and on they went to the stable. It formed a wing of the house, and a groom, sleeping above, being roused from his bed, came with the alacrity usually displayed by servants in the service of a red coat.

Indeed, as Mr. Jorrocks says, there’s no colour like scarlet. In it, a man winks at the women, rings at your bell, orders your brandy, rides through your garden, and all in the style of doing you a favour. The half-dressed groom would whole-dress the horse, and get him some gruel, and clothe him well up, and litter him well down; and as he hissed, and pulled at the horse’s ears, he paused every now and then and grinned with delight at Charles’s account of the sport.

“A’, it must have been a grand run!” exclaimed he; “and where did you kill him?”

“Don’t know that,” replied Charles; “we got upon the Downs, when it became absolutely racing—the fox going in the teeth of the wind, and no one with the hounds but the huntsman, and a farmer who cut in during the run. I got into a bog, and the hounds ran clean out of sight before I recovered my horse, and night came on without my even being able to hear or see any thing more of them.”

“Dear!” exclaimed the groom, “you don’t say so!—that *was* a bad job; and was Squire Jor-rocks not up?” thereupon the groom dived elbow-deep into the gruel-pail, and, lifting it up, the horse quaffed off the contents like a basin of soup. Blankets and bandages came warm from the saddle-room fire, and having seen his horse well done by, and told the groom all he could about the run, Charles again sought the shelter of the house.

The maiden had returned there after providing the gruel, and was ready to open the door as she heard Charles approach. “She would shew him into the parlour,” she said, “where there was a good fire;” and forthwith led the way up a long passage, with a couple of steps in the centre. The parlour was evidently the master’s room—the *sanctum sanctorum*—a small snugger, with book-

shelves on two sides—guns, swords, game-bags, powder-tryers, fishing-rods, &c., on the third—and a red-curtained window on the fourth ; a round table, with the fragments of dessert, an empty and a half-empty decanter stood before the fire, while a well-used red morocco easy chair stood on one side of the table.

“ A bachelor,” said Charles to himself, glancing at the table and chair, and then at the pretty maid whose cork-screw curls dangled down her healthy cheeks, despite the unruly elements to which they had just been exposed ; “ clear case that, I think,” said he, eyeing the fit of her nicely done-up blue cotton gown, and well-turned ankles, with broadish sandalled shoes ; “ no misses would keep such a pretty blue-eyed maid as that,” said he to himself.

“ Would you like to take any thing, sir ?” inquired she, lighting the wax-candles, and casting a look of commiseration at Charles’s wet breeches.

“ Nothing, thank you, my pretty dear, except—a kiss,” giving her ruby lips a smack that sounded along the passage.

“ *Hush !*” exclaimed she, colouring up, in alarm, “ Mrs. Thompson will hear.”

“ And who’s Mrs. Thompson ?”

“ The housekeeper, to be sure ; she’s just gone to bed.”

“ Well, if that’s the case,” replied Charles, “ I

think I should like a little sherry-and-water, or something," lifting up the half-emptied decanter, "if you could get some hot water and sugar; or never mind the sugar, if Mrs. Thompson's got the keys."

"Oh, I'll get you both," replied blue-eyes, tripping away.

Charles now began to reconnoitre the apartment. Taking a light, he proceeded to examine the book-case. There was a curious mixture:—Burns's Justice and the Gentleman's Magazine; Statutes at Large and Anderson's Agriculture; the Tatler and Pope's Homer; Don Quixote and the Old Sporting Magazine; Seneca's Morals and Camden's Britannia; Osbaldestone's British Sportsman; Calamy's Sermons and Adam's Essays; Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary and Sidney's Arcadia; Dacier's Plutarch and White's Farriery.

"Sporting parson, perhaps," thought Charles to himself. "No, that can't be," continued he; "no bachelor parsons—at least, not with such houses as this. Some young man just come to his fortune, most likely, and hasn't had time to pick up a wife yet. No, that won't do; a young 'un wouldn't be in bed so soon as this." Blue-eyes interrupted the speculation by appearing with a tray containing a nice plate of ham-sandwiches, hot water, sugar, lemon, nutmeg, &c.

"You're a darling!" exclaimed Charles, squeez-

ing her hand as she placed them on the table: "By Jove, there's no work done with *that*," said he to himself, as she ran out of the room; "soft as a mowdy-warp!"

Charles took the red morocco chair, and mixing himself some negus, re-commenced his speculation on the probable station of his host. The books and the blue-eyes, and the guns and the soft hand, confused him; and the more he thought, the nearer he was falling asleep—the farther from arriving at a conclusion.

"Master's gone to bed," muttered Charles, recollecting the little maid's first observation. "No mistress, that's clear;" and thereupon he drained off his tumbler, and filled up another. "Curious assortment of things he has in his room," thought Charles, looking about him. "I don't see a hunting-whip;" and having satisfied himself on that point, without moving from his chair, he commenced a vigorous attack on the ham-sandwiches.

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"Shall I shew you to bed?" inquired the little maid, peeping in at the door just as Charles was dropping asleep.

"If you please, my dear!" replied he, starting up, rubbing his eyes, and draining off the tumbler of sherry-and-water that had been cooling at his elbow.



The maiden lighted a flat candle, and proceeded to lead the way up a wide, black oak stair-case, whose massive, shining banisters were ornamented with carved birds, monkeys, guinea-pigs, and other specimens of zoology, at the turns of the frequent landings. The wind had lulled, and the heavy ticking of a large black-faced time-piece with gilt figures was all that disturbed the monotony of night.

Lightly following his fairy guide, an involuntary hope came over Charles that he might not make the acquaintance of his host through the medium of a horse-pistol cocking at him through one of the black doors as they passed. Turning from the wide passage, up a narrower one on the left, a gleam of light, through a partially closed door, shewed the termination of his travels, and throwing it open, a large poker in a downward slant, evinced the activity of the little maid, who had lighted the fire, got the room ready, and all the little arrangements made, while Charles was busy with his negus and speculations.

We need scarcely say that the room was not that bugbear to humble minds—the best one in the house, up whose lofty beds short-legged men swarm, as though they were climbing a tree, but it was one of those betwixt-and-between sort of apartments, that, like the pony in a stable, comes in for most of the work. The bed was ex-

ceedingly low, scarcely two feet from the ground, and stood in the centre of the room, with the head against the wall and the feet towards the fire. The curtains were of thick but faded orange damask, and the counterpane was patchwork of many colours. Round the bed was a slip of black and red carpeting; another piece lay before a dressing-table, on which was a curious old black and gilt Chinese-patterned looking-glass, with many drawers, and the thoughtful little maiden had placed another piece of carpeting under the foot-bath before the fire. The rest of the floor was bare, and there was a large black oak press in the corner, with richly carved festoons above the drawers, and coats of arms emblazoned on the panels.

“ Shall I take your coat down to dry ? ” inquired the little maiden, slipping the poker out of the fire.

“ If you please,” replied Charles; “ but first you must help me out of it.” Whereupon she put down the poker, and taking hold of the cuff, Charles drew himself out of the adhering garment. “ Now,” said he, giving her the wet scarlet and a kiss at the same time, which produced a corresponding effusion in her cheeks; “ how shall I know about getting up in the morning ? ”

“ Oh, Aaron will call you ! ” replied the little

maid, seizing the poker, and hurrying out of the room.

“ Aaron will call me ! ” repeated Charles, returning from chasing her to a green baized door at the end of the passage. “ Aaron will call me ! — what a queer name for a servant ! — Wonder what the master is ? Aaron ! — ’Gad, he must be a priest, and Aaron is his clerk and valet-de-chambre. No, that can’t be either, for here’s a boot-jack, a thing one never meets with in a parson’s house ; and, as I live ! no end of sporting pictures,” added he, holding his candle to the wall.

Sure enough, there were Loraine Smith’s famous pictures of the Quorn Hunt, the progenitor of the now innumerable race of sporting prints ; “ Bagging the Fox ; ” “ The Rendezvous of the Smoking Hunt at Braunstone,” in which gentlemen appear with great meerschaums in the mouths ; “ The Loss of the Chaplain,” exhibiting a reverend gentleman somewhat in Mr. Jorrocks’ predicament — in danger of drowning, if he were not in equal danger of hanging ; “ The Meeting at Grooby Pool ; ” “ The Victory of obtaining the Brush,” &c. ; all stretched on canvass, with broad gilt borders, and ranged round the room. Above the fireplace was a portrait of an old gentleman in a cocked hat, a gold-laced blue coat, with a snuff-box in one hand, and the other resting on the head of a greyhound, whose master seemed

to look upon Charles, as he sat up to his knees in hot water, in any thing but a patronising way.

“ Should this be my host, or even my host’s father or grandfather,” thought Charles to himself, “ perhaps he may not be over glad to see me ; however,” added he, “ ‘ enough for the day is the evil thereof ; ’ ” so, exchanging his damp shirt for a nice well-aired cotton one, with the initials J. W. F., on one side, and rejecting both a double and single nightcap, laid out for his choice, he put out his candle, and turned into bed.

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Sound and healthy were his slumbers ; — day dawned without his waking, and neither the darting rays of a dazzling sun brightening the moreen curtains through the chinks of the shutters, nor the noisy tick of the passage clock, had any influence on his sleep.

At length he started up, as a sledge-hammer sort of thump sounded on the door.

“ Come in ! ” exclaimed he, involuntarily, the exertion of which awoke him to a recollection of the past and a sense of his situation. “ How deuced awkward ! ” thought he to himself, looking at a great bell-tassel hanging above his head, and considering whether he should pull it or not, —

“Thump!” went the door again, and no mistake.

“Come in!” exclaimed Charles; but still no one entered. “Must get up at all events,” reasoned Charles;—“must be eight, at least;” looking at the rays of sunshine shooting into the room. Just as his hand grasped the bell-pull,

“Thump!” went somebody at the door again.

“COME IN!” roared Charles, for the third time, but still the door remained closed. Just as he was debating whether to ring the bell or compose himself for another nap, the door opened, and a slow, heavy foot paced steadily across the room to the window. Drawing aside the window-curtain, the heavy cross-bar swung lengthways in the shutter, which being folded exhibited the person of the intruder.

He was an elderly, clumsily built, middle-sized man, with a brown scratch-wig surmounting a square, thick-featured, unmeaning countenance. A schoolboy’s turnip lantern would, perhaps, convey the best idea of the style of his much-tanned face and features. He was dressed in a snuff-coloured coat, loose buff waistcoat, puddingy-white neckcloth, drab kerseymere breeches; and his swelling calves and enormously thick ankles were cased in white lamb’s-wool stockings; thick shoes, with leather strings, completed his costume. Having opened the shutters,

he stumped to the foot of the bed, and placing himself right in the middle, thus delivered himself in good set *Zummerzethire*,—

“Pleaz, zur, meazter gettin oop.”

“Thank you, Aaron!” exclaimed Charles, never doubting his man. “Pray can you tell me what o’clock it is?”

“I’ll zee, zur,” replied Aaron, after a pause, stumping out of the room to consult the passage clock.

“What a man it is!” exclaimed Charles, burying his face in the pillow, as he roared with laughter at his unmeaning, cast-iron countenance. “What *can* his meazter be!” Presently creak, creak, creak, announced old heavy-heels returning. Placing himself in his old position, exactly at the centre of the bed, he thus delivered himself,—

“Pleaz, zur, it’s nineteen minutes past nine. Will you pleaz, zur, to want any thing more?” at length inquired the stupid old man.

“*More!*” thought Charles, “why, I’ve got nothing as yet;” wishing he had his female valet-de-chambre of the previous night back instead of old Aaron. “Yes, I should like some warm water for one thing, and my boots cleaned for another,” looking at his mud-stained tops standing against a chair near the foot-bath. Razors, brushes, combs, sponges, and a host of etceteras,

fitted across his mind, but considering the slowness of Aaron, and the state of his raiment, Charles thought he had better do with as little as possible. Out, then, old Aaron stumped, and Charles was left alone to his reflections.

“Confounded awkward!” said he to himself, ruminating on his situation. “Suppose there’s a mistress or young misses, what a figure I shall cut at a breakfast-table! Leathers like parchment, boots all dirt, neckcloth spoiled; better start off, and take my chance on the road, or breakfast when I get home.” Then the recollection of the previous night deranged his reasoning. The little snugger, the solitary easy chair, the remnants of dessert instead of tea, and the little blue-eyed maid, all savoured of bachelorism; so dismissing the lady consideration from his mind, he again applied himself to the question as to what his host could be. Aaron and the blue-eyed maid were inconsistent. Such a pretty little girl, and such a very ugly old man—one so sharp, the other so slow—“and yet what a stupe I am,” continued Charles; “Aaron’s just the sort of man to keep in the house with a pretty girl;” and thereupon his host assumed the character of a fox-hunter, and Charles felt as if he knew him already.

“No, that won’t do,” continued Charles, demolishing the vision he had just conjured up;

“ she wouldn’t have blushed so if she’d been used to kissing ;” and thereupon his spirits fell below zero. Stump, stump, stump, creak, creak, creak, came old heavy-heels along the passage, disturbing Charles’s reverie as well by his footsteps as his sledge-hammer thumps at the door. Thrice did he thump ere he would enter, and at length, when he did, having deliberately deposited a can of hot water on the wash-hand stand, he laid Charles’s scarlet coat exactly in the centre of the table, and resuming his old position at the foot of the bed, cast his unmeaning eye towards the pillows, and drawled out,—

“ Pleaz, zur, do you pleaz to want any thing elze ? ”

“ Nothing but my boots cleaned ! ” exclaimed Charles, exhausted by his slowness, “ though, perhaps,” added he, as Aaron was stumping away, “ you may as well make my compliments to your meazter, and say that a gentleman, who lost his way out with the hounds yesterday, wishes to pay his respects to him at breakfast,—or rather, (aside) to his breakfast.”

“ Yeaz, zur,” replied Aaron, trudging out. Up Charles jumped, and, making for the window, surveyed the prospect outside.

Immediately below the terrace was an ill-kept garden, divided by massive clipt yew-hedges, opening by antique white gates upon an undu-



lating park, girded by a river. A few cows stood listlessly to the sun, and two or three mares and yearlings scratched themselves with the lower branches of the trees with which the park was plentifully studded. The tufty grass shewed the land was not overstocked. Beyond the river a rich grazing vale stretched to distant hills, whose blue undulating outlines closed the horizon.

Having made his survey, Charles proceeded to dress. "Wish I had little blue-eyes to get me what I want," thought he, pulling on a stained stocking, and looking at his shirt where the wet had soaked through his coat. Just then old Aaron was heard plodding back with his boots, which having placed at the door, he gave a loud thump, and asked if Charles wanted any thing more.

"Oh, no!" replied Charles, opening the door, and taking in the dingy tops; "but tell me, what did your master say to my message?"

"He said varra well," replied Aaron, stroking his hand over his wig.

"He said varra well," repeated Charles, shutting the door in disgust; "what an inhospitable answer—fear he's no fox-hunter—would have been up with shaving-pot and razors before this; however, never mind, I'll soon be back to old J. and Belinda." So saying, he began handling his leathers; they were tolerably dry, except at the knees, but were desperately the worse for wear—

large mud-stains disfigured their creamy colour, and there was a great black patch down one side, where he had rolled in the bog. However, he coaxed himself into them, and, pulling on his boots, he made the best he could of his damaged blue neckcloth, while his plaid waistcoat and red coat felt grateful for their acquaintance with the fire.

He was now ready for a start ; and, the passage-clock striking ten, in an Aaron-like pace Charles made for the sound, and soon got into the gallery he had traversed over-night. Descending the monkey-staircase, he found his friend Aaron standing with his ear at a door, listening, like a terrier at a rat-hole ; Charles would feign have had a word with him, but Aaron gave him no time for inquiry, by opening the door, and discovering the top of a well-powdered head, with a pig-tail cocking above the red morocco chair.

“ *The gentleman, sir,*” said Aaron, advancing to the back of the chair.

Up jumped a little red-faced old gentleman, who, depositing a newspaper on the breakfast-table, made a profound Sir Charles Grandison salaam as he presented a full front to the enterer.

He was dressed in a single-breasted high-collared blue coat, with large silver buttons, white cravat, with a black one over it, buff waistcoat, with flap-pockets, cut out over the hips, yellow

leather breeches, and rose-coloured top-boots, buckling round his knees with broad leather boot-garters.

Charles bowed in return, and thinking what a sorry figure his much-stained clothes must cut by the spotless ones before him, began muttering something about fox-hunting, boldness, benighted, hospitality, hungry—the little old gentleman jerking and bowing all the time, and motioning him into a chair on the other side of the round table.

Glad to hide his dilapidations under the table, Charles sidled to the seat, and, tucking his napkin under his waistcoat, cast his eye round the apartment, and then began to reconnoitre the well-furnished breakfast-table.

His host resumed his seat, and jerking out his short legs as though he were on horseback, fixed his little black eyes upon Charles, and opened a voluble battery with — “Charming sport fox-hunting!—was a *great* sportsman myself!—one of the fastest of the fast—long since now—days of Hugo Meynell, in fact—have often sat up in the saddle-room at Quorn playing cards till it was time to go to cover. Those *were* the days! No such young men now—degenerate race, quite—horses too, all good for nothing—bad and weedy—no welters—shall never see such horses or hunting again as we used then—real science of the thing exploded—all riding and racing—no such

men as old Meynell—one of your lasters. Swell masters ruin a country—go a burst, and are done—foxes now run short and bad—worse than hares—if it wasn't the grass the thing would be over. Pray make yourself at home. Take tea or coffee? None of your flagon-of-ale and round-of-beef breakfasts nowadays—slip-slop, wishy-washy, milk-and-water, effeminate stuff—spoil nerves—no such riders as there used to be. Cold fowl on the side-board—Aaron will bring some hot sausages directly. Turf seems all rotten—saw O'Kelly's young Eclipse win the Derby in 1781—horses *were* horses then—Eclipse—Florizel—Highflyer—Juniper—men that might be called sportsmen and gentlemen too—not your half-lord and half-leg.

“There was Lord Abingdon,” continued the old gentleman, telling them off on his fingers—“Duke of Bolton—Sir Charles Bunbury—Mr. Bradyll—Lord Clermont—Mr. Jolliff—remember his bay horse, Foxhunteribus by Foxhunter, well. Then there was Lord Milsintown—Mr. Pulteney—Mr. Panton—Duke of Queensbury—and a host whose names I forget. Ah! those recollections make an old man of me. Well, never mind! I've had my day, and the old 'uns must make way for the young;” then, turning short upon Charles, who was glancing at the newspaper as it lay on the table, he said, with a jerk,

“Allow me the privilege of inquiring the name of the gentleman I have the honour of addressing.”

This was a poser, and coming after such a string of high-sounding names, poor Charles’s humble one would cut but a poor figure. It so happened, however, that he was just skimming by a sort of side-long glance at the monthly advertisements of one of the sporting periodicals, wherein well-known “unknowns” make names for themselves much better than their own. There was “Shooting, by Ranger,” and “Racing, by Rover,” and “Fishing, by Flogger,” and in larger letters, as if the great gun of the number, “A TRIP TO TRUMPINGTON, BY POMPONIOUS EGO.”

Charles had just got so far as this, when suddenly interrogated as described, when he unconsciously slipped out the words, “Pomponius Ego.”

“Pomponius Ego!” exclaimed the little gentleman jumping on to his short legs as though he were shot, extending his arms and staring with astonishment, “I never was so out in my life!”

Charles, “I beg pardon——”

“No apologies, my dear sir,” interrupted our host, resuming his seat with a thump that stotted his short legs off the carpet. “No apology! no apology! no apology! We old men are apt to fancy things, to fancy things, to fancy things—and I candidly confess I pictured Pomponius Ego quite a different sort of man to myself.”

Charles, "But if you'll allow me to ex——"

"No explanations necessary, my dear Mr. Ego, —Mr. Pomponius Ego, I mean," jabbered the voluble little old gentleman. "Eat your muffin and sausages, and believe me you're heartily welcome; I've lived long in the world—take some more coffee—there's tea if you like it, but I never was so out before. Lord! if old Q.\* could see me!" continued he, clasping his hands and casting his eyes up to the ceiling.

Charles, "Well, but perhaps, sir——"

"There's no *perhaps's* in the matter, my dear sir,—no perhaps in the matter; I'll tell you candidly, I pictured Pomponius Ego a prosy old chap, who went the horse-in-the-mill round of his stories from sheer want of originality and inability to move from home in search of novelty. The only thing that ever staggered me was your constant assertion, that second horses were unknown in Leicestershire in Meynell's time. Never was a greater fallacy,—never was a greater fallacy, saving your presence! Always had a second horse out myself, though I only rode eight stone and a half—never took soup for fear of getting fat—a host of others had second horses—Lambton and Lockley, and Lindow and Loraine Smith, and— But never mind! don't assert that again, you know,—don't assert that again. Now take another sausage,"

\* The sporting Lord Queensbury used to be called old Q.

pushing the dish towards Charles in a friendly sort of way, as if to atone for the uneasiness the correction had occasioned him.

“But I never said any thing of the sort!” exclaimed Charles, reddening up, as soon as he could get a word in sideways.

“Saving your presence, a *dozen* times,” rejoined the little mercurial old gentleman,—“*a dozen times at least!*” repeated he most emphatically. “The fact is, my dear sir, I dare say you write so much, you forget what you say. We readers have better memories. I noted it particularly, for it was the only thing that ever shook my conviction of Pomponius Ego being a very old man. But let that pass. Don’t be discouraged. I like your writings, especially the first time over. Few stories bear constant telling; but you’ve a wonderful knack at dressing them up.

My father had a jolly knack at cooking up an almanack,  
Yes, he had a jolly knack, at cooking up an almanack.

By the way, you once cooked up an almanack! and a pretty hash it was, too!” added the little old gentleman. “I’ll tell you what,” continued he, tucking his legs up in his chair, and grasping a knee with each hand; “I’d like to match you against the gentleman that does the cunning ad-

vertisements of Rowland's Odonto or Pearl Dentifrice ; I'd lay ——"

"Zounds, sir!" interrupted Charles.

"Hear me out!" exclaimed the old gentleman, throwing an arm out on each side of the chair ; "I mean, I'd match you to lead one further on in an old story, without discovery, than Rowland's man does with his puffs of paste, or whatever his stuff is."

"But you are on the wrong scent altogether," roared Charles ; "I've nothing to do with Pomponius Ego or Pearl Dentifrice either."

"*Blastation!*" screamed the little old gentleman, jumping up in his chair, with a coffee-cup in one hand and a saucer in the other, "tell me *that*, when it's written in every feature of your face;" so saying, he sent the cup through the window, and clapped the saucer on his head.

\* \* \* \*

"Come and feed the chuck cocks,—pretty chuck cocks," said Aaron, stumping in at the sound of the crash ; "come and feed the chuck cocks,—pretty chuck cocks," repeated he soothingly, taking his master down by the arm, and leading him quietly out of the room, observing, as they went, "It's that red coat that's raising him."



CHAPTER III.

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“ ‘Bout Lonnun, then, divent ye make sic a rout,  
There’s nowse there maw winkers to dazzle :  
For a’ the fine things ye are gobbin about,  
We can marra in canny Newcassel.”

“ PLEASE, canny man, can ye let us lie i’ yere barn ?” inquired Pigg of a farmer, at whose door he knocked a long time on the night of this memorable run, before he got him to answer. “ Ar’s drippin’ wet, huss is tired, and hunds can’t travel.”

“ Who are you ?” inquired the farmer, unused to visitors at any time, more particularly after night-fall.

“ Ar’s Pigg, Squire Jorrocks’ huntsman,” replied James ; “ we’ve had a *desperate* run, and canna get hyem te neet.”

“ So !” replied the farmer in astonishment. “ Here, Mary !” holloaing to his wife ; “ fetch a light, here be the hounds. And have ye killed

him?" inquired the farmer, looking closer at his visitor.

"Aye, killed him, aye. Ar's gettin' his head i' my pocket—if ye can put your hand in you may get it—ar's see numb ar can de nout."

\* \* \* \*

"Surelie he's a big un!" exclaimed the farmer, pulling out the head, and weighing it by the ears; "Well, I think—but come, let's get ye put up—it's a terrible night; not one for standing out at doors. Here! fetch the lantern, Jane, and help me to put the beast away, so as to make room for the gentleman's horse;" adding to Pigg, "you are surely very wet."

*Pigg.*—"Wet, aye! wet as muck. Ar wish ar may have gotten all my hunds away though. If ye can let us have some clean stree i' the barn, wor ard maister 'ill pay ye liberal for 't i' the mornin'—he's quite the gentleman."

"A! never mind about the pay, we will do what we can for you," replied the farmer. So saying he led the way with the lantern, and the jaded horse and tired hounds followed on with Pigg.

The farmer's lads took the horse, while Pigg looked over his hounds, and finding only a couple and a half wanting, he shook them down plenty of straw, and returned to the house to see what he could get to feed them on. A tub full of

milk, with brown loaves sliced into it, was quickly prepared, but there was little demand for it, the majority of the hounds seeming to prefer a continuance of the rest into which they were quietly subsiding to being disturbed for a meal. At length they had all been coaxed to the pail, and after a hearty shake each nestled into his neighbour, and the pack were soon in a very small compass.

Having seen his horse done up also, Pigg began to turn his attention to himself.

“Sink, but it’s wet,” said he, giving his cap a dash towards the floor, which sent a shower-bath on to the flags; “however, ar’s lucky in gettin’ housed at all;” saying which he followed the farmer into an apartment, in which sat his wife and daughters, round a fire composed of a little coal and a good deal of rubbish-wood.

“Ar think ar’ll gan into the kitchen,” observed Pigg, looking at the fire.

“This be the kitchen,” replied the farmer’s wife, setting him a chair by the fire, thinking he was shy.

Pigg sat down, and after contemplating the fire a few seconds, he exclaimed, “Ods won’s! but ye keep varry bad fires i’ this country.”

“Nay, man,” replied John Brown, his host, “we call that a very good one.”

“ Ar doesn’t ken what a bad un ’ill be like, then,” rejoined James.

“ Well,” said Brown, throwing on another fagot, “ you are welcome to it, such as it is. What will you have to eat?”

“ Ought ye can give me,” said Pigg; “ a rasher o’ bacon, collops and eggs, or ought,” casting his eye up at the flitches and hams hanging from the ceiling, adding, “ ar’s mortal hungry.”

While the rashers of bacon were frying, Brown made Pigg exchange his wet coat, waistcoat, and shirt, for dry clothes of his own, and adding a cold pork-pie and a flagon of ale to the hot bacon, Pigg was very soon in his glory. Having at length cleared the decks, he again turned to the fire, which, eyeing for some time with critical amazement, he at length exclaimed, with a laugh, “ Sink, if mar cousin Deavilboger see’d sick a fire i’ his kitchen, ar wonder what he’d say!”

“ You’ll keep good fires in your country, then, I presume?” inquired Mrs. Brown.

“ Aye, fires, aye!” exclaimed Pigg; “ nobody kens what a fire is but them as has been i’ wor country.”

“ Whereabouts is it?” inquired Brown, puzzled with his dialect.

*Pigg.*—“A canny Newcassel, where all the coals

come frae. You've niver been there, ar's warn'd, or you'd have heard tell o' mar cousin Deavil-boger—farms a hundred and nine acres of land aside Kenton. Sink it, frae his loupin on stane ar's seen all the country side flaring with pit loues. Mar cousin's kitchen fire niver gans out frae Kersmas to Kersmas. A! it is a bonny country! By my *soule*, ar's niver been reetly warmed sin ar left the North."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, in astonishment; "your cousin must spend a fortin i' firin'."

"Deil a bit—coals cost nout—if they did, folks wad warm theirsels at the pit heaps. Iv'ry poor man has his shed full o' coals; great blazin' fires to come hyem te at night, and nice singin' hinnies, all ready for slicin' and butterin', swingin' o' the girdle—but ye dinna ken what a girdle is i' this country, ar's warn'd."

"No," replied Mrs. Brown; "we don't."

"Why, ye see," said James, "it's a great, round, flat iron board like, may be, three times as big as your hat-crown, with a hoop over the top to hank it on tiv a crook i' the chimney; and then the missis makes a thing like a spice loaf, which she rolls out flat with a rollin'-pin, till it's the size o' the girdle, and about as thick as yeer finger, and then she bakes it on the girdle, and

splets it up, and butters it see that the grease runs down your gob as ye eat it."

"Nay, then!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "but that will only be for gentle folk?"

*Pigg.*—"Iv'ry man i' the country has a singin' hinnie of a Saturday night, and many of a Sunday, tee. There wasn't a man on mar cousin Deavilboger's farm but had his fifteen and sixteen shillin' a-week, and some up to twenty."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, who only paid his eight. "It must be a grand country to live in."

"A, it's a grand country!" repeated Pigg. "Ar's sure ar's never be rightly warm sin' I left it. What they call a fire i' the South, is nabbut what we wad tak to light one on with i' the North;" rubbing his wet cords as he spoke. "A, it's a bonny country!—bonny Shiney Raws all about the pits. Ivery man with his pig and his gairden; sweetbriar i' the middle, and poseys round about."

"You must have a drop of gin, and see if that will warm you," rejoined Mr. Brown, unlocking a cupboard as he spoke. "Here, Mary, get some glasses, and put the kettle on, and let us have a cheerer to the gentleman's health. It's not every night that brings us a visitor."

A large black bottle of Hollands, labelled

"Eye Water," part of a contraband cargo, was fearlessly placed on the table. More wood and coal were added to the fire; the wood crackled merrily up the chimney, shedding a cheerful blaze over the family group circled about. One seat of honour was ceded to Pigg, the other was occupied by Mrs. Brown, while her two daughters came in between her and their father, who sat in the centre, and the servant lads kept a little in the rear of their master on the left. The servant girl bustled about in the background.

"Help yourself, now," said Mr. Brown, passing the bottle and tumbler to Pigg, having poured himself and his wife each out a glass. "Don't be afraid of it; you're heartily welcome, and there's more in the cupboard when you've finished that. Here's your good health! I'm fond of fox-hunters."

"Thank ye," replied Pigg, filling his glass half full of gin, and topping it with hot water. "Ar wish the country was made o' sic chaps as ye; we shouldn't hear se much 'war wheat' then, ar's warn'd ye."

Mr. Brown did not catch the latter part of the sentence, or he would have read him a lecture on riding over wheat.

A second half tumbler succeeded the first, and Pigg waxed uncommonly jovial; his eyes twinkled,

and his tongue ran riot with all manner of stories, chiefly about hunting, the importance of his cousin, Deavilboger, and the magnificence of the town of Newcassel. "Mr. Jorrocks was nothing but a good un. If it wasn't for him, he'd never stop i' the South." At the third half tumbler, Deavilboger's farm had grown into nine hundred acres, and Newcassel was bigger than London. "A! Mr. Grainger was sec a man! He'd build them a street in a night—rowl them it out like a bit of stair-carpetin'." Then he talked of Bees-wing. "A! what a mare she was—won ninety gold coops. Squire Ord had been forced to build a granary to keep them in." Next he took a tumbler to Bees-wing's health.

"God sink ar'll sing ye a sang," said he, turning the quid in his mouth. "A! one o' the bonniest sangs that iver was sung—all about a dog o' wor toon, and when ar stamps wi' my foot, ye mun all join chorus. Now ar'll begin:—

"In a town near Newcassel, a pitman did dwell,  
Wiv his wife named Peg, a tom-cat, and himsel;  
A dog called Cappy, he doated upon,  
Because he was left by his great uncle Tom.

Weel bred Cappy, famous au'd Cappy;  
Cappy's the dog, Tallibo, Tallibo!"

"Now, that *last's* chorus," observed Pigg, wiping the tobacco stream from his mouth with his sleeve.



“ His tail pitcher-handled, his colour jet black ;  
 Just a foot and a half was the length of his back ;  
 His legs seven inches frer shoulders to paws,  
 And his lugs like tve dockins, hung owre his jaws.”

Hereupon Pigg gave a mighty stamp, and the  
 company joined in with —

“ Weel bred Cappy, famous au’d Cappy,  
 Cappy’s the dog, Tallibo, Talliho !

“ For huntin’ of varmin reet cliver was he,  
 And the house frer a’ robbers his bark wad keep free.  
 Could baith fetch and carry ; could sit on a stool,  
 Or, when frisky, wad hunt water-rats in a pool.  
 Weel bred Cappy, &c.

As Ralphy to market one morn did repair,  
 In his hatband a pipe, and weel combed was his hair ;  
 Ower his arm hung a basket — thus onwards he speels,  
 And enter’d Newcassel wi’ Cap at his heels.  
 Weel bred Cappy, &c.

He hadn’t got further than foot of the side,  
 Afore he fell in with the dog-killin’ tribe ;  
 When a highwayman fellow slipp’d round in a crack,  
 And a thump o’ the skull laid him flat on his back !  
 Down went Cappy, &c.

Now Ralphy, *extonish’d*, Cap’s fate did repine,  
 While its eyes like twee little pearl buttons did shine ;  
 He then spat on his hands, in a fury he grew,  
 Cries, ‘ ‘Gad smash ! but ar’l hev settisfaction o’ thou,  
 For knockin’ down Cappy,’ &c.

Then this grim-luiken fellow his bludgeon he raised,  
 When Ralphy eyed Cappy, and then stood amazed ;  
 But fearin’ aside him he might be laid down,  
 Threw him into the basket, and bang’d out o’ town.  
 Away went Cappy, &c.

He breethless gat hyem, and when liftin' the sneck,  
 His wife exclaim'd, ' Ralphy ! thou's suin gettin' back ;'  
 ' Getten back !' replied Ralphy, ' ar wish ar'd ne'er gyen,  
 In Newcassel, they're fellin' dogs, lasses, and men.  
 They've knocked down Cappy, &c.

' If aw gan to Newcassel, when comes wor pay week,  
 Ar' liken him again by the patch on his cheek ;  
 Or if ever he enters wor toon wiv his stick,  
 We'll thump him about till he's black as au'd Nick,  
 For killin' au'd Cappy,' &c.

Wiv tears in her een, Peggy heard his sad tale,  
 And Ralph wiv confusion and terror grew pale ;  
 While Cappy's transactions with grief they talk'd o'er,  
 He creeps out o' the basket quite brisk on the floor !  
 Weel done, Cappy !' &c.

Great applause followed, producing another song, "The Keel Row," after which came another stiff tumbler of gin and water — then another song, or parts of a song rather — for the vocalist was fast becoming *hors du combat* ; — his face turned green — his eye gradually glazed, and at length his chin sunk on his breast ; but for the fortunate circumstance of the farmer's boy being on the look-out, his tumbler would have dropped to the ground. They then carried Mr. Pigg off to bed, but not being able to get off his boots, they happed him up as he was.

The next morning when Farmer Brown came down-stairs, he found Pigg on his over-night seat, with his legs cocked over the back of a chair, with one of his boys blacking his boots.

He had neither cold nor headach, and eat as much breakfast as if he had had no supper. His coat was dry, his waistcoat was dry, he was all dry together; the sun shone brightly, the lost hounds had cast up, and taken shelter in an out-house, his horse was freshish, and the pack poured out of the barn bright and glossy in their coats, though somewhat stiff in their limbs.

\* \* \* \*

“ If evir you come to Handley Cross, wor maister will be glad to thank ye and pay ye,” said Pigg, grasping the farmer’s hand as he mounted, “ and if evir ye gan to canny Newcassel, cast your eye o’er mar cousin Deavilboger’s farm—A! what tormots he has!”

“ You a’ *heartily* welcome,” replied Farmer Brown shaking him by the hand, “ and whenever you pass this way, give us a look in, there’ll always be a drop of eye-water in the bottle; stay, let’s open the gate for you;” running to the fold-yard from which Pigg emerged with the pack at his horse’s heels.

Mrs. Brown, her daughters and servants, were clustered at the door, to whom Pigg again returned thanks, and touching his cap, trotted down the lane on to the road, the brightness of the morning contrasting with the dark wildness of the hour in which he arrived. On Pigg jogged, now coaxing a weakly hound, now talk-

ing to his horse, and now striking up the chorus of—

“ Cappy’s the dog, ‘Talliho ! Talliho !”

\* \* \* \*

“ Your master’s just gone through,” said Anthony Smith, at the Barrow Hill gate.

“ Mar maister !” replied Pigg, “ what Squire Jorrocks ?”

“ Yeas,” said the man, “ he was axing if I could tell him what become of his hounds yesterday.”

“ Indeed !” replied Pigg, “ give me four pence and a ticket.”

On Pigg trotted as well as he could with a pack of hounds without a whipper-in, and catching a view of Mr. Jorrocks’ broad red back rounding a bend of the road, he gave a puff of his horn that acted like magic.

Mr. Jorrocks stopped as though he were shot.

Turning short back, he espied his huntsman and the hounds, and great was the joy and exultation at meeting.

“ *Killed him do you say !*” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in ecstasies, “ *vere’s his brush ?*”

“ A, sink ’em, they’d spoil’d it,” replied Pigg, “ afore iver I gat te them—but ar’s gotten his head i’ my pocket !”

“ *Fatch it out !*” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, “ vy,

man, you should ride with it at your osses' side. Have you never a couple loup to your saddle?—run a bit of vipcord through his snout, and let the world see the wonders we've done—you've no proper pride about you! There now," continued he, having adjusted the head at Pigg's saddle side, "let the world see it—don't let your coat lap hang over it."

Thus Mr. Jorrocks and Pigg proceeded at a foot's pace, relating their mutual adventures. Before they had got to the end of their stories, Charles popped upon them from a bye-road, and the three having got together again, they entered Handley Cross in triumphant procession, as though they had never parted. Rumours of the run had been rife all the morning, but in what direction it had been, nobody could tell. The stables and kennel were besieged by inquirers, and Mr. Fribbleton, the man-milliner, who edited the "Paul Pry," having been granted an audience, with Mr. Jorrocks' assistance, manufactured the following account for a second edition of his paper:—

**"BRILLIANT RUN WITH MR. JORROCKS' HOUNDS!**

"As this unrivalled pack were taking their daily exercise on the Summerton road, accompanied by the huntsman, their worthy master, and his friend, Mr. James Stubbs, a large dog-fox suddenly

crossed before them, with which the pack went away in gallant style, despite all efforts to stop them, as they were advertised to meet at the Round-of-Beef and Carrots to-morrow. The place the fox so suddenly popped upon them was just at the four-mile-stone, near the junction of the Appledove road, and as there were some coursers on Arthington open fields, it is conjectured bold Reynard having been suddenly disturbed by the long dogs, had come upon the hounds in a somewhat ruffled state of mind, without dreaming of his danger. However, he was quickly convinced that there was some, by the cry of his redoubtable pursuers, and the shortness of his start caused him to put his best leg foremost; and setting his head for Wollaton Plantations, he went straight as an arrow towards them, passing near the main earths on Thoresby Moor, and going through the low end of the plantations, where they run out into a belt.

“ Here he was chased by a woodman’s dog, and the hounds came to a momentary check; but Mr. Jorrocks, being well up, made a scientific cast forward, and, getting upon grass, they hit off the scent at a meuse, and went at a racing pace down to Crowland, leaving Bilson a little on the right, and so on to Langford Plantations, from thence by King’s Gate to Hookem-Snivey, and

on by Staunton-Snivey to the Downs, crossing at Depedean, leaving the Windmill to the right, and the Smugglers' Cave on the left. Night and a hurricane now came on; but, despite all impediments, this truly gallant pack realised their fox at the foot of Gunston Crag. A few more seconds would have thrown the mantle of protection over the varmint, as the crags are strongholds for foxes, from whence they are seldom or ever dislodged. It was the biggest fox that ever was seen, and the tag of his tail was uncommonly large.

“The distance gone over could not have been less than twenty-five miles; and altogether it was the very finest run ever encountered in the annals of fox-hunting. Mr. Jorrocks went like a bird, and earned a title to a niche among the crack riders of England.

“The hounds lay out all night, but have arrived at Handley Cross in very fair order; and we trust this run is a prelude to a long career of brilliant sport that we shall have the good fortune to record under the auspices of their most sporting master, and his equally renowned and energetic Scotch huntsman—Charles Pigg.”

Mr. Jorrocks wrote the following letter to Bill Bowker:—

“Dear Bowker,—Yours is received, and note

the contents. Wē've had a *buster*! Three hours without a check and a kill! Should have been 'appy to have sent old 'Nunquam Dormio'\* an account, but it was a bye on the sly, and no one being out, there are no names to bring in. It's soapin' people cleverly wot makes a run read. Howsomever, I hope to have lots of clippers for him to record before long. Latin be hanged!—Greek too, if there's any grown now-a-days. If 'Nunquam' spices mine up, let it be with Talliho sarce, and nothin' else! Now for the run.

“It's an old sayin', and a true 'un, that a bad beginnin' often makes a good endin'. We lost Binjimin at startin'; the little beggar was caught in the spikes of a po-chay, and carried a stage out of town—teach him to walk up street for futur'. Howsomever, off we set without him, and a tremendous run was the result. I send you the 'Pry,' and you can judge for yourself; the first part, about the find, must be taken 'cum grano salis,' with a *leetle* Quieanne pepper, as Pomponius Ego would say. We meant to have a private rehearsal as it were, and got a five-act comedy instead of a three. Indeed, it were like to have been a tragedy.

“Somehow or other I got to the Earl of Bramber's, where there was a spread, and I had

\* An eye, with “nunquam dormio” round, is the crest and motto of “Bell's Life.”



a good blow-out, and a solemnish drink. Either I walked in my sleep and fell into a well, or some one pitched me into one, and I was as near drowned as a toucher. Howsomever, I got out, and werry attentive people were to me, givin' me brandey, and whiskey, and negus, and all sorts of things. I slept pretty well after it, nevertheless; but when I awoke to get up, I seemed to be in quite a different room—no bell, no lookin'-glass, no wash-hand, no towels, no nothin', but my 'unting clothes were laid nice and orderly. I dressed, and found my way to the breakfast-room, when sich a roar of laughter greeted my entrance! Still, they were all werry purlite; but I observed, whenever a servant came in he nearly split his sides with laughin'. Well, jist as I was goin' away, I caught a sight of myself in a glass, and, oh crikey! my face was painted broad red and yellow stripes, zebra-fashion! I couldn't be angry, for it was so werry well done; but it certainly was werry disrespectful to an M.F.H. I never had a great fancy for lords—they first make a towel, and then a dish-clout of one. But enough of that.

“I hope the Slender has not been silly enough to shoot an exciseman; they are clearly not game. It will be haukward for them both if he has: of course he has too many legal friends not to get the best advice. I'm sorry to hear about Susan's legs—they were a pair of uncommon neat ones,

certainlie; all the symmetry of Westris's, without the smallness. I don't think blisterin' would do them any good; rest—rest—with occasional friction: hand-rubbin', in fact, is the best thing.

“I'm glad to hear about the Hessians; not that it makes any difference to me, further than one likes to see one's prophecies fulfilled. It would be hard if the swells were to do one out of the credit of introducin' them. Couldn't you get 'Nunquam Dormio' to put a query in his paper, as from a correspondent, axin' 'Who brought Hessians into fashion?' and let him answer it, sayin', 'Mr. Jorrocks, of Great Coram Street; or, Mr. Jorrocks, M.F.H. brought Hessians into fashion.' Ask Snarle if that would be evidence.

“Charley Stubbs is quite well, and slept last night at a lunatic's, a poor chap wot went mad about 'unting. You needn't send none of your nasty 'baccy down here, for I don't stand smokin'. As you say Snarle's business has fallen off, you'll have fewer common forms to copy, and more time for letter-writing. Tip us a stave when you've nothin' to do, and believe me yours to serve,

JOHN JORROCKS.

“I enclose you £5 for the Slender. Tell him to buy a good hard-mouthed counsel with it—such a chap as Charley Phillips, for instance. I fear Billy's only a 'lusus naturæ,' or 'loose 'un by natur', as Pomponius would say. J. J.”

## CHAPTER IV.

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“ PRESIDENT—I’ll trouble you for a toast, sir.”

CAPTAIN DOLEFUL, ever anxious for the prosperity of the town and his own emolument, conceived that a hunt dinner on the night of his ball would have the effect of drawing divers rural parties to the town who might not otherwise honour him with their presence, and he lost no time in communicating the idea to the worthy master, Mr. Jorrocks.

Of course the *éclat* it would confer on the hunt, and the brilliancy it would reflect on Mr. Jorrocks’ mastership, were the main points Captain Doleful urged on behalf of his proposal; and Mr. Jorrocks, nothing loth to indulge in a good dinner, at which he was to play first fiddle, readily came into the proposition, and the following notice was inserted in the “Paul Pry:”—

**“ MR. JORROCKS’ FOX HOUNDS !**

**“ There will be a HUNT DINNER, at the Dragon Hotel, on the night of the Master of the Ceremonies’ Ball, at which Members of the Hunt and the public in general, are invited to attend.**

**“ MR. JORROCKS IN THE CHAIR !**

**“ Tickets, twelve shillings each, to be had at the bar of the Dragon Hotel up to five o’clock on Monday evening, after which none can possibly be issued.”**

Never was a happier device, or one more eminently successful. Not only did the visitors of the place hasten to secure tickets, but people from all the neighbouring towns showered in their orders by the post, and it soon became apparent that a bumper would be the result. The longest long room at the Dragon was soon declared inefficient for the accommodation of the party, and the masons and joiners were summoned to lay the adjoining bed-room to the end, which would afterwards be restored to privacy by the means of folding-doors. Then came the usual joining and fitting of tables, the measuring of table-cloths, the borrowing of knives, forks, glasses, salt-sellers, decanters, and waiters. Captain Doleful flew about the town like a lost dog in search of its master. When Mr. Snubbins, the landlord of the Dragon failed in accomplishing a loan, the Captain exerted his authority

in compelling one. What with his ball and the dinner he scarcely had time for his meals.

On the Monday he bespoke an audience with Mr. Jorrocks to put the finishing stroke to his arrangements. He was duly received in the dining-room of Diana Villa, where pens, ink, and paper, were laid for his coming. The dinner, he assured the worthy master, was calculated to make him eminent in the eyes of all men, and most materially to aid the financial department of the hunt. "There will be," said he, "a gathering from all quarters. Men from every point—sportsmen of every shade and grade are about to assemble, and if you can manage to tickle the fancy of each with a speech, so as to make him believe his favourite sport is the best, there is no saying but in the happy mood most men are when pleased and half-drunk, you may draw a good many into becoming members or subscribing."

"There can be no difficulty whatsoever at all," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "in making them a werry 'andsome speech—beautiful speech, I may say, but in course they carn't expect me to tell them that I consider any sport better than 'unting."

"Why as to that," rejoined Captain Doleful, "it makes little odds what a man says on an occasion of this sort, especially a chairman, whose

first care should be to put every one in good humour with himself; and if you were to outstep the real facts a little for once, no one would ever think of throwing it in your teeth on a future occasion. For instance now, Captain Lengthways, the great courser, has written for tickets for three,—himself, his son and a friend,—in order that he may have the honour of making your acquaintance, and then of presenting his son in due form. Of course you will take an early opportunity during the evening of buttering him by introducing as a toast the beautiful sport of coursing, which you may say is one of the most classical and elegant of field-sports, and say that it is one which you feel a peculiar pleasure in proposing, inasmuch as you have been given to understand that one of the most distinguished patrons of the leash has honoured the Handley-Cross Hunt dinner with his presence, which affords you an opportunity of coupling with the sport the name of the gallant Captain Lengthways, and of course the toast will be responded to with a heavy round of cheers, which will lay the Captain open to the insinuating applications of Mr. Fleeceall, and you may reckon him, if not his son also, a member of your hunt for a year at all events, especially if you get him to pay the money down on the nail."

“Humph!” said Mr. Jorrocks, turning it over in his mind whether he could do such violence to his feelings as to praise the sport of coursing, or call it *sport* at all, for the sake of the three sovereigns he would get by Captain Lengthways becoming a member of the hunt. Nothing daunted, Captain Doleful proceeded with his enumeration and recommendations. “Mr. Trippitt, the famous cricketer, will most likely come. He was the founder of the Winwicket Cricket Club, which beat all London at Lord’s the year before last; you should toast him and his club together, and of course you would string a lot of sentences together in praise of the game of cricket, which you are doubtless aware is becoming a most popular game all over England. There is Mr. Ringmore, the quoit-player, and loads of people who keep some hobby or other for their private riding, who should all be toasted in turn.”

“Werry well,” said Mr. Jorrocks, “there cannot be not never no objection whatsoever at all to sayin’ somethin’ pleasant and soapy of all the warious amusements, but it is werry difficult and inconwenient to have so many cut and dried speeches, as well as one’s dinner aboard at the same time. If I could manage to couple two or three of them together, such as coursing,

fishin', and fiddlin', for instance, it would suit my constitution better."

"That would not do," replied Captain Doleful, "because one of the objects in singling out a sport or diversion to give as a toast is the circumstance of some patron or follower being at table, who will make a speech in reply ; but if you club two or three together, not only will you fail in getting any one to consider the toast as a compliment, but no one will rise to acknowledge it ; because, though he may be a keen follower of one branch of sport, he may care nothing about the thing you couple with it—You understand?"

"Then we must jest dot down wot we think should be given," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "and also wot I should say, for it is far more than probable, indeed I should say it is most likely, that in the heat and noise, and lush and flush, and one thing and another, I shall forget one half of the toast, and possibly give the coursins' man to the fiddlin' feller, or the cricketer instead of the quoit-player." Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks took pen and paper, and proceeded to draw out his list of toasts.

"In course, 'the Queen, and her stag 'ounds, will come first," observed he, writing the words at the head of a long slip of paper—adding, "bumper toast." Cheers. "Do you think there



will be any staggerin' sinner there to acknowledge the toast?"

"Probably there will," replied the Captain, "at all events, if there isn't, I would say a few words in return, as it would not look well to let the toast pass without saying something on behalf of our young and virtuous queen. I can acknowledge it as Vice-president, and also as holding her Majesty's commission."

"Well, then," said Mr. Jorrocks, "let's see what should come next? Shouldn't it be the 'Andley-cross Fox-'ounds, and my werry good health?"

"No—that will be too soon. The Chairman's health should never be given until the company have had a few glasses of wine to elate them for shouting. Besides, your health will be the toast of the evening, and things always become flat after that is given, and perhaps the company will begin to disperse."

"Werry well—any thing for a quiet life—what shall we put then?"

*Captain Doleful.*—"Prince Albert, to be sure! Hasn't there been something in the papers lately about his having got a pack of harriers to hunt in the Home Park, where he would not have any of those dangerous fences to encounter they have with the stag-hounds?"

“ There was, I believe,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, thoughtfully, “ but I doesn’t think that will do to sugar his milk upon. He’ll soon tire o’ that game—begun forty years too soon—howsomever, he’s a werry ’andsome young man, and there’s no knowin’ but he may train on for an M. F. H.” So saying, Mr. Jorrocks placed the Prince’s name after her Majesty’s.

“ We must have the Prince of Whales next, in course,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, “ also the Queen Dowager, and all the rest of the Royal family,” putting it down, and asking the captain what should follow.

“ Mr. Strider, the great racing man of these parts, will most likely come; and if so, you should give the Turf,” observed Captain Doleful. “ Besides, he is a very likely man to become a member of the Hunt, if not to subscribe, now that there is a regular master, his only excuse for not doing so when the committee had the hounds being that he didn’t like partnership concerns in any thing but race-horses.”

“ The Turf, and Mr. Strider’s good health!” Mr. Jorrocks wrote down—adding the words—“ improve breed of ’osses—promote sport—amuse lower orders—mount cavalry—lick the world,” as the headings for his speech.

“ Come now, jog on,” said Mr. Jorrocks, look-

ing at the nib of his pen, "we've only got five toasts ready as yet: shouldn't we give Fox-'unting?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Captain Doleful; "that is a general toast, and acceptable to all; besides, Mr. Yarnley will be at the dinner," observed Captain Doleful. "He has two capital covers, and one capital speech, which he likes letting off. Write down 'Mr. Yarnley, and Promoters of Fox-hunting!' for he doesn't hunt himself and only preserves foxes in order that he may have his health drank at ordinaries and public dinners, when he tells the company how he always has preserved foxes, and does preserve foxes, and will preserve foxes, and so forth."

Mr. Jorrocks then added Mr. Yarnley's name to the list of toasts, adding the words, "proprietors of covers and promoters of fox-'unting," and the following headings for a speech, "Considerate gentleman—free from selfishness—good example." "We should cheer this toast, I think," added Mr. Jorrocks, "'specially as I s'pose the gemman takes no rent for his covers."

"I believe not," replied Captain Doleful, upon which Mr. Jorrocks put the word "cheers" after "good example."

"Now Coursing should come, I think," remarked Captain Doleful, "and Captain Lengthways's health. He's a great man at the Deptford

meeting, and thinks coursing the only sport worth following."

"He must be a werry big blockhead, then," replied Mr. Jorrocks, laying down his pen, and stretching out his legs as though he were going to take "the rest." "A werry remarkable jackass, indeed, I should say. Now of all slow, starvation, great-coat, comforter, worsted-stockin', dirty-nose sort of amusement, that same melancholy coursin' is to me the most miserably contemptible. It's a satire upon racing."

"Never mind," said Captain Doleful, "Lengthways's guineas will be as good as any other man's; and, as I said before, a chairman is not expected to swear to all he says — your business is to endeavour to please every one, so that they may all tell their wives and daughters what a most delightful, amiable, all-in-the-ring sort of gentleman Mr. Jorrocks is."

"Aye, that's all werry good, but conscience is conscience after all, and coursin' is coursin'. It's as bad as drinkin' the 'Andley-Cross waters to have to praise what one doesn't like. I'll give the Merry 'Arriers, before Coursin', howsoever," said Mr. Jorrocks, putting down the words Hare-'unting; "Will there be any currant-jelly boy to return thanks?—I'm sure there will, indeed, for I never knew a mexed party yet without a master of muggers among them."

To this toast Mr. Jorrocks added the words—  
“nose—fine music—pleasant—soup.” “Now,”  
said he, “we’ve got the Queen and the Staggers  
—Prince Halbert—Prince of Whales—Queen  
Dowager—Strider and the Turf—Fox-’unting—  
Yarnley and Proprietors of Covers—the Merry  
’Arriers.”

“Put ‘Coursing’ next, then,” said Doleful;  
“it will follow hare-hunting very well, and be  
all in the soup line.”

“Well, if you must have it, you must,” replied  
Mr. Jorrocks, writing down the word: “coursin’”  
“Who acknowledges the toast?—ah, Lengthways  
—*Captain*, I think you said he is? Captain  
Lengthways—a werry good man to return thanks  
for long dogs—blow me if I knows what to say  
though in givin’ it.”

“Oh, say it’s classical, and a fine bracing  
amusement.” Mr. Jorrocks added the words  
“fine amusement.”

“Well, that’s eight bumpers from the chair,”  
observed Captain Doleful; “and now we’ll let  
you take your breath a little—unless Mr. Snapper  
comes, when you must give pigeon-shooting and  
the triggers generally. I’ll now toast the Chair.”

“The Chair,” wrote Mr. Jorrocks, “that’s  
me. Cheers in course.”

“Of course,” replied Captain Doleful, “I  
shall butter you uncommon.”

“ With all my 'eart—I can stand a wast of praise—not easily choked, I assure you.”

“ Well then, after that, and after your speech, which of course will be highly complimentary to the company, and full of promises of what you will do, you must propose my health—as master of the ceremonies of Handley Cross Spa.”

“ And as a great sportsman !” added Mr. Jorrocks.

“ No, I'd rather not—the fact is, I only hunt on the sly. If the Dowagers thought I did not devote my whole time and energies to the town amusements, they would grumble, and say I was always out hunting instead of attending to the important duties of my post. No ; just confine yourself to the M. C. department, not forgetting to insinuate that it is my ball-night, and to express a hope that all the company will honour it with their presence ; you might say something, apparently facetious, in the way of a hint about giving guineas for their tickets ; for some people are getting into the trick of paying at the door.”

“ Werry good,” said Mr. Jorrocks, writing down “ Capt. Doleful, M. C., not sportsman—pleasant feller—nice ball—pumps in pocket—tickets at bar—guinea.” “ You'll be ‘ cheer'd,’ I suppose ?”

“Of course,” said the Captain—“all the honours—one cheer more if you can get it.”

Cricketing, quoit-playing, shooting, badger-baiting, steeple-chasing, hurdle-racing, crow-shooting, and divers other sporting, extraordinary, and extravagant toasts were then added; some to fit people that were known to be coming, others put down to take the chance of any amateur of the amusement presenting himself unexpectedly at the table.

“Werry well now,” said Mr. Jorrocks at last, dotting up the column of toasts with his pen, “that is two, four, six, seven, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen. Sixteen bumper toasts, with speeches both goin’ and returnin’, to say nothin’ of shoutin’, which always tells on weak ’eads. Wot shall we say next?”

“Oh!” said Captain Doleful, in an indifferent sort of way, as much as to say the important business of the evening would be finished on drinking his health; “why just pass the bottle a few times, or if you see a gentleman with a singing face, call on him for a song; or address your neighbour right or left, and say you’ll trouble him to give a gentleman and his hounds.”

“A gentleman and his ’ounds,” said Mr. Jorrocks, “but they’ll have had a gentleman and his ’ounds when they’ve had me.”

“ Ah, but that’s nothing—‘ a gentleman and his hounds,’ is a fine serviceable toast at a hunt-dinner. I’ve known a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—serve chairman, vice-chairman, and company throughout the live-long evening, without the slightest assistance from any other source. Fox-hunters are easily pleased, if you do but give them plenty to drink. Let me, however, entreat of you, above all things, to remember my ball, and do not let them oversit the thing, so as not to get to it. Remember, too, it’s a fancy one, and they’ll take more dressing.”

“ I’ll vip them off to you when I think they’ve had enough,” replied Mr. Jorrocks.



CHAPTER V.

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“ Gentlemen ! I’ll trouble you to charge your glasses ! ”

THE important night drew on, and with it came all the cares and excitement of a double event. The interests of all hearts and minds were centred in that day. None looked beyond. The dinner and dance formed the boundary of their mental horizon. At an early hour in the afternoon numerous rural vehicles came jingling into Handley Cross, with the mud of many counties on their wheels. Here was Squire Jorum’s, the chairman of quarter sessions, green chariot, with fat Mrs. Jorum and three fat little Miss Jorums crammed inside, young Mr. Jorum having established himself alongside a very antediluvian-looking coachman, in dark drab, with a tarnished gold band on a new hat, who vainly plied the thong and crop of a substantial half pig-driver, half horse-breaker’s whip, along the

ribs and hind quarters of a pair of very fat, square-tailed, heavy, rough-coated, coarse-headed, lumbering nags, to induce them to trot becomingly into the town. Imperials, a cap-box, a maid in the rumble, all ensconced in band-boxes, proclaim their destiny for that day. Captain Slasher, with a hired barouche and four hack screws, all jibbing and pulling different ways—the barouche full of miscellaneous foot cornets in plain clothes (full of creases of course), dashes down East Street, and nearly scatters his cargo over the road, by cutting it fine between Squire Jorum's carriage and the post. A yellow dennet passes by, picked out with chalk, mud, and black stripes: two polar bear-looking gentlemen, in enormous pea-jackets, plentifully be-pocketed, with large wooden buttons, are smoking cigars and driving with a cane-handled hunting-whip. Then a "yellow," with the driver sitting on the cross-bar, whose contents, beyond a bonnet and a hat, are invisible, in consequence of the window having more wood than glass in its composition, works its way up, and in its turn is succeeded by another private carriage with a pair of posters.

Then there was such a ringing of bells, calling of waiters, cursing of chambermaids, and blasting of boots, at the various hotels, in consequence of the inability of the houses to swell themselves

into three times their size, to accommodate the extraordinary influx of guests. "Very sorry, indeed," says Mr. Snubbins, the landlord of the Dragon, twisting a dirty duster round his thumb, "very sorry indeed, sir," speaking to a red-faced big-whiskered head, thrust out of a carriage window, "we are full up to the attics—not a shake-down or sofa unoccupied; can get you a nice lodging out, if you like—very comfortable."

"D— your comfortables, you lying thief!—do you 'suppose I can't do that for myself? Well, if ever you catch me coming to your house again I hope I may be ——" The wish was lost by some one pulling the irate gentleman back into his chaise, and after a short parley inside, during which three reasonable single gentlemen applied to Mr. Stubbins for the accommodation of a room amongst them to dress in for dinner, the boy was ordered to drive on, and make the grand tour of the inns.

Weary, most weary were the doings at the Dragon. *Ring a ding, ding a ding dong*, went the hostler's bell at the gate; "Room for a carriage and pair?"

"Whose o' it?"

"Mrs. Grout's!"

"No, quite full!" The hostler muttering to himself, "Mrs. Grouts and two feeds—sixpence for hostler." *Ring a ding, ding a ding, ding a ding*

*dong*. Hostler again—"Coming out!" "Who now?" "Squire Gooseander! four posters, piping hot, white lather, boys beer'y, four on to Hollins-hall, bait there, back to ball—sixpence a mile for good driving—out they come—there's your ticket—pay back and away."

*Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle*, went a little bell, as though it would never stop.

"WAITER!" roared a voice from the top of the house, that came like a crash of thunder after the insignificant precursor, "am I to ring here all day? Where's the boots? I sent him for a barber an hour ago, and here I've been starving in my shirt-sleeves ever since."

"Now Jane, Miss Tramp wants her shoes."

"Where's the chambermaid?" exclaimed a gentleman, rushing half frantic down-stairs; "here's a man got into my room, and swears he *will* dress in it."

"Oh! I begs pardon, sir," replied the chambermaid, trying to smoothe him over, "we really are *so full*, and I didn't think you'd be coming in so soon."

"Waiter! somebody has changed my place at dinner! I was next Mr. Walter Dale, and now they've put me below Mr. Barker's—between him and Mr. Alcock: who the devil's done it?"

"Boots! Porter! Boots! run down to Mr. Ingledew the tailor's—you know him, don't you?"

Corner of Hill Street—just as you turn off the esplanade; and tell him he's sent me the wrong coat. Not half the size of my own—more like a strait-jacket than any thing else. And here! desire Mrs. Kirton to send some ball gloves for me to try on—lemon colour or white—three and six-penny ones."

"Lauk, I've come away and left Miss Eliza's stockings, I do declare!" exclaims Jemima Thirlwell, Miss Eliza Rippon's lady's maid, pale with fear, "what *shall* I do? Never was any thing so unlucky—just took them to run my hand through and see they were all right, and left them hanging over the back of the chair. Know as well where they are as possible—but what's the use of that when they are ten miles off?"

"Waiter, what time's dinner?"

"Five o'clock, sir, and no waiting—Mr. Jorrocks swears he'll take the chair at five precisely, whether it's served or not," adds the waiter, with a grin.

Then there was such work in the kitchen—Susan Straker, the cook, like all the sisterhood, was short in her temper, and severe and endless were the trials it underwent in consequence of the jingling and tinkling of the bells calling away the chambermaids who were to have assisted her in the kitchen. Then Mr. Jorrocks deranged her whole system by insisting upon having a

sucking pig and roast goose that she intended for centre dishes, right under his nose at the top of the table; added to which, the fish was late in coming, and there was not half as much macaroni in the town as would make an inn dish.

“Now, Jun,” said Mrs. Jorrocks to her loving spouse, taking a finishing look of our hero as he emerged from his bed-room in the full dress uniform of his hunt, “see and conduct yourself like a gen’leman and with dignity, and, above all, keep *sober*—nothing so wulger or ungenteel as gettin’ intosticated. Belinda and I will call for you at ten minutes before ten, to take you on to the ball; for, in course, it carn’t commence till we come, and it won’t be politeful to keep people waitin’ too long.”

“Jest so,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, adjusting a capacious shirt-frill in the glass—“Binjimin! I say! run and fatch the fly.”

Mr. Jorrocks was uncommonly smart. Sky-blue coat lined with pink satin, finely starched white waistcoat, new canary-coloured shorts, below which stood a pair of splendid calves, encased in gauze white silk stockings, and his feet appeared in shining shoes with silver buckles. At either knee a profusion of white riband dangled in graceful elegance, looking for all the world like wedding favours. Benjamin, notwithstand-

ing his boasting and taunting to Samuel Strong, knew his master too well, and the taste of his whip also, to attempt any of the exclusive tricks in the way of service, he gave himself credit for acting; so settling himself into his frock-coat, and drawing on a pair of clean white Berlins, sufficiently long at the fingers to allow the ends to dribble in the soup-plates, he wiped his nose across his hand, and running away down to the stand, very soon had a fly at the door. Jorrocks stepped in, and Benjamin mounted behind with all the dignity of a seven-foot figure footman. Away they dash to the Dragon.

Notwithstanding the descent of a drizzling rain, and the "inclement season of the year," as newspapers phrase it, there was a crowd of servants, post-boys, beggars, and loiterers hanging about the arched gate-way of the Dragon to get a sight of our renowned hero alighting from his fly; and great was the rushing and jostling to the door as it drew up. Mr. Snubbins, the landlord, a choleric round-faced little man, with a snub nose and a pimple on the end of it, had put himself into a white waistcoat, with his best blue coat and black kerseymere shorts, to officiate behind Mr. Jorrocks' chair, and hearing his name bandied about on his arrival, met him at the foot of the stairs with all-becoming respect, and pro-

ceeded to conduct him into the waiting-room. There was a strongish muster; but two melancholy mould-candles, in kitchen candlesticks, placed on the centre of a large table, shed such a dismal ray about the room, that little was distinguishable save a considerable mass of white, and an equally large proportion of a darker colour. Some thirty or forty members of the Hunt, strangers and others, were clustered about, and there was a dull, funeral sort of hum of a conversation, interrupted every now and then by the recognition of friends, and the entrance of another arrival into the dingy apartment. Then there was the usual hiding of hats and cloaks—the secretion of umbrellas, goloshes, and sticks, and the expression of hopes that they might be forthcoming when wanted.

Meanwhile the savoury smell of dinner fighting its way up the crowded staircase, in the custody of divers very long-coated post-boys turned waiters, and a most heterogeneous lot of private servants, some in top-boots, some in gaiters, some few in white cotton stockings, and the most out-of-the-way fitting liveries, entered the waiting-room, and the company began to prepare for the rush. All things, soup, fish, joints, vegetables, poultry, pastry, and game, being at length adjusted, and the covers taken off to allow them to



cool, Mr. Snubbins borrowed a candle from the low end of the table, and forthwith proceeded to inform Mr. Jorrocks that dinner was served.

Great was the rush! The worthy citizen was carried out of the waiting-room across the landing, and half-way up the dining-room, before he could recover his legs, and he scrambled to his seat at the head of the table, amidst loud cries of "Sir, this is my seat! Waiter, take this person out."—"Who are you?"—"You're another!"—"Mind your eye!"—"I *will* be here!"—"I say you won't though!"—"That's my bread!" Parties at length get wedged in. The clamour gradually subsides into an universal clatter of plates, knives, and forks, occasionally diversified by the exclamation of "*Waiter!*" or, "Sir, I'll be happy to take wine with you." Harmony gradually returns, as the dinner progresses, and ere the chopped cheese makes its appearance, the whole party is in excellent humour. Grace follows cheese, and the "feast of reason" being over, the table is cleared for the "flow of soul."

A long web of green baize, occasionally interrupted by the inequalities of the various tables, succeeds, and clean glasses with replenished decanters and biscuit plates, for they do not sport dessert, are scattered at intervals along the surface. The last waiter at length takes his departure, and eyes begin to turn towards the chair.

“ Mr. Wice!” roars Mr. Jorrocks, rising, and hitting the table with an auctioneer’s hammer, “ Mr. Wice-President, I say!” he repeats, in a louder and more authoritative tone, amid cries of “ Chair! chair! order! order! silence! silence!” “ I rises,” says he, looking especially important, “ to propose a toast, a bumper toast in fact, that I feels confident you will all drink with werry ‘earty satisfaction—it is the health of our young, wirtuous, and amiable Queen (applause), a werry proper toast to give at a great sportin’ dinner like this, seein’ as how she is a werry nice little ‘ooman, and keeps a pack of stag-‘ounds. Gentlemen, I need not tell you that stag-‘unting is a sport of great hantiquity, as the curiosity shop-keepers say; but they couldn’t do it in nothin’ like the style in former days that they do now, so in that respects we have the better of the old hancients. Who hasn’t seen Frank Grant’s grand pictor of the meet of the stag-‘ounds on Hascot ‘Eath? That will tell you how it’s done now—French polish, blue satin ties, such as Esau never could sport. That’s a pictor, my bouys, and when I’ve ‘unted your country to the satisfaction of you all, as I’ve no manner of doubt at all that I shall, then you subscribe and get Frank to paint me and my ‘ounds. And now for the toast,” added Mr. Jorrocks, raising a brimming bumper high in hand: “ The Queen and her Stag-‘ounds!”

Drank with a full and heavy round of applause. After resuming his seat a few seconds, during which time he conned the next toast in his mind, Mr. Jorrocks rose and called for another bumper, just as Captain Doleful was rising to return thanks on behalf of her Majesty.

“ Mr. Wice!” he roared out, “ I rise to propose another bumper toast, as big a bumper as the last in fact, and one that I feel convinced you will all be most 'appy to drink. We have just had the honour of drinking the health of the Queen; there is one near and dear to her Majesty, who, I feels assured, you will not be the less delighted to honour (applause). I need not say that I alludes to the nice-lookin' young Prince Halbert, who, if he would only wear tights, would be the best-lookin' man in the country (laughter and applause). Gentlemen, I thinks her Majesty has shewn werry great taste in her choice (applause). The Prince is a real nice-lookin' young man, and if he would only keep fox-'ounds instead of 'arriers, he would be every thing the nation could desire (great applause). I begs to propose ‘ The 'ealth of Prince Halbert!’ ” (Drank with immense applause—one cheer more—HUZZAH !)

Mr. Jorrocks being an expert chairman, from frequent practice at “ free-and-easys,” went on pretty briskly at starting, and the company had

hardly drained their glasses, and got settled after cheering, before his hammer was at work again, and he called for another bumper toast.

Having given "The Prince of Whales," as he called him, and "The Queen Dowager," "Gentlemen," said he, rising, glass in hand, "I have now to propose to your favourable consideration an important branch o' British diversion, and one for which this country long has, and ever will, stand most howdaciously conspicuous (cheers). I allude to the noble sport of racin'" ("hear, hear, hear," from Mr. Strider, and a slight jingling of glasses from friends in his neighbourhood); "Gentlemen, racin' is a sport of great hantiquity, so old, in fact, that I carn't go back to the time when it commenced. It is owin' to racin' and the turf, that we now possess our superior breed of 'osses, who not only amuse the poor people wot carn't afford to hunt, by their runnin', but so improve our breed of cavalry, as enables us to lick the world (cheers). I am sure, gentlemen, you will all agree that racin' is one of the noblest and most delightful sports going, and honoured as we are, this evenin', by the presence of one of the brightest hornaments of the British turf," (Mr. Jorrocks looking most insinuatingly down the table at Strider, as much as to say, "That will do you, my boy.") "I feels assured I need only couple with the turf the popular name of Strider (loud cheers),

to insure a burst of hearty and enthusiastic applause." Jorrocks was right in his surmise, for no sooner was the name pronounced, than there was such a thumping of the baize-covered tables, such a kicking of the floor, and such a shouting and clapping of hands, that the concluding words of his speech were audible only to the reporter, who was accommodated with a small round table and a large bottle of port immediately behind the chair.

Captain Strider was rightly named Strider, for he was an immensely tall, telescopic kind of man, and drew himself out from under the table as though he was never going to end. He had a frightful squint, so that when he meant to look at the chair, one eye appeared settled half way down the table, and the other seemed to rest upon the ceiling. He was dressed in a round, racing, cut-a-way coat, with basket buttons, drab trousers, and a buff waistcoat, with a striped neckcloth. He had made money by racing — if honestly, he was a much belied man — but as he spent it freely, and not one man in a hundred cares to ask how it comes, Strider was popular in his neighbourhood.

"He felt deeply sensible of the honour that had been done him by their distinguished chairman and that great meeting, not only by the manner in which his health had been proposed,

but for the handsome compliment that had been paid to the great national and all-enjoyable sport of racing, which he felt assured required no recommendation from him, as no one could partake of it once without being fully convinced of its infinite superiority and worth. He was happy to see that his humble exertions in the great and good cause had not been altogether thrown away, for, in the list of races for next year, he saw many names that had never been put down before, and having now got a master of bounds, whose name was closely associated with every thing that was sporting and popular, he made no doubt things would proceed in a true railway style of progression, and the name of Jorrocks would be followed by every well-wisher to that noble animal, the horse. The list of Hashem races for the next year, he would take the liberty of handing up to the chair," producing, as he spoke, a long, half-printed, half-manuscript sheet from his coat-pocket, "and, in conclusion, he had only to repeat his most grateful thanks for the very distinguished honour they had conferred upon him."

Thereupon three-quarters of the orator disappeared under the table—the list passed quickly up, for no one ventured to look at it, lest a subscription should be inferred, and on its reaching the president, he very coolly folded it up, and put it into his pocket. Mr. Strider looked all ways

except straight at Mr. Jorrocks, who very complacently proceeded with his list of toasts. "Gentlemen," cried he, getting up again, "Mr. Vice-President and gentlemen!" he exclaimed; "the next toast is one that I feel assured you will drink with werry great satisfaction, and in a full bumper, with all the honours—it is the health of a gentleman now present, who, though no fox-'unter himself—the more's the pity—is nevertheless a real friend to the sport, and not one of your selfish warmints who destroys foxes because he does not care about Tallihoing himself, but, with most trumpish consideration, does his best to promote the sport of his friends and neighbours, thereby settin' an example worthy of imitation by all, both great and small (cheers). When I say it's the health of a gentleman wot gives a brace of covers, free gratis, all for nothin', to our 'unt, your percussion imaginations will readily supply the name of Yarnley (loud applause); and I propose we drink in a full bumper the health of Mr. Yarnley, and proprietors of covers, and promoters of fox-'unting." This toast was drunk with very great applause, and some seconds elapsed before silence was restored. Mr. Yarnley then rose.

He, too, was a tallish man, but coming after Strider he looked less than he really was, added to which, a frock-coat (sky-blue, with pink lining),

rather detracted from his height; his face was long and red, his nose very short and thick, and his hair very straight. "Mr. President and gentlemen!" said he, very slowly, fixing his eyes steadily on a biscuit-plate before him, "for the honour you have done me—hem—in drinking my health—hem—I beg—hem—to return you—hem—my most sincere thanks—hem—and gentlemen, I can only say—hem—that I have always been a friend—hem—to fox-'unting—hem (cheers)—and I always shall be a friend to fox-'unting, gentlemen (cheers)—which I am sure is a most agreeable sport (cheers)—hem, hem—and, gentlemen, I hope you will always find foxes in my covers—hem (applause)—for I can only say, gentlemen, that I do preserve foxes, gentlemen—hem (renewed applause)—and I always have preserved foxes, gentlemen—hem, hem—" when Yarnley, seeming about brought up, the company cheered, and drinking off his heel-taps, he concluded with saying, "and, gentlemen, I always *will* preserve foxes!"

"Mr. Wice-President," roared Mr. Jorrocks, above the clamour that now began to prevail, as tongues became loosened with the juice of the grape, "Mr. Wice-President, having drank the first of all sports, let us not forget another werry pleasant branch of 'unting that many delight in who cannot partake of the other, and which is



useful as well as pleasant, I mean 'are'-unting; it is a werry nice lady-like amusement; and though we had no 'are-soup at dinner, I makes no doubt we have some werry keen 'are'-unters at table for all that. I begs to give you "'Are'-unting, and the Merry 'Arriers.'"

While Mr. Jorrocks was delivering himself of this eloquence, an evident uneasiness prevailed among divers fat, ruddy-faced gentlemen, chiefly dressed in single-breasted green coats, with bright buttons, and drab breeches, with woollen stockings, who were scattered among the company, as to who should acknowledge the honour that was done their calling, and gradually they turned to one sportsman near Mr. Jorrocks, who, bolder than the rest, returned thanks in a dribbling, cold-hunting sort of speech, while some dozen stood up to signify their approbation of the sentiments of the speaker, and their sense of the honour that had been individually done them.

Coursing followed hare-hunting, according to previous arrangement, which Mr. Jorrocks described as a fine useful sport, and expatiated largely on the merits of "'are-soup," and "jugged 'are."

Captain Lengthways briefly acknowledged the honour.

Doleful now began twisting his face into a variety of contortions as the time approached for

him to let off his cut-and-dried speech. He had it in notes under his biscuit-plate, at least all the long words he was likely to forget, and now was the time for pouring them upon the company. "Gentlemen!" said he, in a shrill, penny-trumpet sort of voice, hitting the table with his knuckles; "Gentlemen!" he repeated, without drawing the attention of the company to his upright position.

"SILENCE!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, like Jupiter himself, and the noise was quelled on the instant.

"Gentlemen!" repeated Captain Doleful, for the third time, "often as it has fallen to my lot to address meetings of my friends and fellow-citizens, never—no never, did I rise with feelings of such unmitigated embarrassment and trepidation as I do upon the present occasion, for I rise to take upon myself the high and important honour of offering to one of the most distinguished and enlightened assemblies human being ever addressed (loud cheers) a toast that no tongue can do justice in proposing, for it is the health of a man whose worth is superior to any form of words the English language is capable of supplying" (immense cheers). "'Ookey Valker," said Mr. Jorrocks in an under tone. "Gentlemen," continued Captain Doleful, "deeply conscious as I am of my own unworthiness and incapacity, I would infinitely prefer comprising the toast in the magic name of the gentleman whose health it is,

were it not for the honourable and important office of master of the ceremonies of this unrivalled town, which renders it imperative upon me to attempt, however feebly and defectively, a slight portraiture of his unrivalled and surpassing worth (cheers). Gentlemen, whether I regard our great master in his private relation as a friend and delightful companion, or look at him in that resplendent cynosure, formed by the mastership of the Handley Cross fox-hounds, I know not in which character I feel the greatest difficulty and barrenness of expression—the greatest paucity of words, of simile, of fitting comparison (loud cheers). In the one, our estimable chairman is all mildness, like the blessed evening-star; and in the other, all energy and daring, like the lion lord of the forest, rampant for his prey!” (Renewed cheers.) “’Ookey Valker,” again said Mr. Jorrocks, blowing his nose. “Unbounded in his liberality—unbounded in his hospitality—unbounded in his urbanity, his private character is equalled only by his public one (loud cheers). They are like rival moons!—opposition suns! (Immense cheers.) But, gentlemen, what boots it for an humble individual like myself to occupy your valuable time (cries of “Go on,” “Go on,”) in attempting to do justice to a subject that, as I have already said, is beyond the reach of praise,—above the power of words to accomplish; let me rather

resume the place I humbly occupy at this festive board—resume it at least until my important avocations call me, and *you* I hope I may add,” grinning like a death’s head upon the company, “to another, and equally enchanting scene; but before I sit down, let me utter the magic words, ‘Health and long life to John Jorrocks!’”

The latter words were delivered in something between a screech and a yell, but fortunately the unearthly sound was immediately quelled by the instantaneous rising of the company, who, in the most uproarious manner—some standing on their chairs, others with one leg on a chair and another on the table—roared forth the most deafening discharge of applause that ever was discharged in the Dragon, while Mr. Jorrocks sat wondering how long it would last. After a lapse of some minutes, order began to be restored, the company gradually got shuffled into their seats, and, filling himself a bumper of port, Mr. Jorrocks at length rose to return thanks.

“Well, now, dash my vig,” said he, sticking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, “but friend Miserrimus has buttered me uncommon (laughter and cheers). Never was so reg’larly soaped in my life (renewed laughter). A werry little more might have made one doubt his sincerity. I’m the man for all sorts of lark, and no mistake—one that goes the *extreme* animal—the

entire pig—without a doubt. 'Untin' is the foremost passion of my 'eart! compared with it all others are flat and unprofitable (cheers and laughter). It's not never of no manner of use 'umbuggin' about the matter, but there's no sport fit to hold a candle to fox-'untin' (cheers from the blue-coated party). Talk of stag-'untin'! might as well 'unt a hass!—see a great lolloppin' beggar blobbin' about the market-gardens near London, with a pack of 'ounds at its 'eels, and call that diwersion! My vig, wot a go! (laughter). Puss-'untin' is werry well for cripples, and those that keep donkeys (renewed cheers from the blues, with angry looks from the green-coated gentry). Blow me tight! but I never sees a chap a trudgin' along the turnpike, with a thick stick in his 'and, and a pipe in his mouth, but I says to myself, there goes a man well mounted for 'arriers! (immense laughter and uproar, continuing for some minutes, in the midst of which the green party left the room). I wouldn't be a master of muggers for no manner of money! (renewed laughter). Coursin' should be made felony! (Captain Lengthways looked unutterable things). Racing is only for rogues! (Strider squinted frightfully). I never goes into Tat.'s on a bettin'-day, but I says to myself as I looks at the crowd by the subscription-room door, there's a nice lot o' petty-larceny lads!"

Strider drew himself from under the table, and shaking a fist towards Mr. Jorrocks, while his eyes looked across, and down, and round the room, every where but at the chairman, he stalked off, followed by Lengthways, and Lengthways's son, and a gentleman for whom Lengthways had paid, and brought bodily in the chaise, amid ironical cheers from the blues, who encouraged Mr. Jorrocks by the most vociferous applause. "Believe me, my beloved buoys," continued Mr. Jorrocks, perfectly unconscious of the movement, or the mischief he was doing, "that 'untin', 'untin', 'untin', is the sport! Oh," said he, with up-turned eyes, "vot a martyr I am to the chase! It makes me perfectly mad,—I dreams about it night after night, and every night. Sometimes I'm tormented with foxes; I fancy I sees them grinnin' at me from all parts of the bed-curtains, and even sittin' upon the counterpane; then I kicks them off, and away we all go to the tune of 'eads up and sterns down. Presently I sees Binjimin a ridin' on a whirlwind, and directin' the chase; next minute I fancies myself on a pumped-out 'oss, a heavin' and sobbin' in the heavy, not a soul with the 'ounds, who are going away with a fresh fox, jest as I sees the 'unted one dead beat, a crawlin' down an 'edge-row; I outs with my 'orn, and, blow me tight, I carn't sound it! At another time, a butcher's

bouy, without an 'at, comes tearin' on a runaway tit, right among the 'ounds, who have thrown up in a lane, and the crashin' and yellin' is hawful. Again, I dreams, that jest as the darlin's are runnin' into the warmint all savage, and bristlin' for blood, a flock of sheep cross their line, when every 'ound seizes his mutton; and then I sees a man with a long bill in his 'and, with a lawyer in the distance, makin' towards me, and then I awakes.

“Gentlemen, none but an 'untsman knows an 'untsman's cares! But come, never mind; care killed the cat! vot's the toast?” said he, stooping, and looking at his list: “Ah! I sees,” reading to himself in a pretty loud voice, “Doleful, M.C.—great sportsman—pleasant feller.” “Gentlemen!” he roared out, resuming an erect position, “pray charge your glasses—bumper-toast—no 'eel-taps, no sky-lights, but reg'lar downright brimmin' bumpers to the 'ealth of a man that shall be immortal. Gentlemen, if ever it was utterly impossible to do the right measure of genteel by any one, it is upon the present momentous crisis, when I rises to butter a man that is superior to butter—to oil a man that is Macassar itself. Oh! surely Doleful there,” looking at the vice-chairman, “is a trump, and no mistake (laughter). Whether I looks at him as chief of the fantastic toers, or a leadin' sportsman of our brilliant 'unt,

I doesn't know which character is the brightest (immense laughter, for all who knew Doleful knew how perfectly innocent he was of sporting; Doleful himself began to make wry faces). I loves him as a sportsman, though we all know he only 'unts on the sly; but then what a brilliant boy he is in a ball-room! 'Talkin' of that, gentlemen, this is his benefit ball night, and after we have had our twelve shillings worth of liquor, I vote we should each spend a guinea with Miserrimus; no one will grudge that trifle to such a werry pleasant trump—such a werry agreeable cock; and though guineas don't grow upon gooseberry-bushes, still you must all fork one to-night, for nobody goes in for less." Doleful, on hearing Jorrocks put this finishing stroke to his hash, wrang his hands, and rushed out of the room, vowing, as he went down-stairs, that Jorrocks was the most remarkable fool—the biggest ass—the greatest idiot—the stupidest sinner, that ever came to Handley Cross Spa. "TALLHO! gone away!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, as he saw Doleful bolt. "Hark back! hark back!" cried the company; but Doleful was deaf to the rate, and cut away home, half frantic with rage.

"Well," said Mr. Jorrocks, "as the gentleman's off, there's no use in my finishin' my speech; so, instead of the 'ealth of Old Doleful, I begs to propose, most cordially, that I sit



down." Mr. Jorrocks thereupon resumed his seat, after which the bottles circulated freely among the blues, the only party remaining, to the stock toast of a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—until every man had given his sportsman. All were getting very drunk, and Binjimin came to announce, for the third time within half-an-hour, that Mrs. Jorrocks was waiting in a fly to go to the ball, and wouldn't stay any longer. "Then tell her to go," said Mr. Jorrocks, hiccuping, "and you fatch the big bowl of punch that I told Snubbins to have ready. Gentlemen!" roared he, "I'll sing you a song I made this mornin' for our 'unt; but, first of all, one of you must take the wice-chair, and act Doleful, because as how he's introduced in the song, and it von't run right without him." After some demur to personating such a humbug, the junior member of the hunt was installed in the vice-chair, and Benjamin making his appearance with a large, well-scented, smoking bowl of punch, Mr. Jorrocks produced a sheet of foolscap from his pocket, and recited the following verses, some to one tune, some to another, taking care, however, to suit the action to the word, by dealing out the punch with a most liberal hand:—

" Here, Binjimin, hand up the punch,  
 Bring us a jolly good bowl full;  
 I see, by the way that you crunch,  
 Your throat must be dry, Captain Doleful.

Come, Binjimin, hand round the bowl,  
 The ' Handley Cross 'Unt' is our toast of ;  
 Though I says it myself, by my soul,  
 A better all England can't boast of.

We'll drink it, my lads, three times three,  
 So up on your pins, my fine fellows,  
 And toss off your bumpers like me,  
 The moment that Binjimin bellows.

Now, Binjimin, out with your voice,  
 Like the man you've heard ' fine lobsters ' sellin' ;  
 'Twixt his and your own there's no choice,  
 When both are melodiously swellin'."

(Benjamin gives out the toast with a stentorian voice,)—

" The ' 'ANDLEY CROSS 'UNT' !—*three times three !*  
 The ' 'ANDLEY CROSS 'UNT' ! !—hip ! hip ! hip ! airs ;  
 The ' 'ANDLEY CROSS 'UNT' ! ! !—bark at me ;  
 'Tis the best of all toasts that we tip, airs.

Tallyho ! hoop ! hoop ! hoop and away,  
 Take the 'Unts of all England around, boys,  
 A stouter, or better I'll say,  
 Than the ' 'Andley Cross 'Unt' can't be found, boys.

Then, Binjimin, hand round the punch-bowl,  
 Till the gentlemen-sportsmen are bowl-full ;  
 I see by the way that they munch,  
 That their throats are like yourn, Captain Doleful !"

## CHAPTER VI.

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“ Who are you ? ” — *Familiar Inquiry.*

WE must here indulge in a little retrospection, premising that it shall be a little. Although Mr. Barnington hunted with the hounds, his lady took no notice of the Jorrocks', and dashed past their one-horse chaise with the air of an ill-bred woman drawn by well-bred horses. On foot, she never saw them; and if she admitted a knowledge of their existence, it was in that casual sort of way that one speaks of a horse or a dog.

Still she could not disguise from herself that they were thorns in her side. Mr. Jorrocks' popularity, with Belinda's sweetness and beauty, went far to undermine the throne Mrs. Barnington had set up for herself. Not only were her evening parties less sought after, but she had reason to suspect that even Captain Doleful had declined a dinner invitation in favour of the Jorrocks'!

As yet they had never met, save in the streets; but Captain Doleful's ball involved a crisis that could not be got over without a collision. This had been changed, by Mrs. Barnington's desire,

into a fancy one, in order that she might triumph in the number and brilliance of her diamonds. The costume she fixed upon was that of Queen Elizabeth—not an ill-chosen one for her height and haughty bearing. The dress was ordered in London, as well for the purpose of having it unexceptionable in style and richness, as to enable her to blaze a splendid and unexpected meteor in the assembled host of Handley Cross. It was also expected to have a beneficial influence on Captain Doleful, should any doubt exist as to who was the fittest person for honour.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Barnington's precautions, the secret of her dress transpired. Mrs. Jorrocks' Batsay having established an intimacy with our friend John Trot, the footman, the fact descended from the exalted region of upper servitude, and was communicated to Mrs. Jorrocks with the slight addition, that the Queen had graciously lent Mrs. Barnington her crown and sceptre.

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“Nay, then!” exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, thinking it was all over with her, and fancying she saw Mrs. Barnington sailing into the room with Captain Doleful, her head in the air and her eyes on the ceiling. Long did she muse ere the table of precedence flashed across her mind. No sooner did it occur to her, than off she darted to Mr. Jorrocks' drawers, where, amid a goodly col-

lection of letters, she succeeded in finding Captain Doleful's one, stating that "the Lady of the M.F.H. came on after members of the royal family, and before all bishops' wives and daughters, peeresses, knights' dames, justices' wives, and so forth."

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"Mischievous 'ooman!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrock, conning the passage attentively; "nasty, mean, circumwenting hanimal, *I sees* what she's after!—wants to steal a march on me as a member of the royal family. Come in as a queen, in fact! I'll be hupsides with her though!"

Thereupon Mrs. Jorrock took a highly ornamented sheet of note-paper out of her envelope case, and concocted the following epistle to Captain Doleful:—

"Mrs. Jorrock's Comp<sup>ts</sup> Cap<sup>n</sup> Doleful, and I will feel much obliged if he will have the kindness to lend her your table of Precedence for a few minutes, as she wishes to see how things stand in Handley Cross.

"*Diana Lodge.*"

\* \* \* \*

Captain Doleful was sitting on the counter in Miss Jelly's shop, in deep consultation with her about his fancy dress, when the note arrived. Having to be the great man of the ball, it was

incumbent upon him to have something better than the old militia coat, or even the dress-hunt one, revised. Time pressed, or he would have tried what the Jew clothes-shops in London could do for him, but Miss Jelly, having a fertile imagination, and his interest at heart, he summoned her to his councils, to invent something showy without being expensive.

Many costumes were talked over. Spanish would not do, because the captain would have to shew his legs; Swiss entailed a similar objection; and the old English costumes were equally objectionable. Some were too costly, others too complex.

\* \* \* \*

“ I have it ! ” at length exclaimed Miss Jelly, clapping her hands, — “ I have it ! ” repeated she, her face beaming with exultation. “ You shall be the Great Mogul ! ”

“ The Great Mogul ! ” repeated Captain Doleful, thoughtfully.

“ Yes, the Great Mogul ! ” rejoined Miss Jelly. “ A turban, with a half-moon in front, petticoat trousers, shell-jacket, moustachios, and so forth. ”

“ That will do, I think, ” replied Doleful, squeezing her hand. “ Sound well, and not cost much — will it ? ”

“ Oh, *very* little ! ” replied Miss Jelly. “ Let me see ! One of your scarlet pocket-handker-

chiefs will make the crown of the turban, and the folds can be formed of white neckcloths. I have a bird of paradise feather in my Sunday hat, and a string of large blue beads that will ornament the front. You want some summer trousers, so if you buy as much stuff as will make two pair, it will only be the making and altering, and you can get Nick Savoy into the house at three-and-sixpence a-day and his meals, who can cut out the jacket, and I will make and trim it myself."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Captain Doleful, rubbing his hands, and putting a whole penny tart into his mouth. Just then Benjamin entered, and after having been refused credit for an ounce of paragoric, he put Mrs. Jorrocks' note into Captain Doleful's hand.

\* \* \* \*

"I'll bring it immediately," said the captain to Benjamin, bolting out of the shop by the side-door, winking at Miss Jelly as he went.

\* \* \* \*

Presently a stamp over-head announced that the captain wanted Miss Jelly, who, imprudently leaving the shop in charge of Benjamin, our friend filled his pockets with macaroons and his hat-crown with sponge-biscuits, while she was getting her message up-stairs.

\* \* \* \*



“Captain Doleful’s compliments to Mrs. Jorrocks,” said Miss Jelly, returning, “and is very sorry that the table of precedence has not been returned from the Herald’s College, where it was sent to be enrolled, but immediately it comes Mrs. Jorrocks shall have it.”

“Yes, *marm*,” said Benjamin, hurrying off.

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“Please, *marm*, the captain’s compliments, and his table is at the joiner’s gettin’ rolled, but as soon as it comes home you shall have it,” was the answer Benjamin delivered to his mistress.

The captain was shy for a day or two, and Mr. Jorrocks, being more intent upon hunting than etiquette, the poor lady was left to her own devices. Belinda did not appreciate the point, and, moreover, was too busy with her dress to enter upon the question as she should do.

Mrs. Jorrocks mistrusted the captain, and thought he might be inclined to shuffle her off, under pretence of Mrs. Barnington being a queen.

“I’ll be a queen too!” at length exclaimed she, after a long gaze at the fire, thinking the thing over; “I’ll be a queen too!” repeated she, snapping her fingers, as though she were meeting Mrs. Barnington; “I’ll be a queen!—the Queen of ‘Earts!” exclaimed she, looking at herself in the eagle-topped mirror.

That evening she wrote the following letter t



Miss Slummers, or Miss Howard, as she was now called :—

“ Dear Miss,—We are agoing to have a fancy-ball here, and I want your assistance in a dress. Was you ever the Queen of 'Earts ? If so, please lend me your robes. If not, please lend me a crown as like the Queen of 'Earts' crown as you can get it. You know it's not exactly a crown, but something like a crown stuck on a cap. The sceptre seems like a wand with a rose at the end. Please let me know how I should be dressed behind, as the cards give one no idea. Should like the full robes, if you have them ; but, in course, will be happy to take what I can get. Excuse haste and a werry bad pen. Yours, in haste,

“ JULIA JORROCKS,

“ *Diana Lodge, Handley Cross Spa.*

“ Miss Clarissa Howard,

“ *Sadlers' Wells Theatre, London.*”

Miss Slummers had never been the Queen of Hearts, but had enacted one of the rival Kings of Brentford, in the popular pantomime of that name, and, after a conference with the property-man of the theatre, she thus answered her distinguished friend :—

“ Honoured Madam,—Your commands have

been received ; and I much regret that, never having appeared in the distinguished part of the Q. of Hearts, I have not the necessary properties to send you. I am not aware that the character has ever appeared upon the stage other than in pantomime, and never at either of the theatres to which I have been attached ; but our property-man thinks the accompanying crown, fixed on a Swiss cap, ‘Canton de Berne,’ will come as near the card as we can get it. I also send a sceptre, to which is attached a large rose, that we used for the ‘two Kings of Brentford’ to smell at, which comes as near the spirit of the thing as any thing can be. The sceptre is our best, and triple gilt. The robes should be of brocaded satin, and a large reticule of red silk, in the shape of a heart, dangling negligently on your left arm, will at once proclaim your character. The back of your dress is not material, as crowned heads are only looked at in front. Any further assistance I can be of will be extremely gratifying to me ; and I beg to subscribe myself, with great respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

“ C. HOWARD.

“ *Theatre Royal, Sadlers’ Wells.*

“ Mrs. Jorrocks,

“ Diana Lodge, Handley Cross Spa.”

So far, so good. The crown did admirably. It was studded with false brilliants, and looked splendid by candle-light. The sceptre, too, was imposing; and, regardless of expense, Mrs. Jorrocks had the richest brocade cut into the requisite shapes, to wear over a red satin gown she had by her. Nor was the heart-reticule forgotten; and, altogether, Mrs. Jorrocks succeeded in making herself a very fair representative of her Majesty of Hearts. Belinda's pretty blue and white petticoat, with the scarlet body of a Valencian peasant, was changed for a plain white satin dress, with a court plume, for her to attend as maid of honour on her majesty. Charles was converted into a blue-bodied, white-legged page, with a Spanish hat and feathers,

The Great Mogul's dress progressed favourably, too. His wide sleeves and great trousers were done, and Miss Jelly had got a bargain of tarnished lace for braiding his red jacket. A splendid beard, whiskers, moustache, and all, were hired for the night, and a pair of five-and-six-penny red leather slippers were bought, to act the part of shoes at the ball, and supersede a pair of worn-out pumps afterwards.

Mrs. Barnington having set the fashion of mystery about her dress, it was followed by the *élite* of the place, and each tried to mislead his neighbour. Swiss peasants said they were coming as

Turks, Turks as Chinese, Charles the Seconds as Napoleons, and Huntsmen as Hermits. Still secrets will transpire, and Mrs. Barnington and Mrs. Jorrocks knew all about each other's dresses as well as if they were together every day. The former talked at Captain Doleful instead of to him, sometimes pretending to doubt whether the Jorrocks' would go, fearing they would not, for vulgar people seldom liked getting so completely out of their element. For her part, she hoped they would, for she had a taste for natural curiosities—heard, too, their daughter was pretty, and should like to see her ; and she closed her last interview by presenting Captain Doleful with ten pounds for her tickets.

Mrs. Jorrocks was less mealy-mouthed, and finding the table of precedence was not likely to come, she called at Miss Jelly's on the morning of the ball, and asked the captain what time she should be there to go into the room with him. This was a poser, that even the skilful captain found difficult to parry ; but, while bustling his turban and trousers under the sofa, and fussing a greasy-covered arm-chair towards Mrs. Jorrocks, the dinner occurred to him, and, after looking vastly wise, he declared that that was the only thing he had any difficulty about. “ You see,” said he, “ I am vice-president—then, Mr. Jorrocks is rather a sitter—not that I mean to say

he gets drunk, but you know he is fond of society, gay and careless about time, and there are so many toasts to propose and so many speeches to make, that I fear it is utterly impossible to say what time we may get away, and I——”

“ Well, but,” interrupted Mrs. Jorrocks, “ the dinner has nothin’ to do with the dance ; if Jun chooses to make a beast of himself, that’s no reason why you should, and one wice can always appoint another wice, and wicey wersey, I suppose.”

“ True,” replied Captain Doleful, assenting to the position ; “ but, then, if all the dancing men are at the dinner, what use will a master of the ceremonies be of to the ladies ?”

“ Fiddle the ladies !” exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks ; “ it’s not dancin’ men wot ’ill go to the dinner — not your ’air-curlin’, arm-squarin’, caperin’ swells, but old-season’d casks, wot ’ll never think o’ the dance.”

“ I hope not,” replied Captain Doleful ; “ why, there will be Mr. Stubbs, for one.”

“ He’ll not go to the dinner,” rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks—“ stays at ’ome with me.”

\* \* \* \*

Just then, Miss Jelly, judging her lodger was in a dilemma, adroitly resealed three or four old notes, and bringing them up on a tart-plate, apologised for intruding, but said the servants

were all urgent for answers ; and Captain Doleful, availing himself of the excuse, set to work most assiduously, and what with apologising, scribbling, and mistaking, Mrs. Jorrocks found she might as well go away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus matters stood on the eventful evening whose progress we have so far described. Mrs. Jorrocks was right as to the formation of the dinner-party, few dancing men, and scarcely any fancy dressers, being there. Most of the young gentlemen were corking their eyebrows, fixing on moustache, or drawing on dresses that made them look as unlike themselves as possible. Rear-admirals, who had never had a shave ; colonels, who didn't know how to fasten on their swords ; grandees, who didn't know how to get on their breeches ; and fox-hunters, who did not know how to put on their spurs,—stood admiring themselves before their sisters' mirrors, thinking the ball hour would never arrive. Young ladies laced themselves extra tight, and a little more *tournure* was allowed for setting off the gay bodices and swelling drapery of their dresses. Neat ankles availed themselves of the license for wearing fancy dresses requiring short petticoats, while sweeping trains concealed others that were less fortunate in their make. Old dresses were metamorphosed into new, and new fancy ones

were made for re-conversion into plain ones another time.

Confused with wine and anger, Captain Doleful rushed hurriedly home to his lodgings, and threw himself into the easy chair by the fire. He was not done abusing Mr. Jorrocks, when Miss Jelly entered with a bed-candle and a little jug of warm water. She had laid his dress out on the bed ; his red and white turban, beaded and feathered, with a barley-sugar half-moon, surmounted his baggy trousers ; the red jacket was airing before the fire, and scarlet and white rosettes appeared on the insteps of the slippers. Seeing he was disturbed in his mind, Miss Jelly merely intimated that it wanted ten minutes to nine, and withdrew quietly below.

There was no time to lose ; so hastily doffing his hunt-coat, &c., Captain Doleful was soon in his baggy trousers ; and having stamped overhead, Miss Jelly was speedily with him, assisting him into his drawn linen vest, over which came the embroidered scarlet jacket, with baggy linen sleeves, tightening at the wrist ; a long blue scarf encircled his waist, displaying the gilt handle of his militia sword. When he had got on his beard, moustaches, and whiskers, and surmounted the whole with his turban, his black eyes assumed a brightness, and his whole appearance underwent a change that elicited an involuntary expression

of admiration from Miss Jelly. "The captain," she really thought, "looked splendid!" Thereupon, regardless of the increasing ratio of fare, he liberally offered her a ride in his fly to the rooms.

The Queen of Hearts commenced her toilette immediately after tea, and had no little trouble in fixing her crown, and her cap, and her front on her head. The rustling robes required much adjusting, and Belinda got little of Betsy's services that night.

Mrs. Barnington's robes being accurately made, were easily adjusted. Her great ruff rose majestically; her pink satin jewelled stomacher, piqued in the extreme, glittered with diamonds and precious stones, and her portentous petticoat of white satin, embroidered with silver, stood imperiously out. Round her neck she wore a costly chain, and her black coif was adorned with ropes and stars of jewels, with an enormous diamond brilliant in the centre. She rustled at every move.

By half-past nine, all Handley Cross was in masquerade. Brothers met sisters in the drawing-rooms, and were lost in astonishment at each other; and servants came openly forward to inspect their young masters and missises. The rain had ceased and been succeeded by a starlight night; the populace turned out to congregate about the ball-rooms, or at the doors where car-



riages waited to take up. The noise inside the Dragon kept a crowd up outside; and as the Queen of Hearts drove up for her husband, rival cheers announced her arrival.

“It’s a man!” exclaimed one, putting his face close to the window, as Mrs. Jorrocks lowered the glass of the fly, to give her orders to the flyman.

“It’s not!” replied another.

“I say it is!” rejoined a third. “It’s a beef-eater — what they stick outside the shows to ’tice the company up.” Then a fresh round of cheers arose, which might either be in answer to applause within, or in consequence of the discovery made without, for a mob is never very particular what they shout for. Meanwhile Mrs. Jorrocks drew up the glass protecting her maid of honour, her page, and herself, from the night air.

The Queen of Hearts was in a terrible fidget, and every moment seemed an hour. Flys drove up for gentlemen that were “not ready,” and cut away for those whose turn came next. Shouts sounded in the various streets as befeathered and bespangled dresses darted through the crowds into the carriages; and as the vehicles fell into line by the rooms, there was such gaping, and quizzing, and laughing among the spectators, and such speculation as to what they were.

People generally go early to fancy-balls; — it is

one of the few things of life that a person is not ashamed of being first at. Indeed the order of things is generally reversed, and instead of people telling their friends that they mean to be there rather earlier than they do, they are apt to name a somewhat later time, in order to arrive first themselves. Some thirty or forty people had got there before Captain Doleful, chiefly door-payers, who came to see the fun, without regard to benefiting him. Three Bohemian brothers, a Robin Hood, a Mail Guard, and Commissioner Lin, were not a little puzzled at the Great Mogul's *empressement*, for though they knew him as Captain Doleful, M.C., they had no idea who the gentleman was in the turban and trousers. His penetration had been furnished by the door-keeper on entering.

The red folding-doors now kept flapping like condors' wings, as Highlanders, and archers, and deputy-lieutenants, and Hamlets, and sailors, and Turks, and harlequins, and judges, and fox-hunters, came shouldering and elbowing in with variously dressed ladies on their arms, — Russians, Prussians, Circassians, Greeks, Swiss, and Chinese — a confusion of countries all speaking one tongue. Captain Doleful was pushed from his place before the doors, and nobody ever thought of asking for him, so intent were they on themselves and each other. “ Bless me, is that you ? ” — “ Who'd have thought it ? ” — “ Mar, here's

James!" "Oh, dear, and William Dobbs!"—"What's your dress?"—"Beautiful, I declare!"—"Your pistols arn't loaded, I hope?"—"Splendid uniform!"—"French chasseur!"—"They told me you were coming as a post-boy."—"Oh, dear, look there!"—"What a rum old lass!"—"The Queen of the Cannibal Islands!"—"Mrs. Hokey Pokey Wankey Fum!"

We need scarcely say that this latter exclamation was elicited by the entrance of the Queen of Hearts, followed by her page in Spanish costume of spangled purple velvet and white, with black hat and feather; and Belinda, in white satin, with a court plume of feathers. A slight flush of confusion mantled over her lovely brow, imparting a gentle radiance to her languishing blue eyes, contrasting with the fixed and stern determination of her aunt's. Her majesty's appearance was certainly most extraordinary. The free-masonish sort of robes, the glittering crown on the sombre cap, the massive sceptre held like a parasol, were ludicrous enough; but in addition to this, her majesty had forgotten to put off her red and white worsted feet-comforters, and was making her way up the room with them dragging about her ankles.

Captain Doleful, all politeness, informed her of the omission, and unfortunately discovered himself, for no sooner did Mrs. Jorrocks find out to

whom she was indebted, than keeping her arm in the Great Mogul's, where it had been placed while she drew the things off, she made a movement towards the ball-room door, which being seconded by the crowd behind—all anxious to get in and scatter themselves for inspection—they were fairly carried away by the tide, and the Queen of Hearts and the Great Mogul entered the room with people of all nations at their heels.

Great was Mrs. Jorrocks' gratitude. "Oh, dear, it was so werry kind—so werry engagin'. If it hadn't been the captin announcin' himself, I should never have guessed it was him;" and the captain bit his lips and cursed his stupidity for getting himself into such a mess. Still the Queen of Hearts stuck to him, and, sceptre in hand, strutted up and down the well-lit room, fancying herself "the observed of all observers."

For the first time in his life, the captain's cunning forsook him. He didn't know how to get rid of his incubus,—and even if he did, he knew not whether to station himself in the ante-room to receive Mrs. Barnington, or to let the ball begin, and brazen it out. As he walked about, half frantic with rage, his turban pinching, and his beard and whiskers tickling him, an opposition Mogul gave the signal to the musicians, and off they went with a quadrille, leaving the couples to settle to the figure as the music went on.

Then as Turks *balanced* to Christians, and Commissioner Lin wheeled sweet Anne Page about by the arms, two powdered footmen opened the doors, and in sailed Mrs. Barnington, catching Captain Doleful with Mrs. Jorrocks on his arm.

## CHAPTER VII.

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*“ De rebus omnibus, et quibusdam aliis.”*

WE fear the title of these volumes will deter many from perusing them. The ladies will say, “ Oh, we hear enough about hunting from our husbands or brothers, without reading of it;” while, perhaps, gentlemen will reject the work on the ground of its being a mere dry catalogue of runs. Three volumes of runs, to be sure, would be rather formidable, but still we feel that the work is open to the objection. It would be impossible, however, to carry out the second title, “ The Spa Hunt,” without giving some general outline of the sport, though, as all fox-hunters know, a great deal takes place every day, interesting to those who were out, that furnishes very dull reading for those who were not. With a view, therefore, of writing up to the mark, without wearying our readers, we purpose availing ourselves of the journal of our

distinguished friend Mr. Jorrocks, comprehending, as it does, his opinions, not only of the sport, but on many matters of local and general interest. For this purpose we have his permission to omit and curtail. We will begin with his "opening day."

"*Wednesday*.—Beef and carrots—momentous crisis—first public day as an M. F. H.—morning fine, rather frosty—there betimes—landlord polite—many foot-folks—enormous field—Romeo Simpkins on De Melcis, Captain Slack on Bull Dog—Miss Wells on Fair Rosamond—great many captains—found soon—ringin' beggar—ran three rounds, and accounted for him by losin' him—found again—a ditto with a ditto finish—good for the foot-folks—home at four.

"Found two petitions. One from Joshua Abercorn, prayin' his honour the M. F. H. to subscribe to reinstate him in a cart 'oss, his own havin' come to an untimely end of old age. Says the M. F. H.'s always subscribe.

"Told Joshua I was werry sorry to hear of the death of his prad, but that I had laid it down as a rule never to subscribe to dead 'osses, and couldn't depart from my rule in his case.

"Margaret Lucas had her patent mangle seized for rent and arrears of rent, and 'opes the master of the fox-dogs will do somethin' towards redeemin' it.

“ Told Margaret I was werry sorry to hear of the sitivation of her patent mangle, but that I had laid it down as a rule never to subscribe to redeem patent mangles, and couldn’t depart from the rule in her case. People seem to think M. F. H.’s have nothin’ to do but to give away swag. You know one a’n’t quite sure her mother mayn’t have *sold* her mangle !

“ *Mountain Daisy*.—Saturday, and few farmers out.—Not many pinks, but three soger officers, two of them mounted by Duncan Nevin—a guinea a day each.—Drew Slaughterford, and up to the Cloud Quarries.—Priestess seemed to think she had a touch of a fox in the latter, but could make nothin’ on’t.—Trotted down to Snodbury Gorse—wants enclosin’—cattle get in. No sooner in than out came a pig, then came a fox, then another pig—then another fox.—Got away with last fox, and ran smartly down to Coombe, where he was headed by a hedger, and we never crossed his line again.—Found a second fox in Scotland Wood—a three-legger—soon disposed of him.—Found a third in Dulverton Bog, who ran us out of light and scent; stopped the ’ounds near Appledove.—Pigg says Charley Stubbs ‘coup’d his creels’ over an ’edge.—Scotch for throwin’ a somerset, I understands.

“ *Cat and Custard Pot*.—Somehow, in shavin’, thought we’d have mischief. —Went into the



garden to consult Gabriel Junks, but the bird wasn't there.—Wouldn't be weather I concluded.—Young May the grocer sent his horse for me to look at; jest as I was goin' away, and as another gen'lman, as usual, was waitin' for the next hoffer, Charley and I staid behind to try him.—Bought him for 30l.—mem. to call it 50l.

“ When I got to the Pot, found Pigg so drunk he could hardly sit on his 'oss. Every man had treated him to a glass, and he had well-nigh a bottle of brandy on board.—Axed who had done it,—as usual, nobody.—Went into the Custard Pot, and axed the servant gal if she was paid for the drink my 'untsman had had. ‘ Oh, yes! each gen'lman paid as she took out the glass.’ Went back, and said, I 'oped they were satisfied with their day's sport, and took the 'ounds 'ome.—Mem. to give up meetin' at publics in future.—Fear Pigg is a ‘ *lusus naturæ*,’ or loose 'un by natur'.

“ Found letter from Sebastian Mello, complainin' of Gabriel Junks havin' killed his cock.—Wrote as follows:—

“ ‘ Sir,—I have received yours, complainin' of my peacock Gabriel Junks having killed your dung-hill cock. I think you must be mistaken,—I cannot bring myself to think that Gabriel, with his high and chivalrous feelin's

could so far demean himself as to do battle with your dung-hill cock.—It must have been some water-spaniel, or, p'raps, a rat. Keep a look-out, or you'll be losin' the old hens the same way.

“ ‘ Yours to serve,

“ ‘ J. JORROCKS.

“ ‘ Sebastian Mello, Esq.

“ Confound Junks, that accounts for his absence when I wanted to consult him this mornin'.

“ Letter from Bowker, requesting the loan of a 50*l.* Stock been seized for rent and arrears,—seems to be always gettin' seized;—no interest paid on former fifty yet. Queer chap, Bill, with his invoices, and flash of supplyin' the trade, when 50*l.* was all he set up with.—Never chop-fallen, seemingly, with all his executions and misfortunes.—Writes,

“ ‘ I had a rum go in a 'buss on Saturday. Streets being sloppy, and wantin' to go to my snuff-merchant in the Minories, I got into a 'buss at the foot of Holborn Hill, and seated myself next a pretty young woman with a child in her arms. Stopping at Bow Church, she asked if I'd have the kindness to hold the babby for a minute, when out she got, and cut down the court as hard as ever she could go. On went the 'buss, and I saw I was in for a plant. A

respectable old gentleman in black, with a powdered head, sat opposite; and as the 'buss pulled up at the Mansion-house, I said, 'Perhaps you'd have the kindness to hold the babby for a minute;' and popping it into his lap, I jumped out, making for Bucklersbury, and threading all the courts in my line till I got back to Lincoln's Inn.'

"Sharp of Bill;—deserves 50*l.* for his 'cuteness. May as well lend it on an 'I. O. U.,' for it's no use throwin' good money after bad by wastin' a stamp.

"*Warterbury Turnpike.*—'Pikes are better for meetin' at than publics. Gabriel Junks began screamin' at day-break; so put on old hat and coat, ditto boots, and breeches.—Began to drop just as we left kennel. Useful bird Junks, to be sure,—no pack perfect without a peacock;—the most 'arden'd minister—Peel himself dirsn't tax a peacock. Reg'lar down-pour by the time we got to the 'pike. Duncan Nevin's screws out as usual; and a groom in twilled fustian, with a green neckcloth, and a cockade in his hat, leadin' some rips up and down the road for soger officers. Home at one—wet as water.

"Another letter from Mello about his confounded cock,—

" 'Sir,—I am surprised that you should contra-

dict my assertion respecting your cock having killed mine, on no better grounds than mere supposition. *I tell you he did kill my cock.* He passed through the Apollo Belvidere gardens and perched on one of the balls at my back gates, as if the place were his own. When my maid fed the fowls, he flew among them, and because my cock resented the intrusion he killed him on the spot ; and then his master adds insult to injury, by saying he does not believe it. These sort of manners may be very well for the city, but they won't do for civilised life. I may take this opportunity of observing that you are very indecorous in your general proceedings. The day before yesterday you walked your hounds and your servants in scarlet before my windows, and stood there, a thing that I, as a religious man, would not have had done for ten sovereigns. I desire you will not do so again.

“ ‘Your obedient servant,

“ ‘SEBASTIAN MELLO.

“ ‘*Sulphur Wells Hall.*’ ”

“ Mem.—To take 'orns as well as 'ounds next time, and blow before his house—a beggar.

“ Had Fleecey to see how the cat jumps in the money department. Sharp chap—manages to keep the expenses up to the receipts, what with earth-stoppin', damage, cover rent, and law bills.

Wanted to take credit for receivin' no salary. Axed him what his bills were? Said public officers always had a fixed salary besides their bills. Had twenty-five pounds a-year from the Mount Sion Turnpike-road. Told him I knew nothin' about 'pikes, but if he did not get me all arrears of subscription in by New Year's Day I'd be my own sec., and save both his law bills and his salary.

“ Read the *Life*—good letter on bag foxes.

“ BAG FOXES.

“ *To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.*

“ ‘ Sir,—As your journal is a sporting one, and unquestionably the first in the kingdom, I am very sorry frequently to see in it accounts of runs with *bagged foxes*. You, sir, who are so well acquainted with the sports of the field, must know what a very difficult thing it is to shew sport with fox-hounds, and that very much of that difficulty arises from the almost entire impracticability of preserving foxes, occasioned in a great measure by their being stolen and sold to hunters of bagged foxes. It matters not if the animal is turned out before hounds in a country where no regular fox-hounds are kept, the crime (in a sporting sense) and the evil done are always the same. I am sure you will acknowledge that fox-hunting is of all others the noblest of English sports, and cannot doubt

that a moment's consideration will shew you, that your publishing accounts of runs with bagged foxes is giving a tacit approval of that practice (I will not term it sport). Should you, upon consideration, decline publishing accounts of any more of these runs, you will have the hearty thanks of every real sportsman, and you will shew that you are determined that the character of your journal shall be that of 'The Sporting Chronicle of England.'

“ ‘ A FOX-HUNTER,  
“ ‘ BUT NOT A MASTER OF HOUNDS.’

“ Roger Swizzle dined and got very drunk ;—says the true way to be healthy is to live freely and well.—Believes he has cured more people of indigestion than any man goin'.—Thinks Mello a cantin' humbug.—Wishes he could ride, that he might hunt : subscribes twenty-five guineas to the 'ounds since I got them—*pays too*.—Says the open in front of Sulphur Wells Hall is public property, and I may kick up whatever row I like upon it.—Will write to Bowker to send a company of mountebanks to perform there.

“ *Sunday*.—Most purlite letter from a gentleman signin' himself Marmaduke Muleygrubs, J. P., sayin', that being a country gentleman, and anxious for poppularity, he should be 'appy to encourage the 'unt, and would be glad if I would fix a

day for dinin' at Cockolorum Hall, and let the hounds meet before it the next mornin'.

“ Wrote that I should be werry 'appy to dine at the Hall—addin', 'where I dine I sleep, and where I sleep I breakfast.' Shall write him word when I come.”

The few next days disclose no feature of general interest—found, lost, killed, lost, found, killed, &c., being the burthen of the journal, so we omit them altogether.

“ Letter from Bowker, brimful of gratitude for the loan of 50l.” This letter being pasted into the journal, we give the greater part of it, containing, as it does, some further particulars of Bowker's badger-baiting friend.

“ You will be sorry to hear,” says he to Mr. Jorrocks, “ that the Slender is found guilty, and ordered to be scragged on Monday morning. The Serjeant tried him with his usual coarseness, and though they have not found the exciseman, the jury found Billy guilty. Poor Slender! I've known him long, and safely can I aver, that a nobler fellow never breathed. He combined many callings: bear and badger-baiter, dog-fancier, which has been unhandsomely interpreted into a gentleman that fancies other people's dogs, horse-slaughterer, private distiller, and smasher.\* About five years ago he was nearly caught at the

\* Coiner, or passer of forged notes.

latter work. Sitting, as 'was his custom always in an afternoon,' at a public-house in the Hampstead Lane, upon 'his secure hour' two policemen stole. The energetic firmness of Billy's character was manfully displayed. Seizing a handful of bank-notes, which he had in his pocket, he thrust his hand into the fire, and held them there until they were consumed. The flesh peel'd off his fingers.

"He once had a turn with the excisemen before. With his intimates Billy had no deceit, and used to boast that there was summut running under his heaps of old horse-bones that was the marrow of his existence. Well, the Excise strongly suspecting this, sent down a *posse commitatus* to Copenhagen fields to bring up Billy's body. He was busy with a bunch of sporting men at a dog-fight when Miss Aberford\* came to give the office. Billy's mind was soon made up. Sending all his sporting friends into the house, and locking the doors, he unmuzzled his two bears and turned them loose among the officers. The scramble that ensued beggars description. In less than five minutes the red-breasts† were flown. It is a singular fact, that *Mrs. Aberford* could hold and fight the dogs when they were too savage for Billy.

\* Billy's daughter. The name of this singular man was Aberford.

† The Bow Street officers of former days wore red waistcoats.



“ I always feared Billy’s illegitimate pursuits would lead him into trouble. ‘ Master Bowker,’ said he to me one day, ‘ Do you want to buy an ’oss cheap?’ ‘ Where did you get him, Billy?’ said I. ‘ *Found him*, master,’ said he. ‘ As I was a coming home on foot from Chiswick, I sees a gig and horse a standing all alone in Chiswick Lane—says I, Billy, boy, you may as well ride as walk—so I driv it home, and now the body o’ the gig’s in the black ditch, the wheels are on my knacker-cart, and I’ve hogged the horse’s mane and cut his tail, so that his own master wouldn’t know him.’

“ Altogether, Billy has been a queer one, but still hanging’s a hard matter, especially as they have not found the exciseman. Billy may now use his own witticism to Jack Ketch, ‘ Live and let live, as the criminal said to the hangman.’

“ Your second letter about the mountebanks is just received—strange, that I should be writing about rope-dancing just as it came. I’ll see what I can do about sending you a *troop*. *We* of the sock and buskin do not call them companies. I rather think Pollito is down in your part of England, perhaps his wild beasts would answer as well;—beef-eaters, tambureens, &c., would make a grand row before Sanctity Hall. Mello wants flooring. I’ll send him a broken dish by this post, requesting his acceptance of a piece of plate

from his London patients. A basket of cats by coach would be a nice present, labelled 'game.'

“ ‘ Your much obliged and very humble Servant,  
“ ‘ W<sup>M</sup>. BOWKER.’ ”

The following letter, from *Bell's Life*, is next pasted into the journal, with the simple observation, “ Jackass,” in Mr. Jorrocks' hand-writing, in the margin.

“ BAG FOXES.

“ *To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.*

“ Sir,—The attack in your last paper of a would-be fox-hunter, but no sportsman, against bag fox-hunting, is contemptible and harmless enough, but should not pass without notice ; for his edification he must be told that a real sportsman, such as the late Mr. Charles Meynell, thought it no disgrace to follow a bag fox, and he may rest assured when that fails his favourite fox-hunting will no longer prosper. I beg also to add there is something required from masters of hounds as well as from land-owners ; if they do not shew a disposition to oblige, they should at least moderate their expectations ; as far as my experience goes, I am sure bag fox-hunting is in their favour. You, sir, may comply with the fox-hunter's wishes, but in so doing you will not accomplish all his desires.

“ A FRIEND TO ALL FIELD-SPORTS.”

The following seems to have been a good run ; we take it verbatim from the journal, omitting some matters of no interest :—

“Candid Pig went with the 'ounds for fear of accidents. Large field and many strangers. Lots o' farmers. Mr. Yarnley in a yellow gig. Told us to draw his withey bed first. Trotted down to it, and no sooner were the 'ounds in than out went Reynard at the low end. Sich a fine chap! Bright ruddy coat, with a well-tagged brush. One whisk of his brush, and away he went! Pigg flew a double flight of oak rails, and Bin began to cry as soon as ever he saw them. 'Ounds got well away, and settled to the scent without interruption. Away for Frampton End, and on to Pippen Hall, past Willerton Brake, and up to Snapperton Wood. Here a check let in the roadsters ; it was but momentary. Through the wood and away for Lutterworth Bank. Earth's open, but Reynard didn't know them, or hadn't time to try them — headed about a mile to the north of Luttleworth Spinney by people at a foot-ball match, and turned as if for Hollington Dean, taking over the large grass enclosures between that and Reeve's Mill, bringing the deep race into the line. Pigg blobbed in and out like a water-rat ; out on the right side too. Barnington went over head, and his 'oss came out on one side, and he on t'other. Stubbs'

little Yorkshire nag cleared it in his stride ; and Captain Shourflat went in and came out with a cart-load of water-cress on his back ; lost his hat too. Duncan Nevin piloted his pupils down to the bridge, followed by the rest of the field. Fox had run the margin of the race, and we nicked the 'ounds just at the bridge. Man on Stoke Hill holloa'd, and Pigg lifted his 'ounds, the scent bein' weak from the water. Viewed the fox stealin' down to the walley below, and Pigg capped them on and ran into the varmint in Tew Great fields, within a quarter of a mile of Staveston Wood. Finest run wot ever was seen ! Time, one hour and twenty-five minutes, with only one check. Distance, from p'int to p'int, twelve miles. As they ran, from fifteen to twenty. Many 'osses tired. Pigg rode young May's 'oss, Young Hyson, and went well — worth his 30*l.* I think ; — shall ax 60*l.* at the end of the season. Barnington got up before the worry, wet, but quite 'appy. Felt somethin' movin' in his pocket ; put in his hand and pulled out a pike ! Fishin' as well as 'unting.

“ *Gumber Corner.* — Drew the gorse blank, then to Fimmere Diggin's, crossin' two or three turnip fields in our line. All blank ; smelt werry strong of a trap. Barrack Wood. Found immediately. Away for Newtimber Forest ; but headed within a quarter of a mile by coursers. Field ra-

ther too forward, or Pigg rather too backward, havin' got bogged comin' out of cover. Came up in a desperate rage, grinnin' and runnin' through the d—n—g gamut, as he went. Barnington in front, and d——d him just as he would a three-pounder. The idea of d—n—g a gen'lman wot gives 50*l.* a-year to the 'ounds! Made nothin' more of the fox. Came on rain, and give in at two. Lector'd Pigg for d—n—g a large payin' subscriber."

We then find the following letter on the "Bag Fox" controversy, cut out of *Bell's Life*, and pasted into the journal, with the word "Capital," in pencil, at the top:—

" BAG FOXES.

" *To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.*

" Sir,—I was much pleased by the perusal of the letter of 'A Fox-hunter, though not a Master of Hounds,' on the subject of bag fox-hunting, in your paper of the 26th of December; for, though it did not go deeply into the question, it shewed a right feeling on the subject, the expression of which is always advantageous to a cause, particularly a cause, where, though all parties are agreed, none seem inclined to take up the cudgels. The attempted reply, silly and incoherent though it is, of 'A Friend to all Sports,' in your last week's paper, induces me to trouble you with this. I

have hunted in many countries, and have an extensive acquaintance among masters of hounds and fox-hunters generally, but I will venture to say, that I never met a man yet, worthy the name of a sportsman, who did not utterly despise and condemn the idea of a 'bag fox-hunt.' The arguments against it—such as the cruelty to the noble animal itself, the apology for sport bag-foxes almost always afford, the injury they do to anything like a well-disciplined pack, and the folly of wasting a valuable animal on a twopenny-halfpenny pack, to the detriment of expensively maintained establishments in the neighbourhood—have been gone over so often that I will not do more than allude to them in this general way; my object being to enlist you on the side of legitimate sport, by shewing that a refusal to countenance such doings, by not giving them the importance of publicity in your paper, will enhance *Bell's Life* in the estimation of the sporting world, and contribute very materially to the prosperity of that first of British sports, the chase.

“ No man is fit for a master of fox-hounds who has not an anxiety to shew sport at his heart, and no master of hounds is unwilling to let the world know when he has been eminently successful. There is a wide difference between the constant puffing and praising that follows some packs, and the cheery, off-hand account of a gallant run

where the object is to record the brilliancy of the sport, rather than to administer to the vanity of the master, or to keep the pack before the public with a view to sell at the end of the season. No master of hounds need be ashamed of relating what he considers a good run, and who so fit as he who goes out with the hounds throughout the season to estimate the merits of any particular day? But, then, mark me, Mr. Editor, before you can expect this, *you must eschew bag fox-hunting*. You cannot expect my Lord This, or Sir Thomas That, who spend their two or three thousand a-year upon their fox-hounds, to be content to figure along with Tommy Hoggers or Jack Muggins, with their ten couple of towlers, for which the tax upon two-thirds is most likely all that is paid. Fox-hunting is the amusement of gentlemen, and the fox is a gentleman's animal. Let Hoggers and Muggins have their towlers, and prick circuitous puss about the lanes; she is a useful animal when realised, whereas neither they nor their dogs can eat poor bag Reynard, if they are unfortunate enough to retake him. But then they look forward to the pleasure of seeing their names in glorious print. Immortal type! By boxing the compass a little, and making Reynard point for Edinburgh, then for London, sinking the wind at one time as if for Liverpool, and finally heading back towards Hull, a very exten-

sive run may be made in a very small enclosure. Half the 'tremendous runs' with scratch packs (especially with bag foxes) are of this description, and though strangers at a distance may be struck with astonishment, the natives do nothing but laugh at them. Still the publication of them does mischief: it flatters the vanity of a few pot-house hunters, encourages fox-stealing, and prevents gentlemen entering your columns to tell what is really worth knowing. You enjoy a great advantage over the other sporting periodicals by the frequency of your appearance, and I have no doubt that, if you will act upon this suggestion, you will, in time, secure the assistance of the *real* fox-hunting world, and make your paper as good in this department as it is in all others. At all events, it would be better to have no hunting intelligence at all than to give encouragement to bag fox-hunting. Do not be deterred by a few logical gentlemen like the 'Friend to all Sports.' Give each sport its fair patronage; encourage fox-hunting with fox-hounds, hare-hunting with harriers, but do not encourage them to interfere with each other's game, and, above all, let the non-hunting portion of the community know, that half the pleasure of the chase consists in giving the hunted animal a fair chance—a bag fox never has! You might as well expect a convict escaped from the condemned cell of Newgate to run as



stout as a trained pedestrian, as a bag fox to shew the sport of a wild one.

“ F.”

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“ Notice from the churchwardens and overseers, that in consequence of several mad dogs havin’ made their appearance, all dogs were to be muzzl’d, and requirin’ me to see that the ’ounds were properly muzzl’d before they went out to hunt. Wrote and told them I didn’t believe there were such a set of jackasses in Her Majesty’s dominions as to suppose an M. F. H. would go out with a pack of muzzl’d hounds.—Absurd! This is Mello’s doing. Will pay him off.”

“ New Year’s Day.—Sich a crowd! Sich compliments of the season, and sich screws. Old Doleful grinnin’ about on Fair Rosamond like Death on the Pale ’Oss. Found in the Cloud Quarries, but might as well have been in the clouds, the field surrounded it so, and drove the fox into the mouth of the ’ounds. A young gentleman in nankeens and patent leather boots, rode over old Barbara. ‘ That’s right!’ exclaimed Pigg, ‘ ride amang em!—ride amang em! Kill a hund or two; we’ve plenty mair at hyem! It mun be a poor concarn that wont stand a hund a-day.’ Differ from Pigg there though. Howsomever, old Barbara ain’t worth much. De-

clared she was the best in the pack notwithstanding'.

“ *Staunton Snivey*.—Batsay brought up shavin' water, saying Binjimin wished to be excused 'unting, havin' got the gout. All moonshine, I dare say! Boy has no passion for the chase. Have a good mind to stuff him full of Hunter's pills, and see if they will have any effect upon him. Wot business has a boy like him with the gout? Caught Charles pinchin' Belinda under the table. Mounted him on Xerxes, as Ben couldn't go. Largish field. Captain Thompson (who never pays his three pounds) observed he never saw a pack of foxhounds without a whip before, and muttered somethin' about master livin' out of the hounds. Shall set Fleecey at him.

“ Drew Longford Plantations ; then on to Fawsley Wood. Found immediately, but Reynard inclined to hang in cover. No great scent either, but cover surrounded with foot people and little holoday boys. Bin useful in coaxin' them into crowds, to listen to his 'hallegations,' as he calls his lies. At length Reynard broke from the West end, and made straight for Iver Heath, runnin' a wide circuit by Staunton Snivey, and over the hill, up to Bybury Wood. Scent poor and pace bad. All the hobbledehoy holoday boys

treadin' on the 'ounds' tails. A short check at Farmer Turner's, and thought all was over, when Priestess hit off the scent in a grass field behind the barn, and away they went with the scent improvin' at every yard. Pace changed from an 'unting run to a reg'lar burst, and quite straight over the cream of the country.

“How the tail lengthened! A quarter of a mile, increasin' as they went. Young gen'lemen charged to bring home the brush, found their grass ponys beginnin' to gape. Captain Shortflat stopped Duncan Nevin's mare on Hutton Bank top, and many bein' anxious to give in, great was the assistance he received. Major Spanker would bleed her in the jugular, Mr. Wells thought the thigh vein, and another thought the toe, so that the mare stood a good chance of bein' bled to death, if Duncan's man hadn't fortunately cast up and saved her from her frinds.

“On the hounds went for Crew, passing Limbury, leaving Argod Dingle to the right, over the lily-white sand railway near the station at Stope, pointing for Gore Cross, the fox finally taking refuge in a pig-sty behind the lodge of Button Park. Piggy at home and unfortunately killed, but who would grudge a pig after such a werry fine run?

“Pigg rode like a trump! — seven falls — knocked a rood of brick-wall down with his head.

What a nob that must be! Charley left one of his Yorkshire coat-laps in a hedge—Barnington lost his hat—Hudson his whip—Mr. Ramshay a stirrup, and Captain Martyn his cigar-case. Only seven up out of a field of sixty—day fine and bright—atmosphere clear, as if inclined for frost—hope not.

“*Jan. 7th.*—Reg’lar decided black frost—country iron-bound—landscape contracted—roads dry as bones—never saw so sudden a change; thought yesterday it looked like somethin’; the day changed, and hounds ran so hard in the afternoon; Pigg thinks it won’t last, but I think it will; ’opes he’ll be right.

“*8th.*—Frost *semper eadem*, ’arder and ’arder as Ego would say: windows frost fretted—laurels nipped—water-jugs frozen—shavin’-brush stiff—sponge stuck to water-bottle, and towel ’ard. Pigg still says it won’t last—wish he may be right—little hail towards night.

“*9th.*—Alternate sun and clouds—slight powderin’ of snow on cold and exposed places—largish flakes began to fall towards afternoon, and wind got up—purpleish sun-set—walked hounds before Sulphur Wells Hall, after feedin’, but they had a cold, dingy look, and I hadn’t heart to blow my ’orn. Gabriel Junks doesn’t seem to care about the cold, and gives no indication of a change—O, for one of his screams!

“ 10th.—Awoke, and found the country under two feet of snow. Well, it's always somethin' to know the worst, and be put out of suspense. Wind high, and drifted a large snow-wreath before the garden-gate—tempestersome day—Can't stir out without gettin' up to the hocks in snow. Desired Binjimin to sweep the way to the stable and kennel. Boy got a broom, and began 'issing as if he were cleanin' an 'oss. Letter from Giles Shortland, requestin' the M. F. H. to subscribe to a ploughin' match at Tew. Answered that I should be werry 'appy to subscribe, and wish I could see them at work. Old Dame Hey came with eight turkey-heads in a bag—fox had killed them last night, and she wanted pay. The bodies were at home—told her to bring the bodies—will make werry good stock for soup: one doesn't know but she may have sold the bodies. Wrote Bowker to go self and wife to sleep in my bed in Great Coram Street, to get it well haired. Shall run up to town and see the pantomime, and how things go on at the shop.

“ Old Doleful called with a requisition for me to give a sportin' lector—axed what good it did me givin' a sportin' lector and payin' two guineas for the room, besides lightin'. Said he made no doubt people would pay: told him if the lector was worth hearin' it was worth payin' for, and

if they would pay a shillin' a head admission, I'd give the profit to Pigg. Doleful proposed risk-in' expenses, if I will let him share profit with Pigg—agreed.

*“ Letter from Bowker.*

“ ‘ Honoured Sir,—Yours is received, and Mrs. B. and I will be proud to act the part of warming-pans. I suppose we may expect you in a day or two. You will be sorry to hear that poor Billy was hung this morning. *He died game.* As it was strongly suspected he had accomplices, a mitigation of punishment was offered if he would disclose his confederates. Billy listened sullenly to the offer, and passing his fingers through his thick curly hair, he said, ‘ Look here, masters, if every hair on this head was a life, I wouldn’t peach to save a single one.’ At length he confessed—‘ *I did boil the exciseman!*’ said he. Poor Billy! All the little beggarly boys, and hoarse-throated scoundrels in the town, are screaming his dying *speech* and confession about, when ‘ *I did boil the exciseman,*’ was all that he said. I am greatly distressed at poor Billy’s fate.

‘ Take him for all and all,  
We ne’er shall look upon his like again.’

“ ‘ London is suicidically gloomy to-day—I feel

as if I could cut my throat—would that I could leave it!—But

‘ The lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.’

“ ‘ I’m about tired of old Snarle. Our business is fast falling off, and an old man’s trade never rallies. Might I take the liberty of asking if you think a snuff and cigar shop would answer at Handley Cross? I have a splendid new nigger, five feet six, with a coronet full of party-coloured feathers on his head, a sky-blue jacket with gold lace, and a pair of broad red-striped trousers, leaving half his black thighs bare, that I thought of setting at the door in Eagle Street, but would reserve him for the Cross if you thought it would do. Of course, I would carry on business in Eagle Street as well—at least for the present; but I have plenty of canisters, wooden rolls of tobacco to stock a branch establishment, and Mrs. Bowker fancies a change of air would do her asthma good. Pray excuse the freedom, and believe me to remain,

“ ‘ Dear Sir,

“ ‘ Yours most respectfully,

“ ‘ Wm. BOWKER.

“ ‘ To J. Jorrocks, Esq.’ ”

## CHAPTER VII.

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*“ And still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.”*

THE cheerless snow-storm quickened rather than deadened Captain Doleful's ardour; he wrote notes and notices without end, urging his friends, acquaintances, and the public at large, to attend a splendid sporting lecture by Mr. Jorrocks, the proceeds of which (at a shilling a-head admission) would be presented to James Pigg. After people have been cooped in the house a few days, any thing is attractive; but, in the present case, the fame of Mr. Jorrocks's former lecture would have been amply sufficient to draw a numerous audience to a second. Our master's familiarity with his subject made him suppose all others were equally informed, otherwise he would not have let Doleful into a safe venture to the detriment of James Pigg. Indeed, the bargain was closed rather rashly; for, if Mr. Jorrocks had remem-



bered the immense number of young people then in Handley Cross, for the Christmas holydays, he might have been sure of a handsome surplus, after paying expenses. However, a bargain being a bargain with him, he made no comments, and amused himself by conning over his discourse.

The weather put a stop to all out-door pursuits; and the "cuts" in the lily-white sand railway being drifted up with snow, all communication with other places was cut off for a time. In vain Mr. Jorrocks wrote to Bill Bowker that he need not sleep in his bed—the letter got no farther than the Handley Cross post-office.

About the second day of the storm, people began shovelling the snow from their fronts, and cutting carriage-ways through the drifts that blocked up the thoroughfares. On the third, a few flies began to move about, giving symptoms of returning animation; and all, save Charles, who passed his time very pleasantly with Belinda, rejoiced at the prospect of a release from confinement. The storm weighed heavily on Mr. Jorrocks's spirits, and James Pigg d——d the south country, and swore "they never had seck weather i' the north." Often did our worthy, warming himself at Batsay's pittance of a kitchen fire, wish himself at Deavilboger's never-failing grate.

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"Ar think we're gannin' to have fresh," ob-

served Pigg to his master on the lecture-day, as the latter was paying his usual lengthy visit to the stable.

“Have what?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

“*Fresh*,” repeated Pigg, with an emphasis; “ye ken what fresh weather is, dinnat ye?”

“Vy, no,” replied our master thoughtfully; “you don’t mean a thaw?”

“Yeas, a thaw,” replied Pigg.

“I vish we may!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, brightening up; “somehow the day feels softer; but the hair generally is after a fall. Howsomer, *nous werrons*, as we say in France: it ’ill be a long time afore we can ’unt, though—’edges will be full o’ snow.”

“Aye, dike backs,” replied Pigg, “lies lang i’ them; but one can always loup in, or loup o’er.”

“Ah, that’s all werry good talkin’,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, shaking his head, and jingling the silver in his breeches-pocket; “that’s werry good talkin’,” repeated he, “but there are sich things as ’osses’ necks to be considered.”

“A! but if ar’ll risk mar neck, ye sufely may risk yeer ’osse’s,” observed Pigg.

“Don’t know,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, smiling at his huntsman’s keenness. “Fear we shalln’t have a chance in a hurry: have you seen Junks?”

“No, ar’s not; the missis was on the house-end as I cam’ to stable, but Gabriel wern’t there.”

“ Ah, the missis is nothin’,” replied Jorrocks; “ had Gabriel been there, it would have been somethin’; good bird, Mrs. Junk, but hasn’t Gabriel’s ’cuteness about weather—follows in the wake—never takes a lead—a scream from Gabriel now would be worth a Jew’s eye;” so saying, our master returned to the house.

The prospect, though distant, of resuming the chase, was cheering to Mr. Jorrocks, and he ate his four o’clock dinner, and drank his bottle of strong port with more than usual *gout*. He then completed his toilette (the full dress uniform of the hunt), and at seven o’clock was behind the curtain of the platform in the long-room of the Dragon.

Captain Doleful’s efforts had been wonderfully successful, for the room was as full as ever it would hold. He had also made a hard bargain with Snubbins respecting the lights, by which he saved some twenty or thirty shillings, which, of course, he put into his own pocket. Miss Jelly took the cash, and Pigg took the tickets.

Precisely as the clock was done striking seven, Mr. Jorrocks ascended the platform, attended by Swizzle, Snubbins, and Doleful, and was received with loud cheers from the gentlemen, and the waving of handkerchiefs from the lady part of the audience. Of these there was a goodly number, among whom was Mrs. Jorrocks, in a great

red turban, with a plume of black feathers, reclining gracefully on one side; Stubbs sat between her and Belinda, who was dressed in a pale pink silk, with a gold cord in her hair: Belinda looked perfectly happy. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Jorrocks advanced to the front of the platform (which was decorated as before), and thus addressed the audience in a somewhat mournful tone:—

“Beloved ’earers!” said he; “under the dreadful calamity with which it has pleased Providence to afflict this terrestrial globe, I have yielded to the solicitations of many of my friends to endeavour to lighten your sorrows by a lector’ on that which we cannot at present enjoy.”

Here Mr. Jorrocks faltered and paused, apparently overcome by his feelings. A loud round of applause, and the tinkling of a spoon in a glass, as Snubbins deposited a stiff tumbler of brandy-and-water on a little round table behind, appeared to revive him, and he again essayed to proceed.

“Beloved ’earers! this night I shall enlighten you on the all-important ceremony of takin’ the field” (loud applause).

“TAKIN’ THE FIELD!” repeated he, throwing out his arms, and casting his eyes up at the looping of his canopy; “glorious sound! wot words can convey anything ’alf so delightful?”

“In my mind’s eye I see the ’ounds in all their

glossy pride trottin' round Arterxerxes, who whinnies with delight at their company. There's old Pristess with her speckled sides, lookin' as wize as a Christian, and Trusty, and Tuneable, and Warrior, and Wagrant, and Workman, and all.

“But to the pint. Ingenious youth, having got his 'oss, and learned to tackle him, let me now, from the bonded warehouse of my knowledge, prepare him for the all-glorious ceremony of the 'unt.

“How warious are the motives,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, looking thoughtfully, “that draw men to the cover side. Some come to see, others to be seen; some for the ride out, others for the ride 'ome; some for happetites, some for 'ealth, some to get away from their wives, and a few to 'unt. Ah! give me the few—the chosen few—‘the band o' brothers,’ as the poet says, wot come to 'unt!—men wot know the 'ounds, and know the covers, and know the country, and, above all, know when 'ounds are runnin', and when they are off the scent—men wot can ride in the fields, and yet 'old 'ard in the lanes—men what would rather see the thief o' the world well trounced in cover, than say they took a windmill in the hardour of the chase. Could I but make a little country of my own, and fill it with critturs of my own creation, I'd have sich a lot o' trumps as never were seen out o' Surrey (loud cheers).

“ Bliss my 'eart, wot a many ways there is of enjoyin' the chase,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, “ and 'ow one man is led into folly and extravagance by another ! Because great Sampson Stout, who rides sixteen stun', with the nerves of a steam-engine, keeps twelve 'unters and two 'acks, little Tommy Titmouse, who scarcely turns nine with his saddle, must have as many, though he dare 'ardly ride over a vater furrow. Because Sir Yawnberry Dawdle, who lies long in bed, sends on, Mr. Larkspur, who is up with the sun, must needs do the same, though he is obliged to put off time, lest he should arrive afore his 'oss. Because Lady Giddyfool puts a hyacinth in her lord's button-'ole, every hass in his 'unt must send to Covent Garden to get some. I werily believes, if a lord was to stick one of my peacock Gabriel Junks's feathers in his 'at, there would be fools to follow his example ; out upon them, say I : 'unting is an expensive amusement or not, jest as folks choose to make it.

“ There's a nasty word called 'can't,' that does an infinity of mischief. One can't 'unt without eight 'osses ; one can't do without two 'acks ; one can't ride in a country saddle ; one can't do this, and one can't do that—hang your can'ts ! Th' Income Tax will cure some of them, I reckons.

“ Believe me, if a man is inclined for the chase, he'll ride a'most any thing, or valk sooner than

stay at 'ome. I often thinks, could the keen foot-folks change places with the fumigatin' yards o' leather and scarlet, wot a much better chance there would be for the chase ! They, at all events, come out from a genuine inclination for the sport, and not for mere show-sake, as too many do.

“ Dash my vig, wot men I've seen in the 'unting-field ! men without the slightest notion of 'unting, but who think it right to try if they like it, jest as they would smokin' or eatin' olives after dinner.

“ ‘ You should get a red coat, and join the 'unt,’ says a young gen'leman's old aunt ; and forthwith our hero orders two coats of the newest cut, five pair of spurs, ten pair of breeches, twenty pair of boots, waistcoats of every cut and figure, a bunch of whips, diachulum drawers, a cigar-case for his pocket, a gentle zephyr\* for his saddle-front, a sandwich-case for one side, and a shoe-case for t'other, and keeps a hair-bed afloat against he comes 'ome with a broken leg. (Laughter and applause.)

“ But I lose my patience thinkin' o' sich fools. If it warn't that among those who annually take the field, and are choked off by the expense, there are ingenious youth who, with proper

\* “ TO THE SPORTING WORLD.—No Gentleman having any just pretension to the name of Sportsman should be without one of WARD'S celebrated ZEPHYR COATS,” &c.—ADVERTISEMENT.

handlin', might make good sportsmen and valuable payin' subscribers, I'd wesh my 'ands of sich rubbish altogether. If any such there be within the limits of this well-filled room, let him open wide his hears, and I will teach him, not only how to do the trick, but to do it as if he had been at it all his life, and at werry little cost. Let him pull out his new purchase, and learn to ride one 'oss afore he keeps two. We will now jog together to the meet.—It's only buoys in jackets and trowsers that are out for the *first* time.—Viskers, boots, and breeches, are supposed to come from another country. First we must dress our sportsman;—no black trousers crammed into top-boots, or fur-caps cocked jauntily on the 'ead;—real propriety, and no mistake!

“An ingenious gentleman in Ratcliffe Highway, or whose name was Ratcliffe, I doesn't know whether, wrote an interestin' blue-book, about all manner of things, 'unting included, wherein he said, ‘that nothin's more snobbish than a black tye with top-boots.’ It was a werry clever remark, and an enlargement of Mr. Hood's idea of no one ever havin' seen a sailor in top-boots. Bishops' boots he also condemned, and spoke highly in favour of tops cleaned with champagne and abricot jam.

“Leather-breeches he spoke kindly of, but unless a man has a good many servants, he had



better have them cleanin' his 'oss than his breeches. Leathers are very expensive, though there's a deal of wear in them. I have a pair now that were made by White of Tarporley, in George the Third's reign, and though the cut is altered, the constitution of them remains perfect. In those days it was the fashion to have them so tight, that men used to be slung into them by pulleys from their ceilings; and a fashionable man, writin' to his tailor for a pair, added this caution, 'Mind, if I can get into them, I won't have them.' Leathers were once all the go for street-work, jest as tights and Hessians will be ere long.

"I've heard a story, that when George the Fourth was Prince, a swell coveted the style of his leathers so much that he bribed the Prince's valet largely for the recipe. 'You shall have it,' said the man, pocketin' the coin, and lookin' werry wize; 'the fact is,' added he, 'the way his Royal 'Ighness's royal unmentionables look so well is, because his Royal 'Ighness sleeps in them.'" ("Haw, haw, haw," grunted Mr. Jorrocks, in company with several of his audience.)

"The custom of riding in scarlet is one upon which it becomes me to speak;—I doesn't know nothin' about the hantiquity of it, or whether Julius Cæsar, or any of those coves, sported

shorts, “are all well enough for dancin’ in, but for real scrimmagin’ out-door work, there’s nothin’ like room and flannel ;—good long-backed coats, with the waistcoat made equally warm all round, and the back to come down in a flap, and plenty of good well-lined laps to wrap over one’s thighs when it rains.”—Mr. Jorrocks suiting the action to the word, and describing the cut of each article as he went on.—“Berlin gloves are capital for ’unting in,” continued he ; “they keep your ’ands warm, and do to blow your nose on in cold weather.

“Boots are boots all the world over ;—caps are cocktail, but Wellingtons and tops are the most snobbish things a man can come out in.

“Youngsters should be cautious o’ spurs ;—they may use them wot is called incontinently, and get into grief. I disagree with Geoffry Gambado, who recommends the free use of them, as tendin’ to keep the blood in circulation, and preventin’ one’s toes catchin’ cold. He recommends spurrin’ in the shoulder, where he says an ’oss has most feelin’, because he has most weins ; adding, that by spurrin’ at his body, five times in six your labour is lost ; for if you are a short man, you spur the saddle-cloth only ; if a leggy one, you never touch him at all ; and if middlin’, the rider wears out his own girths,

without the 'oss being a bit the better for it; but my own opinion is, that the less ingenuous youth uses them the better.

“ A slight knowledge of farmin' promotes the enjoyment of the chase. What so 'umiliatin' as to see a big farmer bullyin' a little man in leather and scarlet for ridin' over his seeds, when the innocent is ignorant of having done nothin' of the sort. Seeds, my beloved 'earers, are what grow into clover, or new land hay;—they come after the corn-crop, and when that is reaped, if an inquiring sportsman will examine the ground, he will see little green herbs, like crow's feet, shootin' up among the stubble, which rear themselves into stalks with expandin' leaves; and those glorious pink and white balls, called clover, wot smell so fragrantly as one loiters pensively along the shady dusty lanes.

“ Now, if the iron-shod 'unter careers over these young and tender plants, leavin' his copy-right behind him, and it comes wet shortly after, the standin' water perishes the plants, and leaves the farmer to water his bed with tears and lamentation.—Oh, miserable bunch-clod!

“ So it is with wheat. If you see a field nicely laid away, the surface all smooth, and the furrows all open, you may conclude that is wheat, even though the tender green blades—the pro-

missory note of life's comin' year, are not yet apparent. Some labour 'ard to make 'themselves believe that it increases the crop to ride over it, and many a hargument I've held with farmers in favour of that position myself, but no man, who treats himself to a little undisguised truth, can make himself believe so, unless, indeed, he is satisfied that a drove of hoxen would improve the prospects of a flower-garden by passin' a night in frolicsome diversion. The wheat-field is the farmer's flower-garden!—It is to it that he looks for the means of payin' his rent, and giving his hamiable wife and accomplished darters a new piannet, and a scarlet welwet bonnet a-piece, with a black feather drooping over the left hear (Mr. Jorrocks looking slyly at Mrs. J. as he said this); and young and heedless men, if even they have no compassion on the old cock-farmer, should think what distress they will cause to the hens if they lose their scarlet welwet bonnets with the appurtenances. Some wags say that wheat is called 'ard corn, because it stands a wast of ridin' over; but I maintains that it no more means that, than that 'ard-money currency means 'money 'ard to get at,'—or that an 'ard rider means a man wot will trot down 'Olborn Hill on a frosty mornin'. Let every feelin' man, then, consider, when he is about

to ride over wheat, that he is about to trample under foot scarlet welwet bonnets, and with them the farmer's darters' best and tenderest 'opes.

"And here let me observe, that I cannot help thinkin' that that celebrated man, Gambado, has been the unconscious means of many a field of wheat being trampled down. When such great men talk lightly on a subject, little minds catch the infection, and far outstrip the author's most sanguinary conceptions.

"Speaking in laudatory terms of the merits of the dray 'oss—merits which no one will deny—Gambado talks of the figure they are calculated to make on the road or in the field. 'Scarce any of them,' says he, 'but is master of thirty stone and upwards!' (Roars of laughter.) 'What a sublime scene would it be,' continues he, 'to see fourscore or a hundred of these hanimals on the full stretch over a piece of wheat, to catch sight of an 'ound!' (Roars of laughter.)

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Jorrocks, looking very irate, "I'm sorry for your mirth—(hisses and laughter)—shocked at your immorality, in fact!—Dash my vig if I arn't!" (Renewed laughter and cheers.)

"Such undecent mirth would disgrace a Cockney! A Cockney looks upon a farmer as an inferior crittur!—a sort of domestic convict, trans-

ported beyond the bills o' mortality, and condemned to wander in 'eavy shoes amid eternal hacles o' dirt and dandylions. I 'opes such is not your opinion.—(Loud cries of “ No, no,” and cheers.) I'm glad sich wickedness finds no response here.” Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks retired behind the curtain, and composed himself with a draught of brandy and water.

\* \* \* \*

“ Now,” said he, licking his lips, as he returned to the front of the platform ; “ let ingenious youth suppose himself at the meet, and that he has been presented to the M. F. H., to whom great respect and reverence should always be paid ;—the meet is the place for lettin' off the fulminatin' balls of wit ; but unless young green'orn be a tolerably jawbacious sort of chap, he had better be a listener at first. There are a few stock jokes that do for any country, the ready appliance of which stamps the user as a wag or a sportsman among those who don't know no better. ‘ Dear sir,’ says one man to another, ridin' a wite-faced 'oss, ‘ I fears your nag is werry bad !’

“ ‘ 'Ow so ?’ inquires t'other, all alarm.

“ ‘ Vy, he's all vite in the face !’ (“ Haw ! haw ! haw !”)

“ ‘ Yours is an expensive nag, I see,’ observes a second.

“ ‘ Not more than other people’s,’ is the answer.

“ ‘ Yes, he is ; for I see he wears boots as well as shoes,’ pointing to speedy-cut boots.

“ ‘ ‘Ave I lost a shoe in coming?’ inquires a gentleman, who with a late start has come in a hurry.

“ ‘ They ’re not all on before!’ exclaims half a dozen voices, ready with the joke.

“ ‘ Does you ’re mother know you are out?’ is a familiar inquiry that may be safely hazarded to a bumptious boy in a jacket. ‘ More dirt the less hurt!’ is a pleasant piece o’ consolation for a friend with a mud mask ; and ‘ One at a time and it will last the longer!’ is a knowin’ exclamation to make to a hundred and fifty friends waiting for their turns at an ’unting wicket. ‘ Over you go ; the longer you look the less you’ll like it!’ may be ’ollo’d to a friend lookin’ long at a fence. ‘ Hurry no man’s cattle! you may keep a donkey yourself some day!’ is the answer to the last. When you see a lawyer floored, sing out, ‘ There’s an ’oss a layin’ down the law!’ If a chap axes if your nag will jump timber, say, ‘ He’ll leap over your ’ead.’ These, and sich as these, are your tickets for soup, as the cook said, when she basted the scullion with the hox-tail! (Loud laughter.)

“ Flattery is easier accomplished than wit,

and the meet is a place where butter, with a little knowledge, will go a long way. All masters of 'ounds like praise. Some are so fond on it, that they butter themselves. If you see 'ounds' ribs, and their loins are well filled and flanks hollow, you may say they look like their work ; if they're fat, say they are werry even in condition ; if lean, that they look like goin' a bust ; if jest no-ways in particklar, you can't get wrong if you say, you never saw a nicer lot. If you see some with clips on the hears, or along the backs, you may conclude they are new comers, and ax where he got them. Big-'eaded 'ounds, you may observe, look like John Warde's sort, or, more properly, Mr. Orlocks, seeing Orlock's to the fore and poor John is'nt. Coarse-sterned ones, you may put to the Badsworth. Badger-pyed ones may lead to the inquiry, if they arn't from Lord Fitzvilliam's ; and then you can talk of Tom Sebright, Stanwick pastures, and all that sort o' thing ; or of Furrier and Hosbaldeston ; and swear you never saw sich legs and feet ; in short, let legs and feet be the burthen of your song. Beware of callin' 'ounds dogs, or sterns tails. Sich a slip would make the M. F. H. turn tail on you directly.

“ It looks werry knowin' to take a bit o' biscuit out of your pocket, as you are lookin' over the 'ounds, and make them rise on their



hind legs to receive it, while you scrutinise them werry attentively. This is a most scientific proceedin' and will immediately stamp you as a werry knowin' 'and, if not for an M. F. H. himself. Still let your talk be of legs and loins, with an occasional mention of elbows and shoulders. Perfection! symmetry! 'andsome! level! bone! breedin'! condition! Lord Ducie! Ralph Lambton! Musters! — are terms that may be thrown in at random, jest as the butter seems to go down.

“ 'Untsmen are either 'eaven-born or hidiot —there's no medium. Every schoolboy can criticise their performance. It's 'stonishin' how quickly 'untsmen are run up and down, jest like the funds, with the bulls and the bears. As no M. F. H. keeps what he considers a fool, it may be well to commence in the soapy line; for even though a master may abuse a servant himself, he may not fancy his field doing so too.

“ At the meet, every man's time is accordin' to his own conwenience. Should he have been too early, the 'ounds have come late; and should he be late, the 'ounds were there before their time. The last man always says that there's no one else comin', as he does not see the wit of waitin' after he arrives.

“ Among the followers of the chase, there be

some men wot start with wot seems like a good mould-candle passion for the chase, but, somehow or other, after a few seasons, it simmers down to little better nor a fardin' rushlight. After the first brush of the thing is over, they begin to economise their 'osses in November, that they may have them fresh about Christmas; or they don't work them much in February, as they wish to save a couple to take to town in the spring; or tool their missesses about in the Booby Hutch. Ven I hear chaps talk this way, I always reckon upon seein' their coats nailin' the happple-trees up afore long.

"Some are much greater 'oss coddles than others. When Tat wrote to Ferguson to know vot he wanted for 'Arkaway, and whether the 'oss was in work, Ferguson replied, 'The price of 'Arkaway is six thousand guineas, and I 'unts him twice and thrice a-week!' (roars of laughter). Quite true, I assure you," continued Mr. Jor-rocks, looking very serious. "Saw it in print in that famous work, 'The Cracks of the Day.'

"Some men keep servants to be their masters.

" 'I shall ride the roan, to-morrow, Jones,' says a gen'lman to his groom.

" 'Can't, sir; just given him a dose o' physic.'

" 'Well, then, the black. He's not been out since yesterday week.'

“ ‘ His turn’s not till Tuesday.’

“ ‘ Oh, never mind! Just let me have a look at him.’

“ ‘ *Can’t*. Stable’s done up—not be hopen till four; so mizzle, master.’

“ In course these chaps have ’igh wages,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, “ or you couldn’t expect them to have such himperence. A man with a strong bouy and a hash-plant is generally master of his stud; a master with a bouy and no hash-plant is like a fiddle without a stick.

“ More ’osses are ruined from want o’ work than from the excess on’t. Take a season through, and ’ow werry few days there are on which there is really any thing for gen’lmen’s ’osses to do; though, to be sure, such days generally come in a heap; yet, as no one can say how long a run o’ luck will last, my advice is, to keep goin’ as long as ever you can. A man can but get six days a-week if he labours ever so, and there are werry few wot would not rayther have four, or maybe two. The flash o’ ridin’ long distances to meet one pack of ’ounds, when another’s at ’and, arises from the pleasure of sportin’ a red coat through a longer line o’ country, and vinkin’ at the gals on the road, or from a desire to be talked of as havin’ done so, and as being werry keen ’ands. I generally find them werry great fools!

“ There is another way that would-be sportsmen have of shewin’ their keenness. Durin’ a storm sich as this, it is not unusual for the M.F.H. to advertise where th’ ’ounds will meet the first day the weather permits. Well, as soon as ever the eves begin to drop, the, would-bes put on their red coats and go to the meet, continuin’ the process day after day until the thaw really arrives; when, disgusted at the slackness of the master, they throw the thing up, and swear they von’t ’unt with him any more.

“ ‘ Not hung yourself yet, Gilhespie?’ suitin’ the haction to the word by feelin’ your neck and cockin’ your thumb under your hear, is a werry sportin’ interrogatory to put to a frind in the street durin’ a frost. All these mendacious means let ingenuous youth despise. It’s one thing to cover your hignorance and another to help you to imperance. I does the former only.

“ But come, let’s be doin’!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, rubbing his elbows against his sides as if anxious for the fray.

“ Let us s’pose the last, *last* fumigatin’ piece o’ conceit has cast up, and the M. F. H. gives the hoffice to the ’untsman to throw off. ’Osses’ ’eads turn one way, th’ ’ounds brisk up at the move, the coffee-room breaks up, frinds pair off to carry out jokes, while the foot people fly to the ’ills, and the bald-’eaded keeper stands ’at in ’and at the gate, to let th’ ’ounds into cover.

“ ‘*Eleu in!*’ at length, cries the ’untsman, with a wave of his ’and, and in an instant his ’osses’ ’eels are deserted. The vipper-in has scuttled round the cover, and his rate and crack are ’eard on the far side. ‘Gently, Conqueror! Conqueror, have a care! Ware are!—ware are!’ ”

\* \* \* \*

Here Mr. Jorrocks paused apparently for the purpose of recollecting something.

“ ‘There’s a bit o’ poetry due here,” observed he; “but somehow or other it von’t come, to holloo!

‘ Great, glorious, and free,  
First flower o’ the hocean, first——’ ”

continued he. “No, *that* von’t do, that’s old Dan’s dodge. Yet it’s somethin’ like that, too; can no one help me? I have it:—

‘ Delightful scene!  
When all around is gay, men, ’osses, dogs;  
And in each smilin’ countenance appears  
Fresh bloomin’ ’ealth, and uniwersal joy.’ ”

And yet that’s not exactly the place it should have come in at neither,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, recollecting himself; “that scrap is meant for the meet; throwin’ off is thus described by Peter Beckford, or some other gen’l’mán wot described it to him. Howsomever it von’t do to waste a cotation, so you can jest joggle t’ other one back

in your minds to the right place. This is throwin' off:—

‘ See! on they range  
Dispersed, ’ow busily this way and that,  
They cross, examinin’ with curious nose  
Each likely ’aunt. ’Ark! on the drag I ’ear  
Their doubtful notes, preludin’ to a cry  
More nobly full, and swelled with every mouth.’

“ Now that’s poetry and sense too,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, smacking his lips; “ which is more than poetry often is; for a poet, you see, has to measure his words, and werry often the one that would express vot he vonts von’t fit in with t’ others, so he’s obliged to alter his meanin’ altogether, or mount a lame steed. For my part I likes prose best, and I reckon Peter’s prose better nor most men’s werse. Hear ’ow he finds his fox.” Here Mr. Jorrocks took his copy of Beckford’s “ Thoughts on Hunting” from the table at the back of the platform, and read as follows:—

“ ‘ How musical their tongues! And as they get nearer to him, ’ow the chorus fills! ’Ark! he is found. Now, vere are all your sorrows and your cares, ye gloomy souls! one holloo has dispelled them all. Vot a crash they make! and hecho seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The ’stonished traveller forsakes his road; lured by its melody, the listenin’ ploughman now stops his plough, and every distant shepherd

neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. Vot joy! vot heagerness in every face!’

“Now,” said Mr. Jorrocks, smacking his lips again, “that’s what I call *real prime stuff*—the concentrated essence of ‘untin’—the XXX of sportin’, so different from the wire-spun, wishy-washy yarns of modern penny-a-liners, who smother their meanin’ (if they have any) in words. If I’ve read Peter once, I’ve read him a hundred times, and yet I finds somethin’ fresh to admire every time. Wernor and Hood, Birchin Lane, published this edition in 1796; and on the title-page is pasted a hextract from a newspaper that would adorn a monument. ‘Monday, 8th March, 1811, at his seat, Stapleton, in Dorsetshire, Peter Beckford, Esq., aged 70. Mr. Beckford was a celebrated fox-’unter, and hauthor of ‘Letters on ‘Unting.’’ There’s an inscription for a marble monument! ‘Multum in parvo,’ as Pomponius Ego would say. Blow me tight! but I never looks at Billy Beckford on his monument in Guildhall, but I exclaims, ‘Shake Billy from his pedestal and set up Peter!’ (Hisses and applause.)

“I once wrote my epitaph, and it was werry short,—

‘Hic jacet Jorrocks,’

was all wot I said; but the unlettered ‘untsman, or maybe M. F. H., might pass me by, jest as he

would a dead emperor. Far different would it be should this note follow,—‘Mr. J. was a celebrated fox-’unter, and lecturer upon ’unting.’ Then would the saunterin’ sportsman pause as he passed, and drop a tribute to the memory of one who loved the chase so well. But I’m gettin’ prosaic and off the line. Let us ’ark back into cover ! The chase, I sings ! Let’s see.

“ We had jest found our fox. Well, then, one more cotation from Peter and I’ll be done, or you’ll say I’m a reg’lar paste-and-scissor lecturer.\* Here’s a description of the thief o’ the world afore he breaks :—

“ ‘ Mark ’ow he runs the cover’s utmost limits, yet dares not venture forth ; the ’ounds are still too near ! That check is lucky ! Now if our friends ’ead him not, he will soon be off !’

“ TALLI-HO !” screamed Mr. Jorrocks, at the top of his voice. “ Dash my vig, that’s the cry !” continued he, holding his hand in the air. “ See ’ow pale the gen’leman in light scarlet and bishop’s boots is turnin’, and how delighted old Jack Rasper, in the cut-away olive, broad cords, and ’hogany’ sis ; his low-crowned ’at’s in the hair, for he sees the warmint, a sight more glorious nor the lord-mayor’s show ; yet he

\* “ A paste-and-scissors author ” is one who deals wholesale in other people’s ideas, which he cuts out and pastes into his own manuscript.



'olloas not! Ah, it's talli-ho back! The fox is 'eaded by yon puppy in purple, strikin' a light on the pommel of his saddle. 'Ope he'll soon be sick! Th' 'ounds turn short—no metal\* there, Mr. Smith—and are at him again. Have at him, my beauties! Have at him, my darlin's! Have at him, I say! Yonder he goes at t' other end!—now he's away! Old Rasper has him again! 'Talli-ho, *away!*' he cries. The old low-crowned 'at's in the hair, and now every man 'oops and 'ollows to the amount of his super-scription. *Twang! twang! twang!* goes the Percival; crack! crack! crack! go the whips; 'ounds, 'osses, and men, are in a glorious state of excitement! Full o' beans and benevolence!

“ So am I, my beloved 'earers,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, after a pause; “ and must let off some steam, or I shall be teachin' you to over-ride the 'ounds.” So saying, Mr. Jorrocks retired to the back of the platform, and cooled himself with a glass of hot brandy and water. Presently he returned, and thus resumed his discourse.

“ Here let me observe, that it's a grand thing for a youngster to get a view of the warmint at startin': by so doing he gains a sort of wested interest in the fox, and rides after him as he

\* *Metal*. When hounds are very fresh, and fly for a short distance on a wrong scent, or without one, it is called all metal.—Hunting terms in Smith's “ Diary of a Sportsman.” Query, Was *mettle* what he meant?

would after a thief with his watch. There's a knack in doin' this, and some men are cleverer at it than others, but half the battle consists in not being flurried—'Yonder he goes! yonder he goes! Talli-ho! talli-ho!' exclaim a dozen people, pointin' different ways—and hearin' that a fox is a quick travellin' beast, ingenuous youth begins to look some half mile a-head; whereas, if the people were to cry 'Here he is! here he is!' Spooney would take a nearer range, and see that a fox travels more like a cat nor a crow.

"Well, then, my beloved 'earers, glorious talliho! talliho!—whose very echo kivers me all over with the creeps—is holloaed and repeated, and responded and re-echoed, and th' 'ounds are settlin' to the scent. As soon as ever you hear the cry, make up your minds either to go on or go 'ome. But I won't s'pose that any man will stop stirrin' till the puddin's done; at all ewents, not till he sees a fence, so thrust your 'eads well into your 'ats, tighten your reins, 'arden your 'earts, and with elbows and legs, elbows and legs, get forward to the 'ounds." Mr. Jorrocks suiting the action to the word, and straddling while he worked an imaginary horse with his arms.

"Now we are away! The cover's wacated, and there's not another within seven miles! Vich way's the wind? South-east, as I live. Then he's away for Brammelkite Brake! Now for your

topographical dictionaries, or, vot is still better, some gemman with a map of the country in his 'ead. The field begins to settle into places, like folks at the play. If there's no parson to pilot the way, gen'lmen with 'osses to sell take the first rank. Every one now sees who are there, and many may be wantin' at the end to tell who come in so; a rasper well negotiated at this time o' day has sold many a screw. After the gen'lmen with 'osses to sell comes the 'untsman, entreatin' the gen'lmen with 'osses to sell not to press upon the 'ounds; but as he only talks to their backs, they regard the exhortation as a mere figure o' speech. The top-sawyers of the 'unt will be close on the 'untsman. There will not be many of these; but should there be a barrack in the neighbourhood, some soger officers will most likely mex up and ride at the 'ardest rider among 'em, The dragon soger officer is the most dangerous, and may be known by the viskers under his nose. A foot soger officer's 'oss is generally better in its wind than on its legs. They wear chin wigs, and always swear the leaps are nothin' compared with those in the county they come from—Cheapside, p'raps.

“ In the wake of the top-sawyers and soger officers will come your steady two 'oss men, their eyes to the 'ounds, their thoughts in the chase, regardless of who crams or who cranes. These generally wear cords, their viskers are greyish,

and their boot-tops incline to a brown. As men get older, their boots get darker.

“The ‘safe pilot’ is one with a broad back, clad in bottle-green, with plain metal buttons, white neckcloth, striped veskit, drab kerseys, with ribbons danglin’ over a ‘hogany top; or may be in the scarlet coat of the ‘unt, with a hash-plant, to denote that he is a gate-opener, and not a leaper : a man of this sort will pilot a youngster all day without ridin’ over a fence. He knows every twist, every turn, every gate, every gap, in the country, and though sometimes appearin’ to ride away from th’ ‘ounds, by skirt-in’ and nickin’, will often gain Reynard’s p’int afore them—p’raps afore Reynard himself!

“We must not follow him, but ‘streak it’ across the country a bit, as brother Jonathan would say, and this is the time that, if ingenuous youth’s ‘oss has any monkey in him, he will assuredly get his dander up and shew it. The commonest occurrence in all natur’ is for him to run away, which is highly disagreeable. Geoffrey Gambado well observes, that when a man is well run away with, the first thing that occurs to him is how to stop his ‘oss. Some will run him at a ditch, which is a werry promisin’ experiment, if he leaps ill, or not at all : others try a gate-post, but it requires a nice eye to hit the centre with the ‘oss’s ‘ead, so as not to graze your own leg.

Frenchmen—and Frenchmen ride as well now as they did in Gambado's time—will ride against one another; and Geoffrey tells a good story of an ingenious Frenchman he saw make four experiments on Newmarket Heath, in only one of which he succeeded. His 'oss ran away with him whilst Gimcrack was runnin' a match, and the Count's 'opes of stoppin' him being but small, he contrived to turn him across the course and rode slap at Gimcrack, 'opin' to effect it by a broadside; but Gimcrack was too quick for the Count, and he missed his aim. He then made full at Lord March, but unluckily only took him slantin': baffled in this second attempt, the Count relied on the Devil's Ditch as a certain check to his career, but his 'oss carried him clean over; and had not the rubbin' 'ouse presented itself, the Count asserted he werily believed he should soon have reached London. Dashin' at the rubbin' 'ouse, with true French spirit, he produced the desired effect; his 'oss, not being able to proceed, stopped, and that so suddenly that Ducrow himself would have kissed his own saw-dust. The Count, it is true, came off but tolerably well; the 'oss broke his 'ead and the Count's likewise, so that, accordin' to the opinion of two negatives making an affirmative, little or no 'arm was done, an ingenious, if not a satisfactory, mode of disposin' of damage.

“ And here let me observe, that to 'unt plea-

santly two things are necessary—to know your 'oss and to know your own mind. An 'oss is a queer crittur. In the stable, on the road, or even in a green lane, he may be all mild and hamiable—jest like a gal you're a courtin' of—but when he gets into the 'unting field among other nags, and sees th' 'ounds, which always gets their danders up, my vig! it's another pair of shoes altogether, as we say in France. Howsomever, if you know your 'oss and can depend upon him, so as to be sure he will carry you over whatever you put him at, have a good understandin' with yourself afore ever you come to a leap, whether you mean to go over it or not, for nothing looks so pusillanimous, as Wooley Wolliamson\* would say, as to see a chap ride bang up to a fence as though he would eat it, and then swerve off for a gate or a gap. Better far to charge wiggorously and be chucked over by the 'oss stoppin' short, for the rider may chance to light on his legs, and can look about unconsarnedly, as though nothing particklar had 'appened. I'm no advocate for leapin', but there are times when it can't be helped, in which case, let a man throw his 'eart fearlessly over the fence and follow it as quick as ever he can, and being well landed, let him thank Fortin' (or whoever he gets his sugar

\* Williamson, the highly respected huntsman of his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh.

of) for his luck, and lose no time in lookin' for the best way out. Thus he will go on from leap to leap, and from field to field, rejoicin'; and havin' got well over the first fence, it's 'stonishin' 'ow fearlessly he charges the next. Some take leapin' powder—spirits of some sort—but it's a contemptible practice, and unworthy a sportin' ingenuous youth.

“ The finest receipt, however, for makin' men ride is shakin' a sportin' hauthor afore them at startin'. Crikey! 'ow I've seen them streak across country so long as he remained in sight! Coves wot wouldn't face a furrow if they had had their own way, under the impulse of glory will actually spur their steeds! Reportin's a custom of modern invention, and has proved werry takin'. 'Bell's Life,' that glorious repertory of all wot's good and valuable in sportin' life, opens wide its columns to the unpractised pens o' rural writers; but it is to the polished periods of the hitinerant chief-justices o' the chase that future ages must look for the darin' doin's o' the present. There, in goodly wolumes, and well-set type, old age shall live life o'er again in the refreshin' werdure o' fireside fields. Old times, old seasons, and old sports, shall be revived, as the familiar name and well-known spot draws back the recollections of each scene with all the vivid keenness of a yesterday.

“ But I can’t pursue the subject,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, pressing his hand upon his forehead. “ No one can refer to life’s backward course without feelin’ the chokingness of severed friendships, disappointed ’opes, and blighted expectations.

“ Dash my vig if he can !” said he in a good loud tone to himself, as he turned round to seek consolation at the back of the platform, amid the uproarious applause of the meeting.

“ Gentlemen wot take their ideas of ’unting from Mr. Hackermann’s pictor’-shop, in Regent Street,” observed he, as he returned, “ must have rum notions of the sport. There you see red laps flyin’ out in all directions, and ’osses apparently to be had for catchin’. True, that in ’unting men will roll about—but so they will on the road ; and I’d rayther have two bumps in a field, than one on a pike. Danger is every where ! An accomplished frind o’ mine says, ‘ *Impendet omnibus periculum*,’—Danger ’angs over an omnibus : and ‘ *Mors omnibus est communis*,’—You may break your neck in an *omnibus* : but are we, on that account, to shun the vehicle of which the same great scholar says, ‘ *Wirtus parvo pretio licet ab omnibus*,’—Wirtue may ride cheap in an omnibus ? Surely not !

“ Still, a fall’s a hawful thing. Fancy a great sixteen-’and ’oss lyin’ on one like a blanket, or



sittin' with his monstrous hemispheres on one's chest, squelchin' one's werry soul out! Dreadful thought! Vere's the brandy?" Hereupon Mr. Jorrocks again retired to the back of the platform to compose his nerves.

"'OLD 'ARD!" exclaimed he at the top of his voice, advancing to the front, causing silence throughout the room. "'OLD 'ARD!" repeated he, holding up his hand; "appallin' sound!" added he mournfully, "fearful to the forward, and dispiritin' to all. Now's the time that the M.F.H. if he has any mischief in him, and 'appens to be hup, will assuredly let drive at some one.

" "'OLD 'ARD' means that gen'l'men are to stop their 'osses, a thing easier said than done, sometimes. Then if any troublesome stranger, or unpunctual payer, appears to be forrard, he is sure to catch it.

" 'Thank you, Mr. Red Veskit!' or, 'I'm much obleged to that gen'l'man with the big calves for over-ridin' *my* 'ounds!—werry *much* obleged to him!—most *particklarly* obleged to him!—most confoundedly obleged to him!—G—d—d—d obleged to him!—*Wish the devil had him, big calves and all!*'

" Meanwhile the 'untsman makes his cast, that's to say, trots his 'ounds in a circle round where they threw up: 'threw up' doesn't mean womitin' mind, but standin' starin' with their

'eads up, instead of keepin' them down, tryin' for the scent. As this is a critical moment, young gen'l'men should refrain from inwitin' the 'untsman or whips to follow them over gates or dangerous leaps. All should be attentive. A cast is a thing to criticise, on the principle of the looker-on seein' the most of the game. If there are no big fences in the way, and the 'untsman knows how far the 'ounds ran with a scent, he will probably hit it off pretty soon. That will be science.

“If the leaps are large, he may not be so lucky, and then Mr. Red Veskit, or the gen'l'man with the big calves, will catch it again.

“Should any one 'int that they have seen a better cast, little buoys will go home and tell their ma's they don't think much of Jack Jones, and Jack's character will begin to go. A fish-fag's ware isn't more perishable than an 'untsman's fame; his skill is within the judgment of every one—‘Cleverest feller alive!’—‘Biggest fool goin’!’

“But to the run! The *Chass* I sing! A run is either a *buster*—elbows and legs throughout—or it is sharp at first, and slow arterwards—or it is slow at first, and sharp arterwards. The first is wot most frequently finishes the fox; and when every 'ound owns the scent, unless Old Reynard does the hartful dodge, by lyin' down in an 'edge-row, or skulkin' among cattle or ship, in all

humane probability his life arn't worth twenty minutes' purchase from the find.

“The second class run—sharp at first, and slow arterwards—is the most favourable to the fox; for the longer it lasts, the slower the 'ounds go, until they get to wot Agony Coachmen call Parliament-pace—that is to say some six miles an 'our, when they are either run out o' scent, or a big 'are jumps up afore them, and leads them astray. It's then, ‘*Ware are, Wenus! Wictory, for shame!*’ and off 'ome.

“The third class—slow at first, and sharp arterwards—is hawkward for the fox, but good for beginners, for they get warm in the progress, instead of bein' choked at the start. The thing improves, jest like a hice-cream in the eatin'.

“No two men agree upon the merits of a run, unless they 'appen to be the only ones to see it, when they arrange that wot one says t'other shall swear to; your real jealous buoys can't bear to see many at the finish. In relatin' a run to an absent frind, it is always allowable to lay on fifty per cent for presence.

“Ingenuous youth should speak in praise of the 'ead the 'ounds carried. This doesn't mean that they ran with an 'ead of no sort in their mouths, but that they packed well together, and each strived to be first. It is this wot distinguishes a real pack of fox-'ounds from your trencher-fed

muggars, and constitutes the charm o' the chase. If the death of a fox be all that's desired, a gun will do the business better than Farmer Muggins and Co.'s towers.

“ What looks so contemptible as a stringin' lot o' towlin' beggars toilin' in long line over the heavy fallows, and the fox gettin' knocked on the 'ead because the dogs are too tired to kill him themselves? Out upon sich outrages! say I. But to the legitimate run.

“ Not bein' in at the death is reckoned slow, and numerous are the excuses of defaulters—losin' a shoe, is one of the commonest; assistin' a friend in trouble, another; 'oss fallin' lame, a third; thrown out in turnin' 'ounds, a fourth: any thing but the real one—want o' nerve. Nerve means pluck: in Alderman Harley's time, they called it courage.

“ If ingenuous youth, after ridin' the line, sees 'osses bein' led about a field, and red coats standin' in a ring, he may conclude bold Reynard is killed, and, by quickenin' his pace, he may steal quietly in afore the worry.

“ No run is perfect without blood, that's to say without killin' the fox. Oh, vot a sight it is to see twenty couple of noble fox-'ounds racin', and bristlin' for blood, all jealous, and hanxious to have the first cranch! Wot's more disgustin' than to see a lot o' towlin' 'arriers smellin' at the

dishonoured carcase of a gallant fox? Come, then, my beloved 'earers, let us kill our Reynard as we should do, and let every little lad in the country go home to his mammy with his face all covered with blood! Ah, joyful times that the recollection of that ceremony must awaken! It will rewive the wision of our buoyish days, and make us fancy ourselves young again! Talk of the life of a sportsman! Vot's the life of a sportsman but a recollection of his first fox, and his last! Come, then, again I say, let us run into the warmint, and let every man in the room join me in one loud, soul-stirrin' 'WHO-HOOP!' "

Here Mr. Jorrocks put his finger in his ear, and gave a "Who-hoop!" that shook the very rafters of the room, which being responded to by the party, a noise was created that is more easily imagined than described.

Three cheers for Mr. Jorrocks were then called for, and given with such vehemence as to amount to nine times nine, and one cheer more, during which the worthy master kept bowing and scraping on the platform, until he got a crick in his neck from the exercise.

CHAPTER VIII.

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“ Take not out your hounds on a very windy day.”—BECKFORD.

DESPITE Mr. Jorrocks' opinion of her, Mrs. Junks was a true prophet. The day after the lecture, Gabriel himself descended from the stable top into the garden with a loud and piercing scream. His crest was erect, his neck feathers slightly ruffled, and as he lifted one foot and then the other out of the snow, there was an air of comfort in his walk that told of other feelings than that of frost—Mr. Jorrocks went out at the back-door in his slippers, and poking his finger into the snow, proclaimed it was a thaw—a large drop splashing on his wig confirmed the judgment—spouts began to trickle, then to run, sewers to overflow, streets stood in snow-broth, and the prospect of a return to verdure and animation was the only consolation for wet-footed walkers. It was a decided thaw. There was a gentle wind, and the rain fell soft and

warm—laurels expanded to the more genial atmosphere, the leafless trees seemed to increase in size, and the distant objects fell back to their places in the landscape—Nature's fetters were dissolved.

The snow had not drifted so much as the violence of the wind led our friends to imagine. The storm had been partial, and the neighbourhood of Handley Cross seemed to have got more than its share. Mr. Jorrocks exercised his hounds through all parts of the country, and at the end of ten days indulged in a bye-day. He got blood, and came home as happy as a prince. He then resumed his advertisements, and things went on in their usual met, found, killed, lost, sort of way until the day whose adventures we are about to describe.

\* \* \* \*

“ Could that be the vind, or was it a dream ? ” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, starting out of his sleep at something like thunder over-head—*rumble, rumble, tumble*, went a stack of chimneys, and Mr. Jorrocks was on the floor in an instant. *Blast* went the wind, and in came his window—“ Vot next? as the frog said when his tail dropped off,” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, wondering what was going to happen—over went the looking-glass, which was dashed to atoms, two five-pound notes were whisked about the room, and

the clothes-horse came clattering among the jugs.

“It’s a *confounded* wind,” said Mr. Jorrocks, running after the five-pound notes, “wonder wot’s the meanin’ of it all—fear th’ ’ounds will be werry wild,” recollecting that they were to meet at the “World turned Upside Down,” on the Hookem-Snivey road.

It was a terrific morning—the wind blew a perfect hurricane—chimneys were toppling and tumbling, slates falling, tiles breaking, and here and there whole roofs taking flight—family washings were whisked away, or torn to tatters on the drying lines—children were lifted off their legs, and grown-up people knocked against each other at the corners of the streets.

“This is summut new at all events,” said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing a large laurel torn up by the roots in the garden, “that tree never had such a hike afore in its life,” and as he looked, the back-door flew open with a crash that split it from top to bottom.

“Wish there mayn’t be mischief,” said he, huddling on his dressing-gown and running down-stairs, recollecting there was something about repairs in his agreement. Here he found the soot covering the drawing-room carpet, and the kitchen floor strewn with bricks and mortar—“Oh dear! oh dear,” exclaimed he, “here’s



a terrible disaster, five pounds worth of damage at least, and, ord rot it! there's my Jerry Hawkins mug broke:" gathering the fragments of a jug representing that renowned Gloucestershire sportsman.\*

The wind was cuttingly keen, and swept up and down with unrestrained freedom. There was not a fire lighted, and the whole place smelt of soot, and was the picture of misery.

" Shall never get to the World turned Upside Down to-day," said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the scene of desolation, and wishing what he saw might be the extent of the mischief. " Pity to lose a day too," added he, thinking it might only be a squall.

He now sought the refuge of the parlour, but oh! what greeted him there!—the window wide open—chairs huddled in the centre of the room, the table in the corner, and Betsey, with up-turned gown, scrubbing away at the grate.

" Now blast it, Batsay," roared Mr. Jorrocks, as a gust of wind swept a row of china off a chiffonier, " vot in the name of all that's hugly are you arter now?"

" Only polishing the grate!" exclaimed Betsey,

\* Mr. Hawkins is now dead, and few of the jugs being in existence, our readers will the more readily sympathise with Mr. Jorrocks on his loss.

astonished at seeing her master walking about in his night-cap and dressing-gown.

“ But vot in the name o’ badness are you workin’ with the winder open for?”

“ To air the house, to be sure!” replied Betsey, tartly.

“ HAIR THE ’OUSE!” screamed Mr. Jorrocks, whisking his dressing-gown round as he spoke; “ Hair the ’ouse, it’s hairy enough already!—ord rot it! you ’ousmaids have no sort o’ compassion about you—the colder the day, the hairier you are—see vot you’ve done now! Belinda’s pet-lambs, your misses’s Cupid, and my model of the Saracen’s ’Ead on Snow ’Ill, all dashed to spinnage! Enough to make the Harchbishop o’ York swear!” saying which, Mr. Jorrocks bounced out of the room, lest he might be tempted into an oath.

Our master ran up-stairs, but little consolation greeted him there. His dressing-table was covered with blacks—his looking-glass was on the swing—his soap was reduced to wafer—there was nothing but cold water to shave with, and his beard being at all times rather untractable, he inflicted sundry little gashes on his chin, as he jagged a blunt razor over the stubborn stubble. Altogether his toilette was performed under most discouraging circumstances. Still he dressed for hunting, the hounds being adver-

tised, and there being a possibility of the wind lulling.

Batsay had got the parlour “haired” before he made his second appearance, but she had had to borrow a neighbour’s kettle, and was making some toast in the room when he entered. The wind having abated, Mr. Jorrocks thought he might as well make up with her, as a sort of peace-offering to Æolus.

“Now, Batsay,” said he, in an agreeable tone, “I’ve never had cause to find fault with you afore, but really on a vindy day like this, it does seem rayther unkind lettin’ old Boreas take the run o’ the ’ouse in ——”

“It *warn’t* old Boreas,” replied Betsey, reddening up.

“Oh, dash my vig!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, hurrying out, “that confounded young carpenter’s been here again! That’s the way they hair one’s ’ouse.”

*Roar* went the wind, as Mr. Jorrocks left the room.

\* \* \* \*

Stubbs wouldn’t get up, and Mr. Jorrocks got through breakfast alone under very disheartening circumstances. The kettle had only half-boiled, and the tea was little better than water,—blacks floated on the cream, and the butter was similarly ornamented,—the eggs were cold in the middle,

and the sausages only done on one side, added to which, the baker's oven was blown down, and there was nothing but stale rolls ; altogether, it was a very sorry affair. " Well, better luck next time," said Mr. Jorrocks to himself, hurrying away from the scene of discomfort.

\* \* \* \*

" Can we 'unt, think you, Pigg?" inquired he of James, who he found turning the horses round in their stalls, preparing for a start.

*Pigg*.—" Yeas, ar should think we may, towards noon ; the wind's uncommon kittle now, though,—maist had my head smashed with a pan-tile comin' past ard Tommy Trotter's Biar."

" It's werry cold," observed Mr. Jorrocks, thumping his right hand against his thigh. " Now, Binjimin, wot's 'appened you?" looking at the boy all bathed in tears.

" *So cold*," drawled out the boy.

" COLD! you little warmint!" repeated Mr. Jorrocks ; " wot business have you to be cold?—Think o' ginger. I'm froggy myself, but I doesn't cry! Think o' ginger, I say."

The boy still went on blubbering, wiping his eyes with the back of his hands, imparting a little of their dirt to his face.

It was ten o'clock before they got started, and the wind still blew with unabated fury. Pigg and Benjamin turned their cap's peak backwards,

and Mr. Jorrocks shortened his hat-string two holes. The hounds set up their backs, and the horses shied at every thing they came near,—indeed, they were not wholly without excuse, for the broken and uprooted trees, the prostrate walls, demolished barns, and flying stacks, they encountered in their progress, were enough to startle less observing animals than they are. Here was half an elm-tree rolling about the country,—there a thrashing-machine lifted to the skies. Our party made slow progress in their journey. The wind veered about, now catching their coats, now taking them in the rear, and now nearly blowing them over their horse's tails. The hounds, too, took advantage of the scrimmage; some cut away home, while others hung back, or hurried before the horsemen. Had Mr. Jorrocks guessed it was any thing but a high wind, he would never have gone.

There were few people astir, and the Borrowdale Turnpike-gate was still shut. “Gate! gate! gate!” roared Pigg. “Gate! gate! gate!” shouted Mr. Jorrocks, but the wind scattered their voices in all directions. They were kept there for ten minutes at least, when Mr. Jorrocks had recourse to his horn, and gave it a twang that brought Tom Taketicket out in a hurry.

“Bless my heart!” exclaimed he; “is it you,

Mr. Jorrocks?—I thought it was the mail.—Surelie you arn't going to hunt such a morning as this?"

"But I am," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "and I'll thank you to hopen the gate.—Kept me here quite long enough.—Got to meet at the World Turned Hupside Down, and been bellerin' here for 'alf an hour and more. Here, take your pay; I harn't got no copper, but there are three postage-stamps instead."

Having got his stamps, Tom turned the key in the lock, and a blast blew the gate against the post with a crash that shivered it to splinters.—The party then jogged on.

\* \* \* \*

The World Turned Upside Down was one of those quiet way-side inns that the march of railroads will shortly leave mere matter of history. It was a substantial old stone mansion, standing a little off the road, approached by a drive round a neatly cultivated oval-shaped garden, where, amid well-rolled gravel walks, and fantastically cut yews, swung a blue and gold sign bearing its name—THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN. A clustering vine covered one end of the house, and reached nearly up to the latticed windows in the stone roof, while luxuriant Irish ivy crept up to the very chimney-

pots on the other ; rose-bushes and creepers were trained upon trellices in front, and, altogether, it was as pretty an *auberge* as any in the land.

It was a posting-house, though not exactly a first-rate one, inasmuch as the stage on either side was short, and four-horse people generally went through ; but it was a favourite resort for newly-married couples, and was equally esteemed by stage-coachmen, who always made an excuse for pulling up at its honeysuckled porch. Venerable elms sheltered the ends, and the side from the road opened into a spacious garden overlooking rich meadows, sloping away to a smoothly gliding stream, while distant hills closed the scene in circling greyness of romantic form.

That was its summer aspect. On this eventful day things wore a different garb. As the hounds approached, Flash Jim's swell Taglioni coach was seen resting against the bank, while the purple stream of life was fast flowing from a dying horse. The huge elms at the east end of the house were all uprooted, while one on the west had fallen with destructive crash upon the house, bearing down a whole stack of chimneys, and stripping the ivy off the wall.

The blue and gold sign creaked and flapped in the wind, while the pride of the road, a yew-tree equestrian, was torn up by the roots, and dashed against the railing beyond.

“Bliss my ’eart!” exclaimed Jorrocks, eyeing the fallen horseman, “*that’s too bad!* Those great helms I wouldn’t care about, but to ruin sich a triumph of the h’art is too bad—cruel in the extreme.” A cutting sleet came on, and a passer-by put up an umbrella, which was immediately turned inside out, and carried over the house-top. Mr. Jorrocks’ horse swerved, and nearly capsized him.

“Let’s get shelter,” said he, making for the yard, “or there’ll be mischief, I’m blow’d if there won’t.”

“Mine host,” Jemmy Lush, or the “Old World,”—as he was familiarly termed—was almost frantic. He, poor man, had retired to rest early, and almost the last thing he did, was to arrange some twigs in the yew-tree horse-tail, and train a couple of shoots at the rider’s heels for spurs. For twenty years the Old World had loved and nursed that tree; it was the pride of the country! Not a stage-coachman passed, but jerked his elbow at it; and its image was engraven on the minds of hundreds of husbands and wives, now cultivating little olive-branches of their own, who had admired its symmetry in connexion with each other.

“Oh, Mr. Jorrocks!” exclaimed Jemmy, waddling out of the house in his shirt-sleeves, his tapster’s apron flying up to his bottle nose, dis-



playing the substantial form of his garterless legs, and his breeches open at the knee; "Oh, Mr. Jorrocks, *I'm ruined, sir! — I'm ruined! — I've lost my bush!*" and the poor man put his hand before his eyes to avert the sad calamity.

"Never mind, old cock!" replied Mr. Jorrocks, cheerfully, grasping his hand as he spoke, "plant another, and I'll warrant you'll see it grow."

"*Never! never!*" responded the Old World, sobbing as he spoke. "That man and hoss ——" and here his feelings choked his utterance. He would have said that Mrs. Jemmy and he planted it on their wedding-day, and had long regarded it as their first-born.

The wind blew, the hail beat, the trees creaked, and seemed inclined to follow their leaders, and our party, half benumbed, gladly sought the shelter of the Old World's barn. The poor hounds shivered, as if in the last stage of the distemper; and the horses' coats stood like Friesland hens' feathers.

"Surely no man in his senses will come to 'unt such a day as this," observed Mr. Jorrocks, slackening his horse's girths as he spoke, "would deserve to have a commission of lunacy taken out against him for his pains."

Leaving Benjamin in the barn, Mr. Jorrocks and Pigg sought the shelter of the house. The

wind had stove in the back door, and a venerable elm was prostrate before it. Scrambling through the branches, they at length gained admission, but the inside was almost as cheerless as the out. No fire — no singing kettle, for hot stopping, as was wont, and the elder-wine bottle remained in the cupboard. Bricks, soot, lime, dust, and broken furniture, strewed the house, and the “little Worlds” were huddled together in a corner, not knowing whether to be frightened or pleased.

The “Old World” had thrown himself into an easy chair in the parlour, having taken the precaution of wrapping his wife’s red petticoat about his shoulders to prevent his catching cold. “I shall never get over it,” exclaimed he, as Mr. Jorrocks entered, whip in hand ; “ruined, sir ! — beggared ! — nothing left for me but the bastille !”

“Vy the vind has certainlie paid you a hawful wisit,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, looking at the trees lying across each other outside ; “but it would have been worser if it had broke them.”

“Oh, it’s not *them* I cares about,” exclaimed Jemmy, pulling the petticoat about his ears ; “it’s not them, nor the great oak at the bottom of the field — kept the sun off the grass ; those are my landlord’s. It’s my bush I’m bad about ;” and thereupon he pulled the petticoat up to his bottle nose, and burst into tears.

“What ails the cull man?” inquired Pigg, with a fine stream of tobacco, all clotted with dust, running from his mouth.

“It’s his beautiful bush,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, in a whisper. “Didn’t you see that the yew-tree ’oss and rider were torn up by the roots? The Old World loved that bush.”

*Pigg.*—“Ord sink! what’s the use o’ blubberin’ about that? there are plenty o’ bushes left. There be twe fine hollins, he may cut into what he likes, shot towers, steeples, or ought;” saying which, Pigg left the room.

“Come, cheer up, old bouy,” said Mr. Jorrocks, soothingly, “and let’s have a drop o’ comfort. I declare I’m perfectly perished. Let’s have bottoms of brandy.”

At the word brandy, the Old World brightened up. He dived into his apron pocket, and ringing the bell, ordered his missis to bring glasses and the bottle.

Drink brings comfort to some minds, and Jemmy Lush’s mind was of that description. The first glass he said little; the second, not much more, but the petticoat began to droop from his ears; and at the third, he had it upon his shoulders.

“It’s an ill wind that blows nobody good,” at length observed he, with a sigh. “That great oak at the bottom of my meadow has been an

eye-sore to me these twenty years. Its great ugly branches covered half an acre of land, and our squire never would have it lopped or cut down. Said he, 'There's the finest view in the country from it—you see the river, and the ruins of the abbey, and the Gayhurst hills in the distance,' and I don't know what; the silly man forgetting, all the time, that he would see just the same things whether the tree was there or not; and it spoiled as much grass as would have kept me a calf."

"Great humbrageous beggar!" observed Mr. Jorrocks; adding, "I s'pose the tree would be worth summut?"

"No doubt," replied Jemmy. "But nothing like so valuable as my bush;" and thereupon he heaved a sigh, and pulled the petticoat about his ears.

Just then a man passed the window, with a couple of horses, and Mr. Jorrocks ran to look at him. He was dressed in a very old hat, with a new cockade in it, a faded green neckcloth, a stained red waistcoat, a fustian frock and trousers, with thick shoes and worsted stockings, and wore moustachios. He rode a weedy chestnut, and led an unhappy-looking grey, the latter decorated with a running martingale and a noseband, and sundry rings and contrivances.

"Whose be those?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, with great importance.

“ Captain Smith and Lieutenant Brown,” replied the soldier-groom, saluting him.

“ Foot-captins, I presume?” replied our master, looking at their horses.

“ Grenadier company,” replied the man.

“ It’s all the same to me,” replied Mr. Jorrocks. “ They don’t expect I’m agoin’ to ’ave sich a day as this—do they?”

“ Don’t know,” replied the man; “ got my orders last night, and of course I came away.”

“ Then you ’d better cut away and meet them, and say that unless good *payin’* subscribers, to the amount of thirty pounds, cast up, I shalln’t cast off;” adding, as he wheeled about, “ Don’t think any man with thirty pence he could call his own would turn out such a day as this.”

Mr. Jorrocks returned to the parlour, and was beginning a dissertation upon hunting, when Pigg entered the room, with a spade over his shoulder, and addressed Jemmy Lush with —

“ Now gan and water your buss with your tears, ’ars gotten it oop again.”

“ No!” exclaimed Jemmy, running to the window; sure enough it was up, and two horse-keepers were busy securing it with ropes and strong posts.

Jemmy Lush was half-frantic. He threw the petticoat into the corner, and ran to the garden to embrace his old friend. Little mischief had

ensued from its excursion. The rider's hat had got a cast on one side, and the bit of the horse's bridle was broke; but there was nothing that Jemmy's fatherly care would not easily rectify.

Great was Jemmy's gratitude. He placed all the cold meat in his larder at Pigg's disposal, and as the storm abated and the party were about to set off, he insisted upon putting a bottle of brandy into each of Pigg's pockets.

The "Paul Pry" of that week contained a long list of damage and disasters, and Mr. Jorrocks learned from the heading of the article that he had been out in a hurricane.

We forgot to mention, that on this eventful day Mr. Hullah gave his first lesson in singing for the million at Handley Cross, under the patronage of Mrs. Barnington, and that Mrs. Jorrocks insisted on Belinda and Charles accompanying her, that she might join the class, and beard Mrs. Barnington.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Barnington did not come.

Mr. Jorrocks is strongly of opinion that Mr. Hullah raised the wind.

## CHAPTER IX.

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**"In a new hall, hung round with pikes and with bows,  
And new bucklers, and corslets, that had not borne any blows."—  
Warnley Varified.**

**"And then the justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined."—SHAKESPEARE.**

**"State, without the machinery of state, is of all states the worst."—  
WALKER'S Original.**

TOWARDS the close of a February day, one of those untaxed dog-cart sort of gigs, with "JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H." painted up behind, whisked from the turnpike up the well-sheltered drive of Cockolorum Hall.

The hounds were to meet there in the morning, and Mr. Jorrocks had written to apprise his unknown host of his coming. Being rather late, and having a hack, Mr. Jorrocks had driven a turn faster than usual, and as he cut along the sound drive, the Hall was soon before him.

It had originally been a large red-fronted farm-

house, converted by a second owner into a villa; increased by a third into a hall; while under the auspices of its present more aspiring master it was fast assuming the appearance of a castle. Massive stone towers, with loop-hole battlements, guarded the corners — imitation guns peered through a heavy iron palisade along the top — while a stone porch, with massive black nailed folding oak doors, stood out from the red walls of the centre. A richly emblazoned flag, containing the quarterings of many families, floated from the roof.

Mr. Marmaduke Muleygrubs had been a great stay-maker on Ludgate Hill, and, in addition to his own earnings (by no means inconsiderable), had inherited a large fortune from a great dry-salting uncle in Bermondsey. On getting this he cut the shop, bought Coekolerum Hall, and having been a rampant Radical in the City, was rewarded by a J. P. ship in the country. Mr. Jorrocks knew all about him.

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“Quite genteel, I declare,” said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the mansion as he pulled up at the door, and clambered down his vehicle to give the massive bronze helmet-handled bell a pull. “Perfect castle,” added he; “’opes I shalln’t get soused,” recollecting his last adventure in one.

The spacious folding-doors were presently opened



by an ill-shaped, clumsy-looking youth, in a gorgeous suit of state livery, and a starched neck-cloth, so broad and so stiff as perfectly to pillorize him. A quantity of flour concealed the natural colour of his wild matted hair, while the ruddiness of a healthy complexion was heightened by a bright orange-coloured coat, with a white worsted shoulder-knot dangling at the side. His waistcoat was a broad blue and white stripe, breeches of scarlet plush, and white silk stockings, rather the worse for wear, as appeared by the darning up the calf; stoutish shoes, with leather strings, completed the costume of this figure footman.

"Now, young man!" said Mr. Jorrocks in his usual free-and-easy way, "jest stand by my nag while I takes out my traps, for I harn't brought no grum.—See, now," continued he, pulling out the gig-seat, "put that in my bed-room, and jest give them 'ere tops a rub over for the mornin'," producing a pair of mud-stained boots that he had worn the last day's hunting; "it wern't no use bringin' a clean pair," observed he, half to himself and half to the servant, "for they'd a' got crumpled i' the comin', and those won't take no more cleanin'. Now, where's the stable? Love me, love my 'oss," continued he, adjusting the reins in the terrets, and preparing to lead round.

"That way," said stiff-neck, extending his left arm like the wand of a telegraph, as he stood

with the dirty top-boots in the other, saying which he wheeled about, and re-entered the house, leaving Mr. Jorrocks to find his way as he could.

“ Ah, never mind,” said the worthy man to himself, seeing he was gone, “ if I could find the ’ouse, be bund I can find the stable ;” saying which he turned his vehicle round, and following the old wheel-marks on the gravel, was very soon in the stable-yard at the back of the castle.

Here he found another youth in red plush breeches and white silk stockings, washing his face at the cistern, purifying himself from the stable preparatory to appearing in the dining-room.

“ Here, young man,” said Mr. Jorrocks, “ jest put up my ’oss afore you adorn yourself ; and if you take well care of him, I’ll give you half-a-crown i’ the mornin’. He’s a clipped ’un, and won’t take no cleanin’,” continued he, eyeing the smoking, curly-coated brute, and wondering whether the chap would believe him or not.

This matter being arranged, Mr. Jorrocks ferreted his way back to the front, and, opening the door, passed through the green folding ones of the porch, and entered a hall beyond. This was fitted up in the baronial style. Above a spacious mantel-piece, occupying about a third of the apartment, branched an enormous stag’s head, hung round with pistols, swords, cutlasses, and

warlike weapons of various kinds, and the walls were covered with grim-visaged warriors, knights in armour, and ladies of bygone days. Many had their names painted in white at the bottom of the pictures, or done in black on the various patterned frames: there was Sir Martin Muleygrubs, and Dame Juliana Muleygrubs, and Darius Muleygrubs, and Erasmus Muleygrubs, and Memnon Muleygrubs, and Pericles Muleygrubs, and Demosthenes Muleygrubs, and John Thomas Muleygrubs.

“Such a lot of stay-makers!” as Mr. Jorrock observed.

A full-length figure of Nemesis, the goddess of justice, with her balance in one hand and whip in the other, hung over a richly carved high back old oak chair; and on a table near were ranged Burns’ Justice, Statutes at Large, Archbold’s Magistrate’s Pocket-Book, and other emblems of the law.

“The chap must be a *beak*!” said Mr. Jorrock aloud to himself, as he glanced them over.

The fire threw a cheerful gleam over the baronial hall, and our master, having hung his hat on the stag’s horns, and deposited his Taglioni on the table, took a coat-lap over each arm, and, establishing himself with his back to the fire, proceeded to hum what he considered a tune. His melody was interrupted by the partial opening

and closing of a door on the right, followed by a hissing exclamation of—"Oh, ma! here's Kitey come again!" A "*Hush*, my dear," and scuttling along the passage, reminded Mr. Jorrocks that he was not at home, so, dropping his tails, and pulling his wig straight, he made for the recently opened door.

This let him into a passage, lighted with expiring lamps, along which he kept till he came to a pink sheep-skin mat before a door, at which he turned off, and entered a room, in which he found a lady and children. The former rose, and concluding she would be the "missis," Mr. Jorrocks tendered the hand of fellowship, and then gave each child a chuck under the chin; nor was he wrong in his conjecture, for Mrs. Marmadake Muleygrubs immediately began apologising for the absence of her lord.

"Duke," she said, "was unfortunately engaged at that moment with some important justice business"—(decanting the wine).

Mr. Jorrocks "'Oped his grace wouldn't 'arry himself."

"It was very provoking," she continued, without regarding Mr. Jorrocks' observation; "but the whole county came to him for justice, and Duke could hardly be said to have a moment to himself. Every Saturday he was engaged the whole day on the bench, and at the Poor-Law

guardians, but she hoped before long they would find some more people fit to make magistrates of, for really it was taxing ability rather too highly. Not but that Duke's affection for the Queen would prompt him to serve her as long as he could, but——" Just as she had got so far, the door opened, and Duke himself appeared, smoothing down his cuffs after the exercise of his magisterial functions.

He was a little, round-about, pot-bellied, red-faced, bald-headed, snub-nosed, chattering chap, who, at first sight, would give one the idea of being very good-natured, if it were not notorious that he was the most meddling, officious, ill-conditioned little beggar in the county.

He was dressed in a short, sable-collared brown duffle frock-coat, buff waistcoat, drab kerseymeres, and leather leggings. Over his waistcoat, he sported a broad mosaic gold chain, made to resemble a country mayor's as much as possible.

"Mr. Jorrocks, I presume," said he, rubbing his hands as he advanced up the room.

"*Right!*" replied our master, extending his hand.

"Beg ten thousand pardons for not being here to receive you," said Duke, intending to be very gracious.

"Make no apology," interrupted Mr. Jor-

rocks; "where there's ceremony there's no frindship."

"Been bored with justice business all the afternoon," continued Mr. Muleygrubs; "bailing a bull that was unjustly put in the pound. You are not in the Commission of the Peace, perhaps?"

"Not I," replied Mr. Jorrocks carelessly; "never was in any commission, save one, as agent for Twankays mexed teas, and a precious commission it was; *haw! haw! haw!*—lost three 'undred pund by it, and more. But, however, *n'importe*, as we say in France. Werry glad to come here to partake o' your 'ospitality,—brought my night-cap with me, in course,—a rule o' mine, that where I dine I sleep, and where I sleep I breakfast. Don't do to churn one's dinner up,—'ow long does't want to feedin' time?"

Mr. Marmaduke was rather posed with his guest's familiarity. He intended to patronise Mr. Jorrocks, whereas the latter seemed to think himself on a perfect footing of equality. Not in the Commission of the Peace, either! But then Duke didn't know that Mr. Jorrocks knew about the stays.

Pulling out a great gold watch, our host asked his wife what time they dined. (Duke included the kitchen department in his magisterial functions.)

“Half-past six, my dear,” replied his wife, with great humility.

“Wants twenty minutes to six,” observed Mr. Marmaduke, striking the repeater. “Perhaps you’d like to take something before dinner—sandwich and a glass of sherry?”

“Never touch lunches,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, disdainfully. “Never know’d a chap good for nothin’ wot did. Wonder you don’t dine at a reasonable hour, though,” added he.

“Faith, we think half-past six rather early,” replied Mr. Muleygrubs; “seven’s our usual hour,—same as my friend Onger’s,—but we have some neighbours coming, and made it a little earlier on their account.”

“Well, it ’ll be so much the worse for your grub when it does come,” observed Mr. Jorrocks; “for I’m well-nigh famished as it is.

At six o’clock, *rumble, dumble, dumble, dumble*, went a great gong, startling Mr. Jorrocks, who thought it was another hurricane.

“An old-fashioned custom we still preserve,” said Mr. Marmaduke casually, observing Mr. Jorrocks’ astonishment; “that gong was brought by one of my ancestors from the holy wars:—shall I shew you to your room?”

“If you please,” said Mr. Jorrocks.

Our master, of course, had the state room. It was a large gloomy apartment, with a lofty

four-post bed, whose top hangings were made of green silk, and curtains of green moreen.

“Here’s a fine twopenny ’ead and farthin’ tail,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, whisking his candle about as he examined it.

The absence of fire, and the coldness of the apartment holding out little inducement for dallying, Mr. Jorrocks was soon in his blue coat and canaries, and returned to the drawing-room just as the stiff-necked boy announced Mr., Mrs., and Miss Slowman, who were quickly followed by Mr. and Miss De Green, who apologised for the absence of Mrs. De Green, who was suffering under a violent attack of tic douloureux.

The Rev. Jacob Jones having combed his hair, and changed his shoes in the entrance, announced himself, and Professor Gobelow, a wandering geologist, having dressed in the house, the party was complete, and Mr. Muleygrubs gave two pulls at the bell, and the party sat staring at each other, or wandering about as people at funerals and set parties generally do.

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“Dinner is sarved!” at length exclaimed the stiff-necked foot-boy, advancing into the centre of the room, extending an arm like a guide-post. He then wheeled out, and placed himself at the head of a line of servants, formed by the gentleman Mr. Jorrocks had seen in the yard; a square-built



old man, in the Muleygrubs livery of a coachman ; Mr. De Green's young man in pepper and salt, with black velvetens ; and Mr. Slowman's ditto, in some of his master's old clothes. These lined the baronial hall through which the party passed to the dining-room. Muleygrubs (who was now attired in a judge's undress-coat, with knee-buckled breeches and black silk stockings) offered his arm to Mrs. Slowman, Mr. De Green took Miss Slowman, the Professor paired off with Miss De Green, and Mr. Jorrocks brought up the rear with Mrs. Muleygrubs, leaving Jacob Jones and Mr. Slowman to follow at their leisure. This party of ten was the result of six-and-twenty invitations.

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"Vot, you've *three* o' these poodered puppies, have you?" observed Mr. Jorrocks, as they passed along the line.

"We can't do with less," replied the lady, with the cares of dinner strong upon her mind.

"P'raps the income-tax will make ye," observed Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself.

The dining-room was a blaze of light. Countless candles sweeled and simmered in massive gilt candelabras, while ground lamps of various forms lighted up the salmon-coloured walls, brightening the countenances of many ancestors, and exposing the dullness of the ill-cleaned plate.

The party having got shuffled into their places, the Rev. Jacob Jones said an elaborate grace, during which the company stood.

“I’ll tell you a rum story about grace,” observed Mr. Jorrocks to Mrs. Muleygrubs, as he settled himself into his seat, and spread his napkin over his knees. “It ’appened at Croydon. The landlord o’ the Grey’ound told a wise waiter, when a Duke axed him a question, always to say Grace. According the Duke o’ Richmond, in changin’ ’osses, popped his ’ead out o’ the coach, and enquired wot o’clock it was.—‘For wot we’re a goin’ to receive the Lord make us truly thankful,’ replied the waiter.”

Mrs. Muleygrubs either did not understand the story, or was too intent upon other things ; at all events, Mr. Jorrocks’ *haw ! haw ! haw !* was all that greeted its arrival.—But to dinner.

There were two soups—at least two plated tureens, one containing pea-soup, the other mutton-broth. Mr. Jorrocks said he didn’t like the latter, it always reminded him of “a cold in the ’ead.” The pea-soup he thought werry like ’oss-gruel :—that he kept to himself.

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“Sherry or *Mydearer*?” inquired the stiff-necked boy, going round with a decanter in each hand, upsetting the soup-spoons, and dribbling the wine over people’s hands.

While these were going round, the coachman and Mr. De Green's boy entered with two dishes of fish. On removing the large plated covers, six pieces of skate and a large haddock made their appearance. Mr. Jorrocks' countenance fell five-and-twenty per cent, as he would say. He very soon despatched one of the six pieces of skate, and was just done in time to come in for the tail of the haddock.

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"The Duke 'ill come on badly for fish, I'm thinkin'," said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the empty dishes as they were taken off.

"Oh, Marmaduke don't eat fish," replied Mrs. M.

"Oh, I doesn't mean your Duke, but the Duke o' Rutland," rejoined Mr. Jorrocks.

Mrs. Muleygrubs didn't take.

"Nothin' left for *manners*, I mean," said Mr. Jorrocks, pointing to the empty dish.

Mrs. Muleygrubs smiled, because she thought she ought, though she did not know why.

"Sherry or My-dearer, sir?" inquired the stiff-necked boy, going his round as before.

Mr. Jorrocks asked Mrs. Muleygrubs to take wine, and having satisfied himself that the sherry was bad, he took My-dearer, which was worse.

"Bad ticket, I fear," observed Mr. Jorrocks

aloud to himself, smacking his lips. "Have ye any swipes?"

"Sober-water and Seltzer-water," replied the boy.

"'Ang your sober-water!" growled Mr. Jor-rocks.

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After a long pause, during which the conversation gradually died out, a kick was heard at the door, which the stiff-necked foot-boy having replied to by opening, the other boy appeared, bearing a tray, followed by all the other flunkeys, each carrying a silver-covered dish.

"Come *that's* more like the thing," said Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself, eyeing the procession.

A large dish was placed under the host's nose, another under that of Mrs. Muleygrubs.

"Roast beef and boiled turkey?" said Mr. Jorrocks to himself, half inclined to have a mental bet on the subject. "May be saddle o' mutton and chickens," continued he, pursuing the speculation.

Four T. Cox Savory side-dishes, with silver rims and handles, next took places, and two silver-covered china centre dishes completed the arrangement.

"You've lots o' plate," observed Mr. Jorrocks to Mrs. Muleygrubs, glancing down the table.

"Can't do with less," replied the lady.

Stiff-neck now proceeded to uncover, followed

by his comrade. He began at his master, and, giving the steam-begrimed cover a flourish in the air, favoured his master's bald head with a hot shower-bath. Under pretence of admiring the pattern, Mr. Jorrocks had taken a peep under the side-dish before him, and seeing boiled turnips, had settled that there was a round of beef at the bottom of the table. Spare ribs presented themselves to view. Mrs. Muleygrubs' dish held a degenerate turkey, so lean and so lank that it looked as if it had been starved instead of fed. There was a rein-deer tongue under one centre dish, and sausages under the other. Potatoes and turnips, stewed celery and pig's feet and ears, occupied the corner dishes.

"God bless us! what a dinner!" ejaculated Mr. Jorrocks, involuntarily.

"Game and black-puddings coming, isn't there, my dear?" inquired Mr. Muleygrubs of his wife.

"Yes, my dear," responded his obedient half-

" ' Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;  
But this most foul, base, and unnatural, ' "

muttered Mr. Jorrocks, running his fork through the breast of the unhappy turkey. " Shall I give you a little *ding dong* ? "

" It's turkey," observed the lady.

" True ! " replied Mr. Jorrocks ; " *ding dong's* French."

Conversation was very dull, and the pop and foam of a solitary bottle of champagne, handed round much after the manner of liqueur, did little towards promoting it. Mr. Jorrocks was not the only person that wondered "what had set him there."

The few remnants of that course being removed, a large, richly ornamented cold game-pie made its appearance, and was placed before Mr. Muleygrubs.

"Large tart!" observed Mr. Jorrocks, thinking if he could help himself he might yet manage to make up his lee-way: "thought there was dark puddin's comin'," observed he to his hostess.

"Game and *black* puddings," replied Mrs. Muleygrubs. "This comes between courses always."

"Never saw it afore," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

Mr. Marmaduke helped the pie very sparingly, just as he had seen the butler at Onger Castle helping a *paté de fois gras*; and putting as much on to a plate as would make about a mouthful and a half to each person, he sent stiff-neck round with a fork to let people help themselves. Fortunately for Mr. Jorrocks, neither Mr. nor Miss De Green, nor Miss Slowman nor Mr. Muleygrubs, took any, and the untouched plate coming to him, he very coolly seized the whole, while the foot-boy returned to the dismayed Mr. Muley-

grubs for more. Putting a few more scraps on a plate, Mr. Muleygrubs sent off the pie, lest any one should make a second attack.

The second course consisted of a brace of partridges and a snipe, and three links of black-pudding, which were removed by a cold omelette and fondieu. Stewed celery, fried potatoes, puffs, and tartlets, formed the side dishes.

“Vot, have you nothin’ but puffs?” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as the stiff-necked boy brought him the two last in succession.

Chopped-cheese, celery, and sour beer, closed the repast. The cloth was left on, and Mr. Jones delivered a long, energetic grace. Four little Muleygrubs being delivered at the door, went the round of the room, as the apples and oranges, figs and raisins, and a large sponge-cake, were set on the table.

“Nice children! And how old are you, sir?”

“That’s a girl. Say four, my dear.”

“Charming child!” — (*aside*) — “Little nuisance!”

Sherry and Madeira, port and claret, having twice made the grand tour, Mrs. Marmaduke began pulling on a pair of lace mits, and having collected her chickens, made the signal to Mrs. Slowman, who led the procession to the drawing-room.



The usual inquiries of "Are you warm enough there, sir?" "Won't you take an arm-chair?" having been made and responded to, the party closed up towards Mr. Muleygrubs, who now assumed the top of the table, each man sticking out his legs, or hanging an arm over the back of his chair, as suited his ease and convenience. Mr. Jorrocks being the stranger, the politeness of the party was directed to him.

"Been in this part of the country before, sir?" inquired Professor Gobelow, cornering his chair towards Mr. Jorrocks.

"In course," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "I 'unts the country, and am in all parts of it at times—even I goes out of a mornin' I doesn't know where I may be afore night."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the professor. "Delightful occupation!" continued he: "what opportunities you have of surveying nature in all her moods, and admiring her hidden charms! Did you ever observe the extraordinary formation of the hanging rocks about a mile and a half to the east of this? The ——"

"I ran a fox into them werry rocks, I do believe," interrupted Mr. Jorrocks, brightening up. "We found at Haddington Steep, and ran through Nosterley Firs, Crampton Haws, and Fitchin Park, where we had a short check, owin' to the stain o' deer, but I hit off the scent outside, and



we ran straight down to these rocks, when all of a sudden th' 'ounds threw up, and I was certain he had got among 'em. Vell, I got a spade and a tarrier, and I digs, and digs, and works on, till near night, th' 'ounds got starved, th' osses got cold, and I got the rheumatis, but, howsomever, we could make nothin' of him ; but I ——”

“ Then you would see the geological formation of the whole thing,” interposed the professor. “ The carboniferous series is extraordinarily developed. Indeed I know of nothing to compare with it, except the Bristol coal-field, on the banks of the Avon. There the dolomitic conglomerate, a rock of an age intermediate between the carboniferous series and the lias, rests on the truncated edges of the coal and mountain limestone, and contains rolled and angular fragments of the latter, in which are seen the characteristic mountain limestone fossils. The geological formation ——”

“ Oh, I know nothin' about the geo-nothin' formation o' the thing,” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks hastily, “ nor does I care; I minds the top was soft enough, as most tops are, but it got confounded 'ard lower down, and we broke a pickaxe and two spades afore we were done.”

“ That's *very* strange,” observed Mr. Marmaduke, who had been listening attentively all the time; “ Old Tommy Roadnight came to me one

morning for a summons against Willy Udal for that very thing. He would have it that Willy had bored the rock to draw the water from his well. Now I as a justice of the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen—perhaps you are not in the Commission of the Peace, are you, Mr. Jorrocks?" inquired Mr. Muleygrubs again.

"*Not I,*" replied Mr. Jorrocks, carelessly.

"Well, never mind, perhaps you may get in some day or other," observed the consoling justice; "but as I was saying, I as a county magistrate, with the immense responsibility of the due administration of the laws, tempered always with mercy, without which legislation is intolerant and jurisprudence futile,—I, I say, did not feel justified in issuing my summons under my hand and seal for the attendance of the said William Udal, at the suit of the said Thomas Roadnight, without some better evidence than the conjecture of the said William, besides, perhaps, you are not aware that the trespass act, as it is termed, should rather be called the wilful damage act, for the J. P. has to adjudicate only on the damage actually sustained by the trespass, and not on the trespass itself, therefore I felt unless the said Thomas Roadnight could prove that the said William Udal really and truly drew off the said water ——"

"*Confound your water!*" interrupted Mr.

Jorrocks; "give us the *wine*, and let's have a toast: wot say you to fox-'unting?"

"With all my heart," replied Mr. Muleygrubs, looking very indignant, at the same time helping himself and passing the decanters. "Upon my word," resumed he, "the man who administers justice fairly and impartially has no easy time of it, and were it not for the great regard I have for the Lord-Lieutenant and my unbounded loyalty to the Queen, I think I should cease acting altogether."

"Do," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks eagerly, "and take to 'unting instead,—make you an honorary member of my'unt,—far finer sport than sittin' in a 'ot shop with your 'at on."

Mr. Muleygrubs did not deign a reply.

The wine circulated languidly, and Mr. Jorrocks in vain tried to get up a conversation on hunting. The professor always started his stones or Mr. Muleygrubs his law, varied by an occasional snore from Mr. Slowman, who had to be nudged by Jones every time the bottle went round. Thus they battled on for about an hour.

"Would *you* like any more wine?" at length inquired Mr. Muleygrubs, with a motion of rising.

"Not any more I'm obliged to you," replied the obsequious Mr. Jacob Jones, who was angling

for the chaplaincy of Mr. Marmaduke's approaching shrievalty.

"*Just another bottle!*" rejoined Mr. Jorrocks, encouragingly.

"Take a glass of claret," replied Mr. Muleygrubs, handing the jug to our master.

"Rayther not, thank ye," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "not the stuff for me.—By the way now, I should think," continued Mr. Jorrocks, with an air of sudden enlightenment, "that some of those old ancient ancestors o' yours have been fond o' claret."

"Why so?" replied Mr. Muleygrubs, pertly.

"Doesn't know," replied Mr. Jorrocks, musingly, "but I never hears your name mentioned without thinking o' small claret. But come, let's have another bottle o' black strap—*it's good strap*—sound and strong—got wot I calls a good grip o' the gob."

"Well," said Mr. Muleygrubs, getting up and ringing the bell, "if you must, you must, but I should think you have had enough."

"PORT WINE!" exclaimed he, with the air of a man with a dozen set out, to his figure footman as he answered the bell.

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"Letter from the Secretary of State for the Home Department," exclaimed the 'stiff-necked

boy, re-entering and presenting Mr. Muleygrubs with a long official letter on a large silver tray.

"Confound the Secretary of State for the Home Department!" muttered Mr. Muleygrubs pretending to break a seal as he hurried out of the room.

"*That's a rouse!*" (*ruse*,) exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, putting his fore-finger to his nose, and winking at Mr. De Green—"gone to the cellar."

"Queer fellow, Muleygrubs," observed Mr. De Green.

"What a dinner it was!" exclaimed Mr. Slowman.

"'Ungry as when I sat down," remarked Mr. Jorrocks.

"All flash!" rejoined Professor Gobelow.

"I pity his wife," observed Jacob Jones, "they say he licks her like fun."

"Little savage," rejoined Mr. Jorrocks, "should like to make a drag of him for my 'ounds."

The footboy now appeared bringing the replenished decanter. Mr. Muleygrubs returned as the lad left the room.

Mr. Jorrocks rose and addressed Mr. Muleygrubs as follows, "Sir, in your absence we have had the extreme felicity of drinkin' your werry good 'ealth, coupled with the expression of an 'ope that the illustrious race of Muleygrubs may long

flourish in these your ancestral and baronial 'alls," a sentiment so neat and so far from the truth, as to draw down a round of mirth concealing applause from the party.

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"Mr. Jorrocks and gentlemen," said Mr. Muleygrubs, rising and holding a brimmer of wine in his hand, "if any thing can compensate a public man for the faithful performance of an arduous and difficult office—increased by the prolixity of the laws and the redundancy of the statute-book, it is the applause of upright and intelligent men like yourselves (hear, hear). He who would administer the laws faithfully and impartially, needs the hinward harmour of an approving conscience, with the houtward support of public happrobation (hear, hear). I firmly believe the liberal portion of the unpaid magistracy of England are deserving of every enconium the world can bestow. Zealous in their duties, patient in their inquiries, impartial in their judgments, and inflexible in their decisions, they form a bullwork round the throne, more national and more noble than the coronetted spawn of a mushroom haristocracy."

Mr. M. waited for applause, which, however, did not come. He then proceeded :—

"I feel convinced there is not a man in the commission who would not prefer the tranquillity

of private life to the lofty heminence of magisterial dignities, but there is a feeling deeply implanted in the breasts of English gentlemen which forbids the consideration of private ease when a nation's wants have been expressed through the medium of a beloved Sovereign's wishes, — England expects that every man will do his duty!" continued Mr. Muleygrubs, raising his voice and throwing out his right arm,

"Bravo, Grubs!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; "you speak like Cicero!" an encomium that drew forth the ill-suppressed mirth of the party, and cut the orator short in his discourse.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Muleygrubs, looking very indignantly at Mr. Jorrocks, "I thank you for the honour you have done me in drinking my health, and beg to drink all yours in return."

"And 'ow's the Secretary o' State for the 'Ome Department?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, with a malicious grin, after Mr. Muleygrubs had subsided into his seat.

"Oh, it was merely a business letter—official! S. M. Phillips, in fact—don't do business at the Home Office as they used when Russell was there—wrote himself—Dear Muleygrubs—Dear Russell—good man of business, Lord John—good magistrate-maker, too."

"Ah," said Mr. Jorrocks, "Lords are all werry well to talk about; but they don't do to

live with. Apt to make a convenience of one—first a toul (towel), then a dishclout.”

“ I don’t know *that*,” observed Professor Gobelow, who got into great houses under cover of his earth-digging propensities ; “ there’s my friend Lord Northington, for instance. Who can be more affable than he is ?”

“ He’ll make a clout on you some day,” rejoined Mr. Jorrocks.

“ If geologists are right in their conjecture that this country has been drained by large rivers, which were inhabited by gigantic oviparous reptiles, both bivorous and carnivorous, and small insectivorous mammifera, one may naturally conclude that an out-of-doors gentleman like you will often meet with rare specimens of animal antiquity,” observed the professor, again attempting to get on to his favourite subject, instead of replying to Mr. Jorrocks’ observation.

“ No, *I never does*,” replied our master of hounds, rather snappishly. “ When a man’s cuttin’ across country for ‘ard life, he’s got summut else to do than look out for *mammas*, or whatever you call the things.—That’s the way chaps break their necks,” added he.

“ *True*,” jerked in Mr. Muleygrubs. “ Then comes the coroner’s inquest, the jury, the finding, and the deodand,” observed the host. “ I regard the office of coroner as one of the bulwarks of the



constitution. It was formerly held in great esteem, and none could hold it under the degree of knight, third of Edward the First, chapter ten, I think ; and by the fourteenth of Edward the Third, if I recollect right, chapter eight, no coroner could be chosen unless he had land in fee sufficient in the same county, whereof he might answer to all manner of people. My ancestor, Sir Jogglebury Muleygrubs, whose portrait you see up there," pointing to a bluff Harry-the-Eighth-looking gentleman in a buff jerkin, with a red-lined basket-handled sword at his side, " held it for many years. He was the founder of our family, and ——"

" Then let's drink his 'ealth," interposed Mr. Jorrocks, finding the wine did not circulate half as fast as he could wish. " A werry capital cock, and every way worthy of his line ;" saying which he seized the decanter and filled himself a bumper. " I wish he'd been alive, I'd have made him a member of our 'unt ; and who's that old screw with the beard ?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, pointing to the portrait next Sir Jogglebury, a Roman senator-looking gentleman, wrapped in a loose pink and white robe.

" That," said Mr. Muleygrubs, " is my great-great-grandfather, an alderman of London and a member of Parliament for Tewkesbury."

"I thought you said it was Shakspeare," observed Mr. Jones, somewhat dryly.

"Well," said Mr. Jorrocks, knowingly, "that's no reason why it should not be his great-great-grandfather too; I should say our 'ost's werry like Shakspeare, partiklar about the 'ead—and, if I recollects right, Shakspeare said summut about justices o' the peace too."

"Tea and coffee wait your pleasure in the drawing-room," observed the stiff-necked footman, opening the door and entering the apartment in great state.

"Cuss your tea and coffee!" muttered Mr. Jorrocks, buzzing the bottle. "Haven't had half a drink;" adding, "Here's good sport for to-morrow!" said he, sipping his wine. "You 'unt with us, in course?" observed he to the professor.

"Oh, indeed, no," said Professor Gobelow, "that is quite out of my line; I am engaged to meet Mr. Lovel Lightfoot, the eminent geologist, to examine the *tertia strata* of——"

"Well, then," interrupted Mr. Jorrocks, "all I've got to say is, if you meet the fox, *don't 'cad him*;" saying which he drained his glass, threw down his napkin, and strutted out of the room, muttering something about justices, jackasses, and fossil fools.

Tea and coffee were enlivened by a collision be-

tween the footboys. Stiff-neck with the tea-tray made a sudden wheel upon No. 2 with the coffee-tray, and about an equal number of cups and saucers were smashed. The crash was great, but Muleygrubs' wrath was greater. "Stupidest beggars that ever were seen—deserve a month a-piece in the treadmill!"

"Weary of state without the machinery of state," Mr. Jorrocks gladly took his chamber-candle to retire to his twopenny head and farthing tail. No reproving nightmare censured him for past indulgence, and he awoke without the symptom of a headach. His top-boots had got the mud washed off, and his red coat and drab shags stood invitingly at the bed-foot. He was soon in them and down-stairs. The active magistrate was before him, however, and they met in the baronial hall.

Mr. Muleygrubs' costume was very striking. A little brown coat with filagree buttons, red waistcoat, white moleskins, and Wellington boots with wash-leather knee-caps. His Britannia metal looking spurs, with patent leather straps were buckled inside. A large breast-pin representing Justice with her scales, secured the ends of a red-striped white neckcloth.

"Good morning, Mr. Jorrocks!" exclaimed our J. P., with extended hand; "I fear you've not slept well, you are down so early; hope the

bed was comfortable, best in the house, barring ——”

“ O, quite comfey, thank ye,” replied Mr. Jorrocks; “ only I have had as much of it as I want, and thought I’d have a turn round your place afore breakfast. It seems a werry fine mornin’.”

“ Beautiful morning,” replied Mr. Marmaduke.

“ ‘ There is a freshness in the mornin’ hair,  
And life, wot bloated ease can never ’ope to share ;’ ”

replied Mr. Jorrocks. “ Let’s have a look at your stud.”

They then got their hats. First they went to the stable, then to the cow-bier, next to the pigsty, and looked into the hen-house.

“ You haven’t a peacock, have ye?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

“ No,” replied Mr. Muleygrubs.

“ Wonders at that—finest birds possible ; my Junks is as wise as most Christians. A peacock on each of those towers would look noble,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, turning to the castle as they sauntered along to the garden.

Two or three men in blue trousers were digging away ; but a garden in February being an uninteresting object, Mr. Muleygrubs merely passed through it (by the longest way, of course), and striking into a gravel walk by the side of a slug-

gish stream, made a *detour*, and got upon the carriage-road. Here they suddenly came upon two mechanic-looking men in white aprons and paper caps.

“Holloa, there, you, sirs! where are you going?” exclaimed Mr. Muleygrubs.

“Poor men out of work, sir,” replied the foremost, touching his cap. “Weavers, your honour—been out of work all the winter.”

“Poor fellows!” said Mr. Muleygrubs, soothingly.

“True, I assure you, your honour,” rejoined the other. “My comrade’s wife’s just lying-in of her tenth child, and I’ve a wife and six bairns all lying ill of the fever.”

“Poor fellows!” repeated Muleygrubs again. “You don’t look like common beggars—S. Vs., sturdy vagrants—I. R. incorrigible rogues.”

“Necessity’s driv us to it, yer honour—never begged afore.”

“You’d work if you could get it, I dare say,” continued the J. P., in the same consoling strain.

“*Oh, that we would, yer honour!*” exclaimed both. Mr. Muleygrubs smiled, for he had them.

“Come along, then,” said he, leading the way to a heap of stones by the side of the carriage-road. “Now,” said he, slowly and solemnly, “mark what I say. I am a justice of the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen, charged with the

preservation of the peace and the execution of the laws of this great kingdom—hem !” (The men looked blank.) “There is a hact called the Vagrant Hact,” continued Mr. Muleygrubs, “which declares that all persons who, being able to work and thereby maintain themselves and their families, who shall wilfully refuse or neglect so to do, shall be deemed rogues and vagabonds, within the true intent and meaning of the hact, and may be committed to hard labour in the house of correction—hem !—Now, gentlemen,” said he, “there are two heaps of stones, hard and soft, you are both out of work—there are two hammers, and when you have broken those stones, my bailiff will measure them off and pay you for them, and thus you will get employment, and save a trip to the mill. Take the hammers and set to work.”

\* \* \* \*

“*Down upon them*, I think,” chuckled Mr. Muleygrubs to Mr. Jorrocks, as they returned to the house. “That’s one of the few pulls we magistrates have—I keep my avenue in repair and my walks weeded by the vagrants.”

“But not for nothin’?” observed Mr. Jorrocks, inquiringly.

“Oh, yes—they never work long—generally sneak off at the end of an hour or two, forfeiting what they’ve done. All these heaps,” pointing

to sundry heaps of stones among the trees, "have been broken by beggars. Shall be able to sell some to the surveyors this year. Working beggars, and employing the new police about one's place occasionally, are really the only pulls we justices have."

"Dress the poliss up as flunkeys, I s'pose," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

"Just so," replied Mr. Muleygrubs, "or work them in the garden. It's far the best way of disposing of the force," continued Mr. Muleygrubs; "for you see, in a thinly populated district, where each man has a considerable range, you never know where to lay hands on a policeman; whereas, about here, they know they have only to send to his worship's to get one directly."

"No doubt it is," replied Mr. Jorrocks, adding, aloud to himself, as the bearings of the case crossed his mind, "and the best thing for the thief too. Wonders now if the beggar would let one make earth-stoppers on them—stop the thief o' the world."

In the present instance the police were not of much avail, for the weavers, having seen the justice into his castle, pocketed the hammer-heads and cut their sticks.

Among the group who stood in the baronial hall waiting Mr. Muleygrubs' return was Mr. Macpherson, the wily churchwarden of the neighbouring parish. "Taken the liberty of

calling upon you to request your countenance to a subscription for repairing our organ," said he.

"Confound your subscriptions!" interrupted the justice—"my hand's never out of my pocket. Why do you all come to me?"

"We always go to the people of the first consequence first," replied the churchwarden, in a tone more directed to Mr. Jorrocks than to Mr. Muleygrubs.

"Very *kind* of you," replied he, satirically—"kind and considerate both."

"The example of gentlemen in high stations has great influence," replied Mr. Macpherson.

"Then why not go to Sir Harry Martin?"

"Because you are the largest landowner in the parish," replied the Scotchman, in the same "talk-at-him" tone as before.

This was a clencher—proclaimed in his own baronial hall, in the presence of Mr. Jorrocks, as the greatest man and largest landowner in the parish, was something.

"Well," said he, with a relaxing brow, "put me down for a couple of guineas."

"Thank you kindly," replied Mr. Macpherson, taking a horn inkstand out of his pocket, and writing the name Marmaduke Muleygrubs, Esq. J. P., 2*l.* 2*s.* at the head of the first column.

"You'd like it put in the papers, I suppose?" observed Mr. Macpherson.



“ *Papers!* to be sure!” replied Mr. Muleygrubs, ruffled at the question; “ what’s the use of my giving it if it isn’t put in the papers?”

A Jew picture-dealer next claimed the justice’s ear. He had a kit-cat of a grim-visaged warrior, with a lace-collar, and his hand resting on a basket-handled sword.

“ Got a match for your dining-room por——”

“ I’ll speak to you after!” exclaimed Mr. Muleygrubs, hastily pushing the purveyor of ancestors aside, and drawing Mr. Jorrocks onward to the breakfast-room.

There was a great spread in the way of breakfast, at least a great length of table down the room. A regiment of tea-cups occupied one end of the table, coffee-cups the other, and the cold game-pie was in the middle. Four loaves, two of white, and two of brown bread, guarded the corners, and there were two butter-boats and four plates of jelly and preserve.

“ Come, there’s plenty to eat, at all ewents,” observed Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself, as he advanced to greet Mrs. Muleygrubs, and give the little Muleygrubs the morning chuck under the chin. “ S’pose you’ve a party comin’ this mornin’,” continued he, looking at the cups, and then pulling out his watch; “ five minutes to ten by ’Andley Cross,” said he: “ ’ounds will be here in twenty minutes—Pigg’s werry punctual.”

Mrs. Muleygrubs said, "That being a county family, they wished to make themselves popular, and would give a public breakfast to the Hunt."

Mr. Jorrocks said, "Nothin' could be more proper."

\* \* \* \*

Five minutes elapsed, and he looked again at his watch,\* observing, "that the 'ounds would be there in a quarter of an hour."

"Hadn't we better be doin', think ye?" asked Mr. Jorrocks impatiently, as Mr. Muleygrubs entered the room after his deal for the ancestor; "'ounds 'ill be here in no time."

"I suppose there's no great hurry," observed Mr. Muleygrubs, carelessly.

"'Deed but there is," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "punctuality is the purliteness o' princes, and I doesn't like keepin' people waitin'."

"Well, then," said Mr. Muleygrubs, "we'll ring for the urn."

\* \* \* \*

In it came, hissing, for the footmen wanted to be off to the Hunt.

Dry-toast, buttered-toast, muffins, twists, rolls, &c. were scattered down the table, and two stands of eggs flanked the cold game-pie in the centre.

\* Reader, if you are a non-fox-hunting housekeeper, and ever entertain fox-hunters, *never let them wait for their breakfasts*. The most sumptuous repast will not compensate for the loss of ten minutes, or even five, at this time of day.

There is no greater nuisance than making a feast and no one coming to eat it,—even Gog and old Magog complained when William the Fourth disappointed the guzzlers in Guildhall :—

“ Said Gog to old Magog, ‘ Why, fury and thunder!  
There surely is some unaccountable blunder,’ ” &c.

In vain Mr. Marmaduke played with his breakfast, and pretended to enjoy every thing. His eye kept wandering to the window in hopes of seeing some one, even the most unwelcome of his friends, cast up. Still no one arrived, and the stiff-necked boy sat in the baronial hall without being summoned to open the doors. A group of children first ventured into the forbidden field in front of the Justice’s, emboldened by a mole-catcher, who was combining business with pleasure. A boy on a pony next arrived, and was the object of attention until two grooms appeared, and began to fuss about the stirrups, and rub their horses down with handkerchiefs. Presently more arrived ; then came more ponies, then a few farmers, and at last a red-coat, to the delight of the youngsters, who eyed the wearer with the greatest reverence. Meanwhile Mr. Jorrocks worked away at his breakfast, first at the solids, then at the sweets, diversified with a draught at the fluids.

Four red-coated gentry came cantering into the

## CHAPTER X.

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**“ And stands a critic hated, yet caressed.”**

**THE Muleygrubs catastrophe deranged the whole proceedings of that day. Indeed it was like to have been a serious affair. Mr. Muleygrubs was knocked under the table, Mrs. Muleygrubs and all the little Muleygrubs hurried out, and the stiff-necked foot-boy had a chase after Priestess, who ran off with the cold rein-deer tongue. Three or four hounds worried the pie, and Rummager charged through the coffee-cups to get at the rolls. Altogether, there was a terrible crash.**

**Mr. Jorrocks bolted out of the window, and, by dint of whooping and holloaing, aided by the foot-boy's endeavours, succeeded in drawing off the delinquents, and sending Benjamin in for his hat, desired him to apologise for not returning to bid his hostess adieu, on the plea that the hounds**

would follow him if he did. They then trotted down to Sherford Bridge, and exhausted their day's draw in a blank.

Despite the little *rencontre*, Mr. Jorrocks had confidence in his hounds. Sheep they would not look at; he had seen them run through deer, and they were not more given to puss than nine-tenths of the packs in the country. By choosing a meet, wide of preserves, he thought they might get through a creditable day, and by pretending to underrate the hounds himself, he thought to bespeak the favourable opinion of the critic.

The name of Pomponius Ego had long been familiar to the sporting world as the *nomme de chasse* of the great chronicler of the chase, and to him Mr. Jorrocks looked with deferential eye for that enduring fame which statuary and stationary best can give.

Mr. Jorrocks, as appears hereafter, had had some acquaintance with the illustrious individual, indeed the following letter might lead one to suppose that a degree of familiarity had existed between them, were not Mr. Jorrocks' affable, or free and easy manners taken into consideration. Be that, however, as it may, the following is what he wrote :—

“ Dear Mr. Ego,

“ Should your intercourse with dukes and great guns o' the world leave any interest for the doin's

of the little pop-guns of the chase, I shall be werry 'appy if you will come here and take a look at our most provincial pack. In course I needn't tell you that my 'ouse is not so large as to require a kiver 'ack to canter from the dinin' to the drawin'-room, neither is the pack on a par with many you have seen; still I can give you a good blow-out, both in the way of wittles and drink, and shall be 'appy to mount you as well as I can, and show you as good sport as the country will afford. *Entre nous*, as we say in France, I want to be famous, and you know how to do it. In course, mum's the word.

“ Yours to serve,

“ JOHN JORROCKS.

“ *Diana Lodge, Handley Cross Spa.*

“ To Pomponius Ego, Esq.

“ New Sporting Magazine Office, London,  
or whatever else he may have chopped  
over to.”

The following is Mr. Ego's answer :—

“ Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—You remind me of Catullus! None but the old Latian could have put the point as you do. D—n all dukes! I'm for mercantile life—£ s. d.—I shall have great satisfaction in inspecting your pack, which I have no

doubt I shall find all I can desire. Pick me out an easy-going, safe-leaping horse, with a light mouth, and let him have a Whippy-saddle on—I can't ride on any other. I like a bed-room with a southern aspect,—the feathers above the mattress, if you please. Compliments to Mrs. Jorrocks, from, dear Jorrocks,

“ Yours, very truly,

“ POMPONIUS EGO.

“ P.S. What would you like to be done in? The ‘Q. R.,’\* the ‘O. S. M.,’ the ‘N. S. M.,’ the ‘S. R.,’ the ‘S.,’ ‘Fraser,’ ‘Blackwood,’ ‘New Monthly,’ Old ditto, ‘The Encyclopedia,’ ‘Oracle of Rural Life,’ or ‘Almanack for Country Gentlemen?’ ”

“ To John Jorrocks, Esq.

“ Master of Fox-Hounds,

“ Diana Lodge, Handley Cross Spa.”

“ To my mind, the ‘N. S. M.’ is the very best of all.”

Great were the preparations for the important scrutiny. Hounds may go on for centuries

\* “Q. R.” stands for “Quarterly Review;” “O. S. M.,” “Old Sporting Magazine;” “N. S. M.,” “New Sporting Magazine;” “S. R.,” “Sporting Review;” “S.,” “Sportsman;” from one to another of which Mr. Ego jumps with the agility of a harlequin.

without being known beyond the limits of their county, but the one day that brings the Inspector-General lives for ever in the page of history. Where, then, is the master of hounds, where the member of a hunt, whose heart does not beat responsive to that of Mr. Jorrocks', on this trying occasion? Who, in the sincere and friendly language of a clerk of arraigns, does not wish him a "good deliverance?"

\* \* \* \*

"Now, James," said Mr. Jorrocks to his huntsman, as they stood in the kennel-yard looking over the hounds, a few days before the appointed visit, "you must get all on the square; the great Pomponius Ego is comin', and we shall be all down in black and vite."

"Whe's he?" inquired Pigg, scratching his head.

"Vot! not know Pomponius Ego!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in astonishment; "you surelie don't mean to say so."

"Ar' dinna ken him, ar's sure," replied Pigg, with the greatest indifference. "Is he a skeulmaister?"

"A *skeulmaister*!" repeated Mr. Jorrocks, with a sneer and an indignant curl of his lip; "a skeulmaister! No!—he's a master of 'unting—not an M. F. H., like me, but a man wot makes hobserwations on M. F. H.'s, their packs,



their 'osses, their 'untsmen — their every thing, in fact."

"What's he de that for?" inquired Pigg, with surprise.

"Vy, that the world at large may know what he thinks on 'em, to be sure. He prints all he sees, hears, or thinks, in a book."

*Pigg.* — "Ye dinna say se!"

"Quite true, I assure you," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "and if by any unlucky chance he blames an 'untsman, or condemns a pack, it's all dickey with them for ever; for no livin' man dare contradict him, and every one swears by wot he says."

"Woon's, man," replied Pigg, in a pucker, "we maun be uncommon kittle then, ar' guess."

"You must exert your hutmost powers," replied Mr. Jorrocks, most emphatically; "for dash my vig, if we fail, I, even I—John Jorrocks himself, will go perfectly mad with rage and wexation."

"He'll ken all about the hunds and huntin' then, ar's warn'd," replied Pigg, catching the infection of fear.

*Mr. Jorrocks.* — "Oh, yes! — at least he writes about them; and no one disputes print. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I fear I've made a mess o' myself, by axin' of him to come. I question if the world would not have been as 'appy without the

mighty Ego. Butter, sugar, soap, all that sort o' thing is werry pleasant; but then — oh, 'error! the idea of bein' rubbed the wrong way by Ego! *Death itself would be better!*"

*Pigg.* — "Hout, tout! — niver fear! there's nowt to boggle a man! Were I ye, with all yeer brass, ar' wadn't care for nobody."

*Jorrocks.* — "Ah! but, Pigg! — think of hambi- tion! — think of fame! — think of that summut arter life wot prompts men to great hactions! Here, for five-and-twenty years, have I been a hardent follower of the chase — loved it, eh, 'eavens! for its own sake, and not for any hanxious longin' after himmortality; and now ven greatness has been thrust upon me — ven I shines forth an M. F. H. — to think that all may be dashed from me, and instead of reignin' King of 'Andley Cross — instead of bein' the great and renowned John Jorrocks — I may be dashed back t'oblivion! Oh, Pigg! — hambition is a dreadful thing!"

*Pigg.* — "Hout, tout, fear nowt. Does he ride, or nabbut (only) looks at pack at cover-side like?"

*Jorrocks.* — "Both, both — first, he'll come and look us all over, ax the name of that 'ound, and then of that — call 'em level — enquire 'ow each is bred — talk of Hosbaldeston's Furrier, Corbet's Trojan, or Meynell's Guzman — look at this nag

—then at that—ax their pedigrees—their hages their prices—their every things—vether we summers them in the 'ouse or the field—do a little about 'ard meat—'ow much corn they get—vether we split our beans, or give them whole—then ven we throws off he marks each motion—sees vether we put in at the right end of the cover—observes vether the men have 'ands equal to their nerves, or nerves equal to their 'ands; books their seats and names—not their seats by coach, mind—but their seats in the saddle. To read his accounts of the runs you'd fancy he was every where at once, both before, behind, and above—with the fox—with the 'ounds—with the first, and with the last man in the field—so knowin'ly does he describe every twist, every turn, every bend of the run. Oh! Pigg, now that the day approaches, and I see's the full brightness of my indiscretion starin' me in the face, I begins to repent havin' axed him to come. Vot can fame do for Jorrocks? I have neither wife that delights in the deeds of her spouse, nor son to succeed to the reputation of his dad. Would that I was well out o' the mess!"

"Never fear," replied Pigg, "here be good loike hounds; if we de but find, the deuce be in it if we don't cook him up a run."

"Oh Pigg!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "those

*ifs* are the deuce and all in 'unting—There's the rub you see! *If* we find a fox, there's the difficulty in gettin' well away with him; or *if* we do get well away, there's the chance of his bein' 'eaded back; or of there bein' no scent, or of his takin' a bad line, or of his bein' chased by a cur, or of his gainin' an earth we don't know of, or of his beatin' us disgracefully at the far end—these things are dreadful to the anxious mind of a M. F. H. at all times, but 'orrible, most 'orrible, on an occasion like the present."

"Dinna fear," replied Pigg, "dinna fear—you'll see he'll be nowt but mortal man after all. If you want to kill a fox, gan to big wood, and have somebody there with black bitch."

"Black bitch," said Mr. Jorrocks, thoughtfully, "black bitch—Vot should we want with black bitch when we have all the 'ounds out?"

"*Hout*, thou fondy!" said Pigg, "doesn't thou ken what black bitch is?"

"No I doesn't—unless it be a dog's wife."

"A dog's wife!" roared Pigg; "Ne sike thing. It's a *gun*, man! Just pop a few shot corns into fox's hind-legs, and hounds will soon kill him."

"My vig!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, with an air of sudden enlightenment. "I've often seen chaps in welweteen with guns at cover sides, but never knew what they were for. Ah," but added

he with a shake of his head, "Ego will be up to the black-bitch rig—No, no, that won't do—no use tryin' to 'oax him—it must be summut genuine. Oh, Pigg, if you could but manage to give him a *real* tickler, so that he might have summut good to put in his book, the gratitude of John Jorrocks should rest with you for ever and ever—you should drink brandy in pint-pots—quarts, if you like!"

"You dinna say se!" replied Pigg—"Quart-pots!—Let's see—dang'd if ar ken—yes, ar de tee (do two)—run him a drag and sheck bag fox at far end like."

*Jorrocks.*—"That von't do—*no, not it.* He'll be sure to find out, and trounce us to all eternity; besides if F. or any of the Bell's Lifers were to catch us, they'd never let us hear the end on't."

"Not they," replied Pigg: "nobody 'ill find it out if ye de but keep your gob shut—start i' big wood—run drag round—bother him well—then out o'ur (over) big loup—give him summut to glower at, instead o' hounds."

"No, Pigg, no," replied Mr. Jorrocks, shaking his head and jingling a handful of silver in his breeches pocket; "it must be summut more genuine—*Tally ho! yonder he goes!* then elbows and legs,—elbows and legs;" Mr. Jorrocks suiting the action to the word, by straddling and working his arms as though he were on horseback.

"Give him that tee," replied Pigg; "stick chap up a tree to holloa away—another on a hill to had (hold) up hat."

"Ah, but so many cooks will spoil the broth, Pigg; suppose, for a moment, one should peach! I should sit on pins—on wool-combers—with nothin' but summer drawers on, till the account appeared, and then I question if I should have courage to cut the pages. Oh, ambition! ambition! wot a troublesome warmin't you are!—bad as Morrison's pills."

*Pigg.*—"A, man alive, niver fear; he cannot de thee ne harm. Let me manish him,—ar'll give him summut to bragg on."

*Mr. Jorrocks.*—"I vish I dirst—you Scotchmen are cliver fellers; but s'pose he should smell a rat, 'ow he would trounce us, as much to shew his own 'cuteness, as to punish us for our imperance!"

"You've nowt to fear, ar tell ye," replied Pigg, confidently; "just leave it te me, and had yeer jaw about it, and dinna call me a Scotchman, and keep thy bit bowdekite quiet—ar'll manish matters."

With much fear, and many misgivings for his rashness in asking Ego to come, Mr. Jorrocks at length consented to intrust the management of the day's sport to his northern huntsman and Matt Malby.

By these it was arranged to run a drag of aniseed and red herring over some of the best of their country, and to turn down a fox at the far end, in some convenient unsuspecting-looking place. The evening before Mr. Ego was to arrive, James Pigg communicated the find, the run, and the finish, to Mr. Jorrocks, with such other information as would enable our master to ride to points without exciting suspicion, and Mr. Jorrocks undertook to say as much to Benjamin as would put the boy on his mettle without letting him too much into the secret.

Accordingly, when Stubbs left the dining-room to play his usual game of beggar-my-neighbour with Belinda, Mr. Jorrocks rang the bell, and desired Betsy to send in the boy. The latter entered in his usual sneaking way, knowing that he had been guilty of several "piccadillies," as his master would call them, for which he deserved to be well thrashed.

"Now, Binjamin," said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing his whipper-in with one of his most scrutinising looks, — "now, Binjamin," repeated he, with great dignity, "you are on the eve of a most momentous crisis!"

"Yes, sir," replied Benjamin, wondering what sort of a shaped thing it was.

"That renowned man, Mr. Pomponius Ego,

is comin' to 'unt with our unrivalled 'ounds, and I would fain give him a tickler."

"Yes, sir," replied Benjamin.

"Now then, you see, Binjimin, James Pigg is a mighty 'unter—keen and game to the backbone, and thinks he can 'stonish him. Now, Binjimin, you must lend us a hand."

"Yes, sir," replied Benjamin.

"You are werry fond o' marmeylad," observed Mr. Jorrocks, after a short pause, during which he considered how he had best put the point.

"*Uncommon!*" exclaimed Benjamin, with a grin of delight.

"Well then, now you see, Binjimin, if you hact well your part, obey James Pigg, and do all wot he tells you—if all goes on smoothly and well—even you come home, I'll give you a pot o' marmeylad as big as your 'ead!"

"Crikey, oh!" exclaimed Benjamin, in ecstasies.

"But, 'ark to me again, Binjimin," continued Mr. Jorrocks, holding up his finger, and knitting his brow at the boy, "if by any chance you bitch the thing—if all does not go on smoothly and well on your part, so far from givin' of you any marmeylad, I'll take you to one of the new-fangled matrimony-shops, and tie you up with a stout gipsy wench, with such a small hinddependence of her own as 'ill find you in tons of



misfortin' and black language, fresh from the pit's mouth, and make you miserable from now till the first Monday after eternity."

"*Oh!*" groaned Benjamin, inwardly, at the thought.

## CHAPTER XI.

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“ The morning lark ascends on high,  
And with its music greets the sky ;  
The blackbird whistles, and the thrush  
Warbles his wild notes in the bush,  
While ev’ry hedge, and ev’ry tree  
Resounds with vocal minstrelsy.”—*Dr. Syntax.*

A THICK white rind powdered the face of nature through the night, and Mr. Jorrocks found himself with a beautifully silver-foliaged window in the morning. Still the evergreens in the garden exhibited no symptoms of a nipping, and as the night clouds cleared off and the sun stood forth all lurid in the firmament, he congratulated himself on the appearance of opening day. Mrs. Jorrocks, Belinda, Stubbs, Betsy, and Benjamin, were up with the lark, all busy preparing for the great, well-known unknown. A fly was despatched to the Datton station of the lily-white-sand railway to meet him, and punctual to his time, Ego turned out at Diana Lodge, enveloped in shawls, numerous great-coats, and a pair of French-jointed clogs to keep his feet warm.

Mutual salutations being over, and having got rid of his husks, breakfast was attacked with a true railway appetite—kidneys, chops, eggs, muffins, crumpets, toast, red herrings, all the delicacies of the season in short, that make one's mouth water to write, vanished in succession, aided by large draughts of undeniable tea and coffee from "the Lane," as Mr. Jorrocks calls his place of business. At length they completely topped up, and after begging some brandy to put in his pocket-flask, Ego rose from his seat and began pacing about the room and looking out of the window, as men are in the habit of doing when they want to be commencing a "New Series" of the periodical occupations of life.—Stubbs had a bad headach—or pretended to have one.

Ten o'clock came, and as it struck James Pigg and Benjamin appeared outside the white rails before Diana Lodge, clad in their best habiliments, mounted, and each leading a horse. Uncommonly *spicy* they all looked, for Pigg, determined on doing up the thing in style, regardless of expense, had generously divided a penny's worth of ginger among the four, so that their tails stuck up like hat-pegs—and, as if in sympathy with the horses, Gabriel Junks flew on to the summit of the gateway arch, and expanded a glorious tail to the rays of the sun, at the same time setting up a scream that startled the horses. Forth sallied

Ego and Jorrocks; up went the bed-room window for Betsy to look out, Mrs. Jorrocks appeared framed in the lower one, with a face of most rubicund hue, while Belinda peeped past the green and white chintz curtain, and had her glimpse of the scene.

“ There,” said Mr. Jorrocks, pulling up short at the gate and pointing to his stud, “ there are a lot of nags for you—none of your cat-legged, tumble-down, kick-me-off, run-away, break-my-neck, split-my-scoll devils, but real seasoned ’unters, sure and steady, with an eye for each foot, and one over.— Binjimin,” said he, turning to the boy, “ take up those stirrups three ’oles, and don’t let me catch you ridin’ like a dragon.— Now, Mr. Ego, be after mountin’—time’s precious, and punctuality is the purliteness of princes.— There,” said he, as Ego got himself into his saddle, “ you are mounted—delightful! make a pictor for Halkin!—Pigg, put Arterxerxes next the rails, so that I may get on easy. *Whoay, ’oss! Whoay!*” roared Jorrock, as the horse began kicking, on feeling his foot in the stirrup.— “ *Whoay!* I say, you hugly brute!” A bold effort lodged him in the first floor of the saddle, and, gathering up his reins, Jorrocks turned Arterxerxes’ head from the house, the horse walking with his fore legs, and kicking with his hind ones, an example immediately followed by the other three.

Away they all go, kicking and snorting, amid the renewed screams of the peacock and the shouts of the little boys who had congregated about.

“ And one and all aloud declare  
’Twas a fit sight for country fair,  
Far better than a dancing bear.”

The kennel reached, the pack were soon round Pigg’s horse’s heels, and after a few consequential cracks of his whip, and cries of “ Go on, hounds ! go on ! *to him ! to him !*” from Benjamin, as they proceeded through the streets, they cleared the town and entered upon the hedge-rows of the country.

\* \* \* \*

“ A niceish lot of hounds,” observed Ego, casually, as he brought his horse alongside James Pigg, “ to look him over,” as he calls it ; and Pigg, instead of capping him, gave him a most unceremonious stare.

“ A d—d *nice* pack ! ar should say,” replied Pigg.

“ Humph !” said Ego to himself, “ a rummish genius this, I guess—I am POM-PO-NIUS Ego,” observed he, with an air of annihilation.

“ Sae they say,” replied Pigg. “ What’s your cracks ?”

“ What’s your *whats* ?” repeated Ego to himself, without being able to hit off the scent. “ Who told you I was Ego ?” inquired he, after a pause, during which he kept scrutinising Pigg.

*Pigg.* — “Whe tell’t me? Why, Jorrocks! Whe else should?”

“*Whe else should!*” repeated Ego, in disgust, “you’re a pretty fellow for a huntsman.”

“Well, my frind, and vot do you think of the ‘ounds?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks, riding up and interrupting the dialogue. “Some of the real sort here — all workmen — no skirtin’, babblin’ beggars kept for show, merely because they are ‘andsome — ‘andsome is wot ‘andsome does, is my happhorism?”

“A very good motto, Mr. Jorrocks,” observed Ego; “we shall see presently what they are made of. They seem a goodish sort of hound — level — but, if any thing, rather too full of flesh.”

“A werry good fault, too, at this time of year, we shall soon work them fine enough,” replied Mr. Jorrocks.

“As fine as Sam Nichol had his, eh? — that poor John Warde used to say a man had only to take his shaving-pot to the kennel, and scrape his beard with the back of a hound — *he, he, he!* good joke that, Mr. Jorrocks, eh?”

“Haw! haw! haw! werry good joke, Mr. Ego, werry good joke, indeed — have laughed at it *werry* often — werry old friend of yours and mine, that joke. S’pose it will be due again soon? Shall be ready to laugh at it again when it comes.”

As they rode along, the spangled hedges dropped their jewels—the fields gradually resumed their pristine hue—and on reaching Bumpmead Heath, all nature smiled with the sweetness of premature spring. What a concourse was there! Flys, carriages, gigs, hunters, hacks, donkeys, all to see an author on horse-back!

“There!” said Mr. Jorrocks, pointing to the field as they turned from the road and entered the wide expanding common, “wot an ’unt mine is! Shall present them to you in proper horder—largest subscribers first, and so on, down to the three-guinea coves. Yon bouy on the brown, that is fidgetin’ about as though he didn’t like his load, is Squire Barnington, the man wot wanted to be master; he gives fifty. My missis and his don’t hit it, but we are werry good friends. Barnington!” holloed Jorrocks to him, “come and be presented to the mighty Ego. This be him, with the bird’s-eye fogle round his squeeze—coolish mornin’ you see, and Egotists are scarce—keeps his throat warm.” Mr. Barnington and Ego made mutual salutations with their hats. “Hooi, Fleecy!” roared Jorrocks to his secretary, who was poking his way among the group on a long-tailed rat of a white pony, with a slip of paper in his hand and a pencil between his teeth, “come and pay your dewours to Ego, the man wot

makes us all famous. 'This be my sec.," observed Mr. Jorrocks to Ego, adding, in a lower tone, "Does a little word-combin' himself at times—signs himself Junius Secundus—*you twig!*"

"Proud to make the personal acquaintance of Junius Secundus," observed Ego, bowing and laying his hand upon his breast. Fleeceall brings his hat in contact with his heel.

"This is old Barleycorn," observed Mr. Jorrocks, stopping a jolly-looking farmer, in dark clothes, on a good-looking brown horse; "A werry good friend to 'unting—always goes first over his own wheat."

Pomponius Ego vouchsafed him a bow.

"Now, Fleecy," said Mr. Jorrocks, turning to his secretary, "'ow do the chaps buck up the blunt now that they've got wot they want in the way of an 'untsman?"

"Why, only very middling, I'm sorry to say," replied the secretary. "Somehow or other, I never can find a' man with any money in his pocket. It's always, 'Oh, I'll pay you next time we meet,' or, 'I suppose you'll be out on Monday, when I will bring my subscription,'—but the happy day never comes. Now, there is Mr. Gibbs coming up, as though the county was all his own," pointing to a stylish young gentleman cantering along on a dun cover hack, attired in a spic and span new scarlet coat, with patent



leather fisherman boots coming over his knees, and puffing large clouds of smoke from a cigar as he went; "he is down for twenty guineas, and I can't get a halfpenny of it." Just then Mr. Gibbs, spying the master as he cantered along, pulled *short* up, and taking his cigar from his lips, accosted Mr. Jorrocks with—

"Holloa! good morning—how are ye, old boy?"

Mr. Jorrocks deigned no answer.

"Here's a fine hunting morning, Mr. Jorrocks," he continued, in a somewhat subdued tone.

"A werry *bad* 'unting mornin,' I should say," replied Mr. Jorrocks, looking very irate, and unconsciously spurring his horse, who was fidgeting about, from the effects of the ginger.

"A good scenting one, at all events, I should think," resumed the youngster, looking rather disconcerted.

"A werry *bad* scentin' one, I should say," rejoined Mr. Jorrocks, ramming the spurs into his horse, which the animal acknowledged by a sudden and desperate kick, which fairly sent our master over its head.

Great was the consternation! Ego, Fleeceall, Gibbs, Barnington, and half-a-dozen more, all leaped off their horses at once, while Gibbs caught the hat and wig, and was loud in the expression of his hope that Mr. Jorrocks was not hurt.

“ *Hurt!* ” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, his eyes sparkling with rage, as he scrambled up and replaced his lost head-gear, “ *hurt, sir,* ” he repeated, looking as though he would eat him, “ *no, sir — not at all — rather the contrary!* ”

Our hero, however, having fallen both clean and soft, and having vented his anger upon his non-paying subscriber, things soon resumed their right course, and after a few more presentations, preparations began to be made for throwing off.

South Grove, as our readers may remember, was the scene of Mr. Jorrocks’ former bag-fox exploit, and was well adapted for such experiments. It was a long wood of stately oak, running parallel with the Appledove Road, for about a mile, the wood widening into something like twelve acres towards the middle. The other side was bounded by Bumpmead Heath, and the country around was of that undulating nature, that requires a man to lie close with hounds, or run a chance of losing them. From South Grove to Doitwich, the nearest cover, was four miles, as the crow flies, but a judicious winding of certain irregularities of surface would not only lengthen it into five or six miles, but also draw one bottomless brook twice into the run. Another great advantage it possessed for Mr. Jorrocks was, that sundry bridle-roads all made for the next cover, and yet each by itself appearing to lead in dif-

ferent directions, no one who did not know them would think of following him.

Having paid his respects to the ladies in the flys, and had a final confab with Pigg, Mr. Jorrocks looked at his watch, and seeing it was twenty minutes past eleven, screwed up his courage, and gave the word for throwing off.

“But where’s Mr. Ego?” inquired he, looking around.

“He’s just trotted back to the Cock-and-Bottle,” replied Mr. Fleeceall, “but will be here directly.”

“Vot can he want at the Cock-and-Bottle?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks. “He dosen’t need any more jumpin’ powder than he has in his pocket, surely!”

“No,” replied Mr. Fleeceall, “but in looking into his silver sandwich-box just now, he found they had not put any mustard between the beef and bread, and he carn’t eat it that way he says. He will be back directly, I dare say — yonder he comes, indeed!”

“Now let’s be doin’, Pigg,” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as Ego neared them; “Binjimin, *mind your eye!* Marmeylad, you know!”

“*Gently*, hounds!” roared Pigg, as they approached the cover, and wanted to dash at the spot they took the scent up on the former occasion. “*Have a care*, all on you!” with a crack of his whip, as they reached the hedge.

“*Yooi, over in then !*” cheered Pigg, cap in hand, seeing they were bent upon breaking away. “*Yooi, over in !*” and every hound dashes into cover, with rather more music than strict etiquette would allow.

“*Beautiful !*” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, fist in side, hoping Ego might not hear the riot. “*Unkimmun heager certainlie. Now, Mr. Ego, look out for the find. They’ll drag up to him with all this rind, or whatever you call the stuff,*” knocking some of it off the bushes with his whip. “*Have at him there, Manager, old man ! Undeniable ’ound that,*” turning to Ego, and pointing out a black and tan dog ; “*ven he begins to speak, you may look arter your silver sandwich-box,—haw ! haw ! haw !*”

“*Hoic in ! hoic in !*” cheered Pigg along the ride, chuckling at the trick he was going to play. “*Have at him, Crowner !*” (Coroner) “*good dog ! Yooi ! wind him, Lousey !*” (Louisa) “*good bitch ! Have at him there, all on ye, and mind skelmaister ’s lookin’,*” turning to Pomponius Ego with a grin, and saying, “*Bain’t that industry ?*”

\* \* \* \*

“*Tally-ho ! tally-ho ! tally-ho !*” screamed Benjamin from the thickest part of the cover, as though he were getting murdered.

“*Hoic, holloa ! hoic, hollou ! hoic, holloa !*” exclaimed Ego, in the most orthodox style.

“*A, how-way, canny man ! how-way !*” roared

Pigg, gathering up his reins and ramming his spurs into his horse. “*How-way, ar say!* dinna stand blairin’ there! Whativer ye de, keep the Tambourine a roulin’ (rolling).”

Away tore Pigg to the holloa, through bogs, briars, bushes, and brambles, followed by Ego; and now the full music of the pack proclaims the finding of the drag. There is a tremendous scent, for though it has laid an hour it is strong enough to last a week. Round they go, full swing, every hound throwing his tongue, and making the old wood echo with their melody.

“They’ll kill him in cover,” observed Ego, taking out his watch. “Beckford’s wrong about scent never lying with a white frost. I’ll write an article to prove it.” A momentary check ensues—the drag has been lifted.

“Killed for a crown!” exclaims Ego, with delight.

“Niver sick a thing!—niver sick a thing!” retorts Pigg with a grin.

\* \* \* \*

Now they are on him again, and the old oaks seem to shake with the melody.

\* \* \* \*

“Is he a big ’un, Ben?” inquires Pigg, as they meet at the junction of the rides.

“*Uncommon!*” exclaims Benjimin, gasping for breath.

“Aye, but we’ll bucket him,” responded Pigg, turning his quid in his mouth; adding, “ar’ll be the death of a shillin’, ony how!”

It’s near leaving time, and Mr. Jorrocks and the field come up in long drawn file. The worthy M. F. H. all excitement and agitation.

“Oh!” exclaims he, dropping his ponderous whip down his leg with heavy crash, “if we do but manish it, ’ow ’appy I shall be! My vig, they’re away!”

Affable and Mercury top the fence out of cover, and the whole pack follow with desperate velocity. One twang of his horn is all Pigg gives, and then sticking it into his boot, he gets out of cover, hustles his horse, and settles himself into his seat. Away they go, up a long grass field by the side of the cover, scent breast high, the pack running almost mute, and the slow ones beginning to tail.

Pomponius Ego having got a good start, begins to spur, and passes Pigg in his stride, singing out,

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!”

A stiff fence, with a strongly made-up gap, brings him up short, and turning to Pigg, he holloas out,—

“I’ll hold your horse if you’ll pull it down!”

“*Ar niver gets off!*” replies James, flying over the fence.

A gap at the end by the wood lets Ego through, and away he strides after Pigg, as hard as ever his horse can lay legs to the ground. Three or four more large enclosures are sped over without any change of position, the hounds going best pace all the time.

“Sink him, but he’s made it o’er strang!” exclaimed Pigg to himself, thinking of the drag; “ar wish they main’t beat us,” looking at the hounds running away from them.

\* \* \* \*

A hat held against the clear blue sky proclaims the line over the hill.

“That’s the way on him,” exclaims Pigg, pointing to the holloa.

“Curse the fellow!” replies Ego; “he’ll have headed him to a certainty,” inwardly rejoicing at the thoughts of a check.

On they go, at a pace truly awful. The drag has never been lifted till within a few yards of the holloa on the hill, and the rising ground tells on the heaving horses. Now they have a check, and on ploughed land, too. The hounds dash towards the fence beyond, and swing their cast without a whimper.

Pigg sits like a statue, giving his horse the wind, his eagle eye fixed upon the pack. They throw up; and now he takes out his horn, gives one blast, and in an instant the pack are with him.

“ I’ll lay my life he’s headed back !” exclaims Ego. “ That confounded fool on the hill did all the mischief. Do for once try back, as Beckford says.”

“ Forroard yonder, to the left of the harrow,” whispers a confidant to James Pigg, “ then along the bottom of the next grass field, and straight over Ulveston Pasture and Bysplit, to the back of the red house yonder.”

“ That can *never* be the line !” exclaims Ego, wiping the perspiration from his brow. “ None but a born idiot would make such a cast—in the very teeth of the wind, too !”

“ How-way, canny man !” exclaims Pigg, pointing to Priestess, hitting off the scent ; “ *how way*, ar say ; what ! hast gotten *ne mair ink i’ pen !*”

Away they go, at best pace as before, but a lane at the bottom of a turnip-field, a mile or two farther on, again brings them up.

This check joins heads and tails. Mr. Jorrock, who has come pounding along, in a state of desperate excitement, through his pet line of gates, jumps with his man at a point in the lane where the drag has crossed. Both are in such a stew, that Mr. Jorrock can only articulate, “ Headies ! ’ow they go !” and Pigg, all anxiety to get his hounds across before the tail comes up, exclaims, “ *Had bye, ard man !*” The



tobacco-juice streams down his chin, and his lank hair floats on the breeze as, bare-headed, he caps the hounds over into the field. They are now upon grass again. The scent lies parallel with the lane, and Mr. Jorrocks, whose horse and whose self are nearly pumped out, keeps in the road, followed by a heterogeneous tail of mud-stained horsemen. The aspirants for fame stick to the hounds, and follow them into every field.

Nothing can be finer than the line! Large grazing grounds, some forty, none less than twenty acres, are sped over, and twice Dribbleford Brook comes in the way for those whose ambition is waterproof. What a scene!—what blobbing in and scrambling out; what leavings of hind legs, and divings for whips, sticks, and cigar-cases!

“If this don’t ’stonish old Ego,” says Mr. Jorrocks to himself, “there arn’t no halligators! Come hup, you hugly beast!” he added to his horse, spurring and kicking him into a canter.

The hounds bend again to the right, the stain of cattle rather slackens their pace, and some heavy fallows at length bring their heads to the ground. “’Eavens be praised!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, easing his horse, and eyeing them topping the fence between the pasture and arable land: “we may now have a little breathin’ time, and see

if they can 'unt as well as run. Oh, the beauties, 'ow they spread! one, two, three, and now altogether—oh, beautiful! beautiful! He's hup the furrow. Where's Ego?"

And echo answered, "Where?"

Mr. Jorrocks is right. The mock "thief o' the world" has gone up the wet furrow, to the injury of the firm of Herring and Aniseed, who carry on business very languidly. Old Priestess's unerring nose alone keeps the pack on the line. Pigg, however, is at hand, with a good idea of the run of his fox, and now carries away a rood of fence as he crashes into the field to his hounds. His horse's neck begins to stiffen, and there have been one or two ominous rattles in his throat, but Pigg hustles him along, and casts his hounds forward to Sywell Wood. What a crash! The feeble whimper that barely owned the scent is changed into a full and melodious chorus; every hound throws his tongue, and echo answers them a hundred-fold! *There's a rare scent!*

The cover being open at the bottom, the hounds are quickly through, and Pigg, catching Benjamin at the far end, pulls him off his horse, and makes a fresh start on the boy's.

Grass again greets the pack. The red-topped house is neared, and the scent improves. The hounds run stout, though, perhaps, not carrying

quite so good a head as might have been desirable, had Ego been near. On they go ; and now a sudden check ensues at the corner of the stack-yard. The music that lately rent the air is lulled, the hounds having made a rocket-like cast, stand staring with their heads in the air.

“ *Who hoop, gone to ground !*” exclaims some one in the rear, anxious for a termination of the enjoyment.

“ *Not a bit of it,*” replies Mr. Jorrocks, knowing better. “ ‘OLD ‘ARD !” roars he to the forward roadsters, who are now getting among the hounds. “ You ‘air-dresser on the chesnut !” holloaing to a gentleman with very big whiskers ; “ PRAY ‘OLD ‘ARD !”

“ HAIR-DRESSER !” exclaims the gentleman, turning short round ; “ I’m an officer in the ninety-first regiment !”

“ Then you hofficer in the ninety-first regiment, wot looks like an ‘air-dresser, ‘old ‘ard,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, trotting on, adding most unconcernedly, “ *Cast ‘em forrard, Pigg !*”

On goes Pigg, making good the line the warmint should have taken. Not a hound speaks !—all mute as death.

“ *Werry rum, Pigg,*” said Mr. Jorrocks significantly to his huntsman, as the latter trotted round with his hounds ; “ werry rum—for once cast back—clear the way there, gen’lemen, if

you please, who knows but you are right upon the scent!" cried Mr. Jorrocks to the horsemen who were clustering about, thinking of any thing but what they ought.

That would not do.

"Oh dear! oh dear! that's bad," said Mr. Jorrocks to James Pigg; "where can the fool have gone?"

We may here state, that Giles Gilbert the farmer having seen Pigg and his comrade setting out the line, and not exactly relishing their progress over his wheat a little farther on, had watched Maltby's coming, and seizing him, drag and all, had stowed him away in his cellar.

"Ar mun just try to cross the line on him," observed Pigg, pulling his horn out of his boot, and giving it a twang; "put hunds forrard 'ard, man," said he to his master, trotting on, and blowing as he went.

"Who ever saw such a cast?" exclaimed Ego, who had now got draggled up; "your huntsman must be mad, Mr. Jorrocks!"

"I'll lay a guinea 'at he recovers his fox for all that," replied Mr. Jorrocks, with a good deal more confidence than he felt.

"If he does I'll eat him!" rejoined Pomponius Ego, with an air of importance.

This prediction, coming from so high an authority, combined with a little natural inclination,

had the effect of stopping the majority of a pretty well exhausted field, who all clustered round Ego to relate their daring leaps, in hopes of monthly immortality. "I leapt Dribbleford Brook." "I charged the ox-fence on the far side." "I never left the hounds." "I did this—I did that!" Ambitious men!

With fear and anxiety on each face, Pigg and his master bumped on in hopes of hitting off the scent. Mr. Jorrocks was in a desperate stew.

"Oh, Pigg!" exclaimed he, as they got out of hearing, "I'd give the world to finish with blood. If you could but manish to kill him, 'ow gratefully obleged I should be to you and your heirs for ever! You shall drink brandy out of a pint-pot for breakfast, dinner, and supper!"

"Ye said a *quart*!" observed the man of the north, eyeing his hounds.

*Jorrocks*.—"Did I? I'll be as good as my word."

*Pigg*.—"Ords wuns, ard man, fetch hunds on; does think thou ard gouk, ar can hit him off o' mysel'?" looking back at the hounds all straggling behind Mr. Jorrocks's horse.

Mr. Jorrocks pockets the rebuke, and bestirs himself to get the hounds on to his huntsman, Pigg trots on, letting them feel for the scent as they go.

His eagle eye lights up, as a hat is waved by the windmill on the rising ground.

“Yonder he is!” exclaims Pigg with delight.

“Vere?” inquires Mr. Jorrocks, all eyes, like Gabriel Junks’s tail.

Pigg spurs his horse, and trots on to the holloa.

It is the man who has been waiting in anxious expectation, and has just shook the fox.

After staring about, Reynard proceeds from a crawl to a trot, and then sets his head for the vale, from which the hounds have just come.

Pigg views him stealing past a plantation end, and lays his hounds quietly on; they quickly take up the scent.

A stranger in the land, the fox goes stoutly down wind, with the hounds too near to give him much chance for his life. As if anxious for the promotion of the sport, he makes for the vale, and the pack come swinging down the hill in view of the field planted below. Fresh ardour is caught at the sight! Those who ridiculed the cast are now loudest in its praise. They reach the bottom, and fox and hounds are in the same field. Now they view him! How they strain! It’s a beautiful sight. Old Priestess is tailed off, and Rum-mager falls into the rear. Ah, age! age! Now Vanquisher turns him, and races with Dexterous for the seize! Who-hoop! Fox and hounds roll over together!

Now Pigg crushes through the Bullfinch at the far end, followed by Mr. Jorrocks, who doesn't even ask "What there's on t'other side?" Master and man race for the brush, but Pigg throws himself from his horse, and has the fox high in air just as the field come up in the opposite direction. What delight is in every countenance! There is Pigg holding the fox above his head, grinning and gaping, with his cap on one side, his white neckcloth-ends flying out, and a coat-lap torn to ribands. Mr. Jorrocks gets off his horse, and, throwing his hat in air, catches it again, and then kicks the crown out, while his heaving horse stretches and shakes himself after his unwonted exertion. Lather! lather! lots of lather! Even Benjamin catches the infection, and whoops and holloas at the top of his voice.

Up comes Ego, and Mr. Jorrocks, with brush in one hand and crownless hat in the other, greets him on one leg, waving the proud trophy about, and hurraying at the top of his voice, "*Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!* Allow me, Mr. Pomponius Ego," says he, "to present you with the brush of the werry gamest old thief o' the world whatever was seen. Time, one hour and twenty minutes, with only one check—distance, wot you please to call it. Am sorry you wern't hup to see the darlin's run into the warmint! Did it in style!

“ Never were sich a pack as mine ; best 'ounds in England ! — best 'ounds in Europe ! — best 'ounds in Europe, Hasia, Hafrica, or 'Merica ! ” So saying, Mr. Jorrocks, resuming his equilibrium, presented Ego with the brush, who received it with laudable condescension.

“ Now, vot will you do ? ” inquired Mr. Jorrocks ; “ eat your sandwiches and find another fox, or eat your sandwiches and cut away 'ome ? ”

“ Why, for my part, I should like to try again,” replied Ego ; “ but I fear your horse's condition is hardly equal to another burst ; added to which, there's a frost in the air that will harden the ground, and, perhaps, damage your hounds' feet. I think, perhaps, we had better leave well alone.”

“ So be it,” replied Mr. Jorrocks. “ Here, then, you chap with the bandy legs ! ” calling to a knock-kneed lad on the other side of the ring ; “ fatch me my 'at-crown, the cold strikes through my coacoa-nut.” Having got it, Mr. Jorrocks stuck the crown in the best way he could, and, remounting his horse, returned to Handley Cross in state, and great exultation.



## CHAPTER XII.



“ And stands a critic hated yet caressed ? ”

AFTER many prefatory twangs of his trumpet, the following account of the run at length appeared in the “ Sporting Review,” to which periodical the celebrated Pomponius Ego suddenly transferred his contributions. Alack the day that as suddenly saw him retransfer them to the “ New Sporting Magazine ! ”

“ A DAY WITH MR. JORROCKS’ HOUNDS :

BY

POMPONIOUS EGO.

“ All the world, of course, has heard of the renowned John Jorrocks — renowned as a citizen — renowned as a wit, — and renowned as a sportsman ; but all the world may not know, until I have the pleasure of proclaiming it, that I have lately done Mr. Jorrocks the honour of pay-

ing him a visit at Handley Cross Spa. But a few words by way of introduction: I first became acquainted with Mr. Jorrocks at a soapy-tailed pig-hunt, at Moulsey Hurst, which I attended for the purpose of furnishing an original article on our great national sports and pastimes for the 'Encyclopedia,' the 'Quarterly Review,' all the Sporting Magazines, and 'Fraser's' and 'Blackwood's;' and liking Mr. Jorrocks's looks, I entered into conversation with him, without his having the slightest idea who I was. I met him subsequently at our excellent friend Ackermann's, when, on a regular introduction, he fully developed that sensation of reverential awe that necessarily pervades even the most obtuse when suddenly ushered into the presence of transcendent genius, that—is,—*me*. Of Mr. Jorrocks's early life, habits, tastes, pursuits, &c., I would gladly furnish the numerous readers of the 'Sporting Review' with some account, but unfortunately it does not lie in my power to accomplish so desirable an object. Many of my readers will doubtless ask why not? I answer them, because I do not know any thing! Of his present fame, however, there is no doubt; and if he owes his position in the commercial world solely to the efforts of his own head, who will deny that it does him very great credit? An English merchant, in my eyes, is one of the most honourable and enviable

of men. '*Stat nominis umbra*,' as the elegant Junius writes, for his name is in a blaze of light. Though some may affect to decry the lustre of civic honour, such sentiments meet with no response in the breast of Ego, who knows what is estimable in commerce as well as in cover. But to my point.

“ One day, as I was polishing off, and weaving the quotations into an admirable article on the breed of the unadulterated ‘Genuine Jack-Ass,’ which many of the readers of this ‘Review’ will doubtless anxiously look for, I received an invitation from Mr. Jorrocks to inspect the Handley Cross hounds, of which I need hardly inform my readers he is the master. Now, this offer was very kind, and I will briefly explain why it was so. In the first place, Mr. Jorrocks being a master of hounds, will naturally be supposed to have to mount his own men, and offering me the loan of a horse under such circumstances, converted such a favour into a double obligation. But have I no other reason for expressing myself in this manner? Undoubtedly I have. He accompanied the offer with an invitation to stay with him. Could I be so unwise as to neglect such an invitation? No; for in the language of the classic moralist—I feel

‘*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit!*’

I regret that it was not in my power to go to

him overnight, or I should doubtless have been able to present my numerous readers with many excellent *jeu d'esprits*, or *bon mots*, from the lips of this amiable man ; but I hope the following sketch of our day's sport will make some atonement for the omission.

“ The meet was on Bumpmead Heath, a choice fixture, but though it has the reputation of never failing to shew sport, I could discern on mine host's countenance, as we rode along, an evident anxiety for the result. His conversation, as we proceeded, became strangely monosyllabic, and seeing little probability of getting what we call ‘ a rise ’ out of him, I trotted on to have a little chat with his huntsman, a fellow of the appropriate name of Hogg. But what an example of a man was he ! A great, lanky, hungry, ill-conditioned, raw-boned Borderer, speaking a language formed of the worst corruptions of Scotch and English, intelligible only to a master of languages like myself—a man devoid of the slightest idea of civility or respect, and whose manner would have baffled any one who was to be borne down by impudent assurance. Thank God, however, such is not the case with Pomponius Ego !

‘ Yet if my name were liable to fear  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius.’

Still fame will work its way, and even the illiterate loggerhead, for I question if the fellow can

write his own name, knew and venerated the name of Ego. May not I, then, without incurring the charge of vanity, exclaim with the ancient philosopher—

‘ *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?* ’

I think I may !

“ From the appearance of early morning I feared we should not have been able to hunt, so keen was the frost at the dawn ; but the genial influence of an extremely powerful sun dispelled all fears, and before we reached the place of meeting, the country had quite laid aside its coat of white. I thought, what language can elevate the charms of Nature, and exclaimed, with the Tuscan poet—

‘ *Difficile est propria communia dicere.* ’

Prior to throwing off, Mr. Jorrocks presented the principal members of his hunt to me, and, I am sorry to add, that he was also thrown off himself, by his horse pitching him over its head—an accident which I saw once occur to my friend Count Pitchinstern, at his *château* one morning, when I was chatting, with the charming countess on my arm. I also remember, many years ago, as my readers may suppose it is, when I say it was in the days of Mr. Corbet, in Warwickshire, seeing Will Barrow, his huntsman—and a better never

cheered hound—get precisely a similar fall, at the same time of day, just as he was turning his horse's head for the cover, and strange to say, I observed Mr. Jorrocks acted just as Will did on that occasion—he scrambled up as quick as he could, and remounted his horse.

“ It may be well, perhaps, that I at once give the names of the principal sportsmen, who were assembled on this interesting occasion. They are as follows:—Mr. Snoggins, Mr. Hoggins, Mr. Foggins, Mr. Woggans, Mr. Doggans, Mr. Loggans, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Dobbs, Mr. Tobbs, Mr. Cobbs, and Mr. Gobbs, from the city of Gloucester.

“ Now, then, for the sport! We quickly found our fox, and the scent being good, he soon saw it prudent to leave the cover and try his fortune in the open. The hounds got well together, and every thing seemed indicative of sport, when one of those ‘ untoward events,’ to which all countries are liable, occurred, and completely changed the aspect of affairs. The fox was shamefully headed by a man at work, forced from his line—one of the best he could possibly have selected—and driven upon ground all foiled with the stain of sheep and cattle. Seeing what had occurred, I pulled up in perfect despair, and almost vowed I would never come out hunting again. How strange it is that men will hoop and holloa when

they see a fox, as though their lives depended on this exercise of their lungs! I have often meditated a paper upon holloas, and the events of this day made me more resolved to execute the intention than ever. The readers of this 'Review' may now look for its appearance.

“ All prospect of sport being unhappily annihilated, I complacently resigned my place of leader of the front rank, and contented myself with trotting quietly on, and observing the performances of the others. Of those who went well, I may particularly mention a Cheshire gentleman, of large fortune, by the name of Barnington, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making some years since in Oxfordshire, when the late Sir Thomas Mostyn hunted the country Mr. Drake now has, and I was happy to see that the fine hand and nerve he then possessed, had matured, with experience, into the formation of a good sportsman. Mr. Barnington asked me to dine and stay all night at his house, which, I was given to understand, is the best in Handley Cross—every thing done in the most elegant style, which I so greatly admire—and kindly accompanied the invitation with the offer of a mount the next day the hounds went out; but the duties of preparing this article imperatively recalled me to my desk, at home. But did Mr. Barnington do nothing else for me? I answer

yes; he gave me some gingerbread-nuts! Unexampled kindness! He would seem to have sat for the picture so felicitously hit off by the ancient bard,—

‘ *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer!* ’

“ But I fancy I hear some of your readers exclaiming ‘ *Get forrard, Ego; get forrard;* or you will be having the editor of the ‘ *New Sporting Magazine* ’ flanking you again.’ I answer, that I do not care a *sou* for the editor of the ‘ *New Sporting Magazine.* ’ I will, however, dismiss this subject in a few words. After a good deal of cold and slow hunting, we at last worked up to the fox, and Mr. Jorrocks most politely presented me with the brush.

“ *The Dinner.*—At five o’clock precisely, for no man is more punctual than Mr. Jorrocks, I found myself comfortably seated with my legs under his mahogany, in a delightful little party formed of my estimable host and his lady, a very Venus, and suggesting, by her complexion, the words of the Poet of Love, ‘ *ut flos,* ’ &c. Miss Belinda Jorrocks, their niece, a most lovely and fascinating young creature, the Diana of private life, ‘ *rosy, with dew,* ’ as Moore says. Mr. James Stubbs, a Yorkshire gentleman—heir, I understand, to a pretty fortune, and who was evidently making love to Miss Belinda, and another gentle-



man of the name of Smith,\* or Smyth, but which it was, I regret to say, I am unable to state.

“ We had an excellent repast, in the old English style, of abundant profusion, which I so greatly admire—pig at the top, pig at the bottom, and myself on one side—turkey to remove one and a couple of hares to supplant the other. For side dishes, there were what I never saw before in any country—a round of beef, cut in two, one half placed on each side of the table; on inquiry, I found it was to get the real juicy part of the beef, without the salt. In addition to these, there were two pork-pies.

“ But my readers will naturally inquire, ‘ Had you, Ego, with all this eating, any thing like drinking in proportion ? ’ Oh, indeed, I answer yes—*Oceans of Port !* We drank ‘ Fox-hunting ’ again, and again, and again. In short, whenever my inestimable host found himself at a loss for a joke, a toast, or a sentiment, he invariably exclaimed, ‘ Come, Mr. Ego, let’s drink Fox-’untin’ again ! ’ Particulars I will not enter into, but I may be allowed to speak of myself. I paid such devo-

\* “ Being always most anxious for the accuracy of my statements, I have written twice to Mr. Jorrocks, to inquire which it was, but regret to add, that up to this time, the 25th of the month, I have not yet received an answer. Should it not arrive in time for insertion in the ‘ Review ’ this month, my readers may rely upon its appearing in ‘ Bell’s Life. ’—P. E.”

tion to Bacchus, that I fancied I became the God myself! Ego's forehead fancied the vine-crown around it! But he trusts he never, in his moments of deepest hilarity, forgot what was due to beauty and moral worth! Yet, the wine in—well may we say with the Augustan classic,—

‘ Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,  
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,  
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.’

“ Any particulars of the establishment of so celebrated a gentleman as Mr. Jorrocks, will, I am sure, be interesting to the innumerable readers of the ‘ Sporting Review,’ I may, therefore, mention the first thing that occurred to me on returning to sensibility on the following morning. I was lying tossing and tumbling about in a very nice French bed, with white furniture, with a splitting headach, from my over-night’s Anacreonism, as Moore elegantly calls it, when a gentle tap at my door first drew my attention to the fact that I was not, as I fancied, in the Calais packet, off Dover. ‘ Come in !’ at length I cried, after the knock had been more than once repeated, and in obedience to the order, little Benjamin, Mr. Jorrocks’s ‘ buoy ’ of all work, presented himself at my bed-side. His whole person was enveloped in an old faded green baize apron, but there was no mistaking the rogueish *ginnified*

countenance that appeared above it, even if he had suffered his tongue to lie dormant, which was not the case.

“ ‘ I say, governor ! ’ exclaimed he, in that slangy, saucy dialect, peculiar to the lower orders in London, ‘ Betsy complains ! ’

“ ‘ Sirrah ! Remember what the Latian said !—

*‘ Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur iambus,  
Pes citus. ’*

“ ‘ Hold your tongue ! ’ cried I.

“ Benjamin was struck with the language.

“ ‘ What business have you here ? ’

“ ‘ Vot business have I here ? I’ll tell you vot business I have here,’ said he. ‘ The ould ’un ’ (meaning Mr. Jorrocks), ‘ bid me say, if your coppers were ’ot, you might have one of his Sizeley (Seidlitz) pooders,’ producing a box as he spoke.

“ Mr. Jorrocks, however, I suppose, gets Benjamin on such terms as makes it convenient for him to put up with his impudence, as on no other score can I reconcile the idea of his keeping such a scoundrel. One word more relative to Mr. Jorrocks, and, for the present, I take leave of my most respected friend. It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that prior to Mr. Jorrocks becoming master of the Handley Cross Fox Hounds, his amiable lady and he did not live

upon the most amicable terms, and frequent fends disturbed the serenity of Great Coram Street. Since he got them, all goes on smoothly and well. Mrs. Jorrocks identifies herself with the sports of her husband, and not unfrequently graces the field in a fly. Is not this a compliment to hunting; and may not I, the chosen, the only *real* historian of the chase, take some little credit to myself for the accomplishment of so desirable an object?

“ I think I may !

“ POMPONIUS EGO !”

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**HANDLEY CROSS.**

**VOL. III.**



# HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

## THE SPA HUNT.

*A Sporting Tale.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"JORROCKS' JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1843.





# HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

## THE SPA HUNT.

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### CHAPTER I.

“ A peck of March dust is worth a king’s ransom.”

“ And every fop who owns a trotting hack,  
Mounts a red coat, and prates about the pack.”

THE season was wearing out apace.

Some unusually fine weather about the beginning of March brought the country forward, and set the farmers to their fences and their fields. Ploughs and harrows were going, grain was scattering, and Reynard was telegraphed wherever he went.

“ You bain’t comin’ this way again, I s’pose,” observed each hedger, as he drove his stakes into the ground to stop up his gaps.

The hazel-drops began to hang from the bushes, the larch assumed a greenish tint, and the groves echoed to the sound of minstrelsy. The birds

were all busy—primroses opened their yellow leaves, and the wood anemone shot into life and wild luxuriance. The broom was parched and the gorse sun-burnt.

After days of declining sport, the following ominous paragraph at length appeared in the “Paul Pry,” under the head of

“HUNTING INTELLIGENCE.

“Mr. Jorrocks’ hounds will meet at Furzy Lawn Turnpike, on Wednesday, at nine o’clock precisely.” Significant notice! Another “last day” about to be added to the long catalogue of “last days” that had gone before. The old stagers sighed as they read it. It recalled many such notices read in company with those they might never meet again. The young ones said it was a “pity,” but consoled themselves with the thoughts of summer in London, or a fishing season. The would-be sportsmen who had been putting off hunting all the season began to think seriously of taking to it, and began to make arrangements for November.

The morning of the last day was any thing but propitious. The sun shone clear and bright, while a cutting east wind starved the sheltered side of the face—horses’ coats stared, the hounds looked listless and ill, and men’s boots carried dust instead of mud-sparks. Fitful gusts of wind

hurried the dust along the roads, or raised it in eddying volleys on hills and exposed places. It felt like any thing but hunting; the fallows were dry and parched, the buds on the trees looked as if they thought they had better retire, and all nature yearned for rain — rain would be a real blessing.

Still there was a goodish muster of pinks, and the meet being on the road, sundry flies and other sporting equipages contributed their quota of dust. Great was the moaning and lamentation that the season was over. Men didn't know what they should do with themselves all the summer. What wild resolutions they might have pledged themselves to is uncertain, for just as the drawing up of vehicles, the cuttings in and out of horsemen, the raising of hats, the kissing of hands, and the volleys of dust, were at their height, Walter Fleecall's ominous visage appearing on one side of the gate, and Duncan Nevill's on the other, caused such a sensation, that (to avoid the dust) many of the gentlemen got into the fields, and never came near the gate again. Added to this a great black cart stallion, with his tail full of red tape, whinnied and kicked up such a row, that people could hardly hear themselves speak.

At nine o'clock, half blinded, half baked, and quite bothered, Mr. Jorrocks gave the signal for

leaving the meet. It was a wildish sort of try, and every farmer having recently seen a fox at some distance from his own farm, James Pigg just run the hounds through turnip-fields, along dike-backs as he called the hedge-rows, and through any little spinneys that came in his way, till he got them to Bleberry Gorse. What a change had come over the hounds since last they were there ! Instead of the eager dash in, they trotted up to it, and not above half the hounds could be persuaded to enter.

“ *Eleu in, mar cannie hinnies !* ” hollowed James Pigg, standing erect in his stirrups, and waving his cap ; but the “ cannie hinnies ” didn’t seem to care about it, and stood looking him in the face, as much as to say so. “ Hoic in there, Priestess ! Hoic in ! ” continued he, trotting round the cover, and holding them at the weak places, in hopes of striking a scent. “ Ne fox here,” said Pigg to himself, watching the waving of the gorse as the hounds worked leisurely through it. “ Ne great odds, either,” continued he ; “ could mak nout on him if there was.”

\* \* \* \*

“ Where will you go to next, James ? ” inquired Mr. Jorrocks, coming up, horn in hand, preparing to call his hounds out of cover.

“ A ! ar dinna ken, ar’s sure,” replied Pigg ; “ mak’s little odds ar think—might as well hunt

o'er a pit-heap, as i' seck a country as this," looking at the baked fallows round about.

"Well, never mind," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "this is our last day, and high time it was; but we mustn't let it be blank, if we can 'elp it—so let's try Sywell plantation—the grass at all ewents will carry a scent, and I *should* like to hear the darlin's again afore we shut up, if it was only for five minutes."

Out went the horns—Mr. Jorrocks determined to have a blow, if he could have nothing else, and the hounds came straggling out of cover, some lying down at the horses' heels, others staring listlessly about.

"Never saw such a slack pack in my life," exclaimed Captain Shortflat, eyeing them as he spoke: "I wonder what Musters would say if he saw them! Never saw such a listless lot of animals—glad I've not wasted my season by hunting with them."

Captain Shortflat's opinion was caught by Master Weekly (at home for the measles), who immediately sported it as his own to his school-fellow, Master Walker (at home for the hooping-cough); and it at length coming to Mr. Bateman's ears, he immediately attributes their slackness to the fact of their being fed on meal before hunting, which of course he considered was done to save flesh, and thereupon Mr. Jorrocks is voted an

uncommon great screw. Meanwhile our master, unconscious of the verdict, goes on at a very easy pace, feeling that a hot sun and a red coat are not appropriate.

Sywell plantations are blank, Layton spinney ditto ; then they take a three-miles' saunter to Simonswood, where they find a hare, and at two o'clock Mr. Jorrocks announces that he will draw Warrington Banks, which is the last cover in his draw, and then give in. Some sportsmen go home, others go on, among the number Captain Shortflat, who meditates an article in "Bell's Life" on "Slackness in general, and Handley Cross slackness in particular."

The sun is very powerful, and Mr. Jorrocks gives his hounds a lap at a stream before putting them into cover. Warrington Banks are irregularly fringed with copsewood, intermixed with broom and blackthorn : lying warm to the sun, the grass grows early, and Old Priestess and Rummager feather across a glade almost immediately on entering. Presently there is a challenge — another — then a third, and the chorus swells. Mr. Jorrocks listens with delight, for though a kill is hopeless, still a find is fine — Captain Shortflat turns pale.

The hounds work on, bristling into the thick of the cover. Now they push through an almost impenetrable thicket and cross a ride beyond.

The chorus increases, but the hounds move not.  
“*Who-hoop! it's a kill.*”

Now Pigg jumps off his horse, and leaving him to chance, bounds over head among the under-wood. His cap-top is just visible as he scrambles about in search of the place. “To the right!” exclaims Mr. Jorrocks, seeing him blindly pushing the wrong way—“make for the big hash a top of the crag and you'll have 'em.”

On Pigg goes, swimming, as it were, through the lofty gorse and brushwood, and his well-known who-hoop! sounds from the bottom of the crag.

“Bravo!” exclaims Mr. Jorrocks, chucking his hat in the air. (He could not afford to kick out the crown.)

“Delightful!” lisps Captain Shortflat, wringing Mr. Jorrocks' hand.

“A glorious finish!” rejoined Mr. Jorrocks, pocketing his wig.

“Charming, indeed!” exclaims Captain Shortflat, resolving to call it twenty minutes.

“Catch Pigg's horse!” cries Mr. Jorrocks to a boy, the animal having taken advantage of the commotion to make his way to the well.

After a longish pause, during which there appeared to be a considerable scuffle going on, Pigg's voice is at length heard calling his hounds out of cover; and as his head pops above the

bushes, Mr. Jorrocks exclaims, "Is't a dog, Pigg!"

"Yea," replies James,—“a banger tee.”

"Capital, indeed!" lisps Captain Shortflat; "I'll take a pad, if you please."

"There arn't none!" exclaims James Pigg, appearing with his purple-tailed coat torn in three places, and several of the hounds bleeding about the mouth. "Hounds were sae desperate savish, thought they'd eat me;" adding, with a wink, in an undertone to his master, "*It's nobbut a hedgehog, and ar's gettin' him i' my pocket!*"

Captain Shortflat, however, is so delighted with the kill, and with his own keenness in having stayed, that he forthwith lugs out five shillings for James Pigg, declaring it was perfectly marvellous that hounds should be able to run on such a day—let alone kill; that he never saw a pack behave better in his life—Musters' were fools compared to them! "Uncommon keen, to be sure!" repeated he; "declare the tips of their tails are covered with blood."

The last day closes—Mr. Jorrocks lingers on the ride, eyeing his hounds coming to the horn, till at last all are there, and he has no other excuse for staying; with a pensive air he then turns his horse's head for Handley Cross.



## CHAPTER II.

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“ To rise at five, to dine at nine,  
To sup at five, to bed at nine,  
Make a man live to ninety-nine.”

“ THAT was Gabriel Junks !” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, throwing down his pen and hastening to the window.

The worthy gentleman was engaged on a complimentary ode to April-fool’s day, for our master was an author as well as a fox-hunter, and had contributed many choice articles to the various sporting periodicals. April-fool’s day he thought had long been unhandsomely treated, and he was anxious to atone for the deficiency by a birth-day ode. The scream of the peacock now startled the muse. Sure enough it was Gabriel Junks ; and after a pause, another scream, more piercing and more shrill, confirmed Mr. Jorrocks’ surmise. Seizing his hat he rushed into the garden.

It was a misty sort of morning, and the sun

was barely seen through the flitting clouds that obscured its brightness. The wind, too, had got into the south, and there was a fresh, growing feeling in the air that spoke of spring and returning vegetation. The peacock again screamed, and sought the shelter of a laurel.

“As sure as my name’s John Jorrocks, there’s goin’ to be rain,” observed our worthy master, scrutinising the bird. “*Pe-pe-pe-pe-pe-pe!*” exclaimed he, scraping the crumbs from the bottom of his pockets and throwing them to his prophet.

Gabriel Junks rushed from his retreat, and having picked up the crumbs, stood eyeing Mr. Jorrocks with a head-on-one-side sort of leer, which he at length broke off by another loud scream, and then spread his tail. Mr. Jorrocks and the bird were thus standing *vis-à-vis* when James Pigg made his appearance.

“I’ll lay a guinea ’at to a gossamer one, there’s goin’ to be rain,” said Mr. Jorrocks to his huntsman, pointing to the bird.

“Deil bon me if ar care,” replied Pigg; “ar hasn’t gotten ne seeds, nor nothin’—may be Deavilboger wad like a sup,” his mind harking back to “canny Newcassel.”

“Well but, you see, if it rains we can have an ’unt,” said Mr. Jorrocks, astonished at his huntsman’s stupidity

“*Se we can!*” exclaimed Pigg, all alive; “dash it! ar niver thought o’ that now—another bye-day—sick as we had afore—ay?”

“Vy no—not exactly,” said Mr. Jorrocks, not relishing an entire repetition; “but suppose we go out early, and drag up to the warmint, find him when he’s full—may be a cock, or a hen, or a Gabriel Junk aboard,” looking at the bird still strutting about with his tail spread.

“Sink it, aye!” said Pigg; “let’s gan i’ the morn.”

*Mr. Jorrocks.*—“If it comes wet we will. We can feed th’ ’ounds at all ewents, and be ready for a start.”

\* \* \* \*

The day continued hazy, but still no rain fell. Junk, however, persisted in his admonitions, and Mr. Jorrocks felt so certain it would rain, that he sent Benjamin to the earth-stoppers, and had Pigg into the parlour in the evening to make arrangements for the morning. Mrs. Jorrocks, Belinda, and Stubbs, had gone to drink tea at Miss Messenger’s to get Mesmerised, and Mr. Jorrocks was left all alone.

Master and man had an anxious confabulation. Mr. Jorrocks was for drawing Rumbleton Brake first, while Pigg was all for getting into Beechwood Forest.

“There was o’er much wheat about the

Brake," Pigg said ; " and Farmer Cox was varry friendly."

Jorrocks would pay Cox for any damage.

About nine Betsy brought the supper-tray, and Jorrocks would treat Pigg to a glass of brandy and water. One glass led to another, and they had a strong talk about hunting. They drank each other's healths, then the healths of the hounds.

"I'll give you old Priestess' good 'ealth!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, holding up his glass. "Fine old bitch, with her tan eye-brows,—thinks I never saw a better 'ound,—wise as a Christian!" Pigg proposed Manager. Mr. Jorrocks gave Rummager. Pigg gave Dexterous; and they drank Mercury, and Affable, and Crowner, and Lousey, and Mountebank, and Milliner—almost all the pack, in short.

The fire began to hiss, and Mr. Jorrocks felt confident his prophecy was about to be fulfilled. "Look out of the winder, James, and see wot sort of a night it is," said he to Pigg, giving the log a stir, to ascertain that the hiss didn't proceed from any dampness in the wood.

James staggered up, and after a momentary grope about the room—for they were sitting without candles—exclaimed, "Hellish dark, and smells of cheese!"

"*Smells o' cheese!*" repeated Mr. Jorrocks,

looking round; "vy, man, you've got your nob in the cupboard—this be the vinder;" going to the other corner, and opening some shutters painted like the cupboard door, and throwing up the sash.

\* \* \* \*

The night was dark—black as pitch—not a star was to be seen, and a soft warm rain was just beginning to fall.

"*Didn't I tell you so?*" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, drawing in his hand, and giving his thigh a hearty slap; "I was *certain* it was goin' to rain, that Gabriel Junks was never wrong!—Is better than all your Murphys, and wanes, and weathercocks, and quicksilver glasses wot ever were made. We'll drink his health in a bumper!" So saying, Mr. Jorrocks and Pigg replenished their glasses, and drank "the health of Gabriel Junks."

"Now you and I'll have an 'unt to ourselves," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

"Squire Stubbs 'ill gan te, ar's warn'd," observed Pigg.

"Oh, never mind him," replied Jorrocks; "there's no sayin' wot time he may be 'ome—gone fiddlin' out with the women."

"He's aye ticklin' the lasses' hocks," observed Pigg.

"You and I, at all ewents, will have an 'unt,"

observed Mr. Jorrocks ; “ start at six—or call it ’alf-past five, and see if we can’t do the trick afore breakfast. My vig ! if we do, wot a blow-out we’ll have,—you shall have a gallon of ·X X, and a werry big-bottled gooseberry-tart for your breakfast.”

“ Ar’d rayther have a ham-collop,” replied Pigg.

“ So you shall,” rejoined Mr. Jorrocks ; “ and the cold goose into the bargain.”

The other arrangements were soon made—and the brandy being finished, master and man separated for the night.

Pigg curled himself up in his clothes on the kitchen-table, and awoke with the first peep of day. He was at the stable betimes, and dressed and fed the horses himself. Mr. Jorrocks was down at five ; and Charley Stubbs (Pigg having sent him word by Betsy) followed shortly after.

It was a lovely morning ! Mild and balmy—the rain had ceased, and the sun rose with unclouded brilliancy, drawing forth the lately reluctant leaves, and opening the wild flowers to its earliest rays. The drops hung like diamonds on the bushes, and all nature seemed refreshed.

“ This be more like the thing,” said Mr. Jorrocks, hoisting himself into his saddle with

a swag that made old Arterxerxes grunt again ; “if there arn’t a scent this mornin’, there arn’t no hallegators ;” with which wise observation he turned his horse towards the kennel.

The hounds partook of the general hilarity. Out they rushed with joyous cry, and set the horses capering with their frolicking.

The dry and dusty roads were watered—the hedgerows were filled with the green luxuriance of spring, and the golden poplar stood in bright relief among the dark green pines and yews. If a fox-hunter can welcome spring, such a day would earn his adoration. All nature was alive, but hardly yet had man appeared to greet it. Presently the labourers began to appear at their cottages. The undressed children popped about the doors, cocks crew lustily, the lambs gambolled about the ewes, and indignant ganders flew at the hounds’ and horses’ heels.

“Sink them goslin’s!” said Pigg, eyeing a whole string of them ; “ar wish fox had ivery one o’ you.”

The forest next appeared in view ;—a long ravine widening about the centre, clothed with venerable oaks, and refreshed with a sparkling stream meandering down the middle. A slight change was just visible on the oak-buds ; the young birch had got its plum-coloured tinge, while here and there the spiry larch in verdant

green, or the dark spruce or darker fir, broke the massive heaviness of the forest.

“ Mighty nature bounds as from her birth,  
The sun was in the heavens, and life on earth,  
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,  
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.”

That piece of poetry combines all we have been attempting to describe.

“ You take the far side, and cross by the crag,” said Mr. Jorrocks to Pigg; “ Charley will keep on this, and ven I hears you twang th’ ’orn, I’ll throw th’ ’ounds into cover ;” saying which, Mr. Jorrocks turned short round, and Stubbs assumed the place that Pigg had just occupied in the rear.

\* \* \* \*

“ Dash it, wot a mornin’ it is !” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, beaming with exultation ; “ wot a many delicious moments one loses by smooterin’ i’ bed,—dash my vig ! if I won’t get up at five every mornin’ as long as I live ! *Yooi over*, in there !” to the hounds, with a wave of his hand, as Pigg’s horn announced he had taken his station.

In the hounds flew, with a chirp and a whimper ; and the crack of Pigg’s whip on the far side sounded like a gun in the silence around.

“ *Yooi*, spread and try for him, my beauties !”



holloaed Mr. Jorrocks, riding into cover, and putting his horse among the underwood.

The pack spread, and try in all directions—now here, now there, now whiffing with curious nose round the hollies, and now trying up the ride.

“There’s a touch of a fox,” said Mr. Jorrocks to himself, as Priestess put her nose to the ground, and ran mute across the road, lashing her side with her stern. A gentle whimper followed, and Mr. Jorrocks cheered her to the echo. “The warmint’s astir,” said he; “that’s the way he’s come from Farmer Dobbins’s hen-roost.” Now Priestess speaks again in fuller and deeper notes, and the rest of the pack rush to the spot. How beautifully they form in line—eager, and yet none will go an inch without the scent.

“Vell done, old ’ooman! speak to him again!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, delighted to hear the old bitch’s tongue; “a fox for a pund! *ten* if you like!”

\* \* \* \*

The pack have now got together, and are all busy on the scent. The villain has been astir early, and the drag is rather weak.

“Dash my vig, he’s been here,” says Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing some feathers sticking in a bush; “there’s three and sixpence at least for an old fat ’en,” wondering whether he would have to pay for it or not.

The hounds strike forward, and, getting upon a grass ride, carry the scent with a good head for some quarter of a mile, to the ecstatic delight of Mr. Jorrocks, who bumps along, listening to their music, and hoping it might never cease.

A check ! “ *Hie back!*” cries Mr. Jorrocks, turning his horse round ; “ gone to the low crags I’ll be bund—shuldn’t wonder if it’s that short-tailed scamp wot has led us such a many weary dances, and always saved his bacon ; I’ll pop up the ’ill, and stare him out o’ countenance, if he takes his old line ;” saying which, Mr. Jorrocks stuck spurs into Arterxerxes, and, amid the grunts of the horse and the rumbling of the loose stones, succeeded in gaining the rising ground, while the hounds worked along the brook below.

The chorus grows louder ! The rocky dell resounds the cry a hundred fold ! The tawny owl, scared from his ivied crag, faces the sun in a Bacchanalian sort of flight ; wood-pigeons wing their timid way, the magpie is on high, and the jay’s grating screech adds wildness to the scene. What a crash ! Warm in the woody dell, half-circled by the winding brook, where rising hills ward off the wintery winds, old Reynard had curled himself up to sleep, till evening’s dusk invited him back to the hen-roost. That outburst of melody proclaims that he is unkennelled before the pack !

Mr. Jorrocks having gained his point, placed

himself behind a gnarled and knotted ivy-covered mountain ash, whose hollow trunk tells of ages long gone by, through a hole in which he commands a view of the grass ride towards the rising ground, up which the "old customer" generally travelled. There, as Mr. Jorrocks sat, with anxious eyes and ears, devouring the rich melody; he sees what, at first sight, looked like a hare coming up at a stealing, listening sort of pace; but a second glance shews that it is a fox—and not only a fox but his old friend, who has led him so many dances, and whose lightening fur tell of seasons more than one.

Mr. Jorrocks can hardly contain himself, and but for his old expedient of counting twenty, would infallibly have holloaed.

The fox comes close up, but is so busy with his own affairs, that he has not time to look about; and before Mr. Jorrocks has counted nine, he has made a calculation that the hounds are too near for him to break, so he just turns short into the wood before they get a view. Up they come, frantic for blood, and dash into the field, in spite of Mr. Jorrocks' efforts to turn them, who, hat in hand, sweeps towards the line the fox has taken. A momentary check ensues, and the hounds return as if ashamed of their obstinacy. Now they are on him again, and Mr. Jorrocks thrusts his hat upon his brow, runs the fox's tooth

of his hat-string through the button-hole of his coat, gathers up his reins, and bustles away outside the cover, in a state of the utmost excitement—half frantic, in fact! There is a tremendous scent in cover, and Reynard is puzzled whether to fly or stay. He tries the opposite side, but Pigg, who is planted on a hill, heads him, and he is beat off his line.

The hounds gain upon him, and there is nothing left but a bold venture up the middle, so, taking the bed of the brook, he endeavours to baffle his followers by the water. Now they splash after him, the echoing banks and yew-studded cliffs resounding to their cry. The dean narrows towards the west, and Mr. Jorrocks rides forward to view him away. A countryman yoking his plough is before him, and, with hat high in air, "TALLHO's" till he's hoarse. Pigg's horn on one side, and Jorrocks' on the other, get the hounds out in a crack; the countryman mounts one of his carters, the other runs away with the plough, and the three sportsmen are as near mad as any thing can possibly be. It's ding, dong, hey away pop with them all!

The fallows carry a little, but there's a rare scent, and for two miles Reynard is scarcely a field before the hounds. Now Pigg views him! He falls back at a wall, and the hounds are in the same field. He tries again—now he's over! The

hounds follow, and dash forward, but the fox has turned short up the side of the wall, and gains a momentary respite. Now they are on him again! They view him through the gateway beyond: he rolls as he goes! Another moment, and they pull him down in the middle of a large grass field!

“*Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!*” exclaims Mr. Jorrocks, rolling off his horse, and diving into the middle of the pack, and snatching the fox, which old Thunderer resents by seizing him behind, and tearing his breeches half-way down his legs. “*Hurrah!*” repeats he, kicking out behind, and holding the fox over his head, his linen flying out, and his enthusiastic countenance all beaming with joy.

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” exclaims he, dancing about with it over his head, “if ever there was a warmint properly dusted it’s you,” looking the fox in the face; “you’ve been a hugly customer to me, dash my vig if you havn’t;” and thereupon Mr. Jorrocks resumed his capers.

“Ar’s left ma Jack-a-legs a hint,” says Pigg, wanting to cut off the fox’s brush. “Has any on you gotten a knife?”

The cart-horsed countryman has one, and Jorrocks holds the fox, while Pigg performs the last rites of the chase.

With whoops and holloas Jorrocks throws the

carcass high in air, which, falling among the bay-ing pack, is torn to pieces in a minute.

Joy, delightful joy is theirs, clouded by but one reflection—that that *was* the last day of the season.

They re-enter Handley Cross by half-past eight, and at nine sit down to breakfast.

## CHAPTER III.

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“ And still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.”

THE success of his former venture induced Captain Doleful to propose that Mr. Jorrocks should be invited to wind up the season with a sporting lecture, and accordingly the worthy M.C. bestirred himself at the billiard-rooms, libraries, pump-room, and public places, for signatures to a requisition.

Mr. Jorrocks accepted the invitation, but declined letting Doleful have a share in the speculation. This enraged the Captain, who deemed it a breach of faith, and he endeavoured to run down what he had just run up. The public, however, judged for itself, and greeted our master with an overflowing bumper. Tickets were a shilling each, and Mr. Jorrocks generously undertook to present the surplus, after payment of expenses and trifling presents to James Pigg and Benjamin, to the Handley Cross Hospital.

But to the lecture. Precisely at eight o'clock, Mr. Jorrocks entered the lecture-room (the long room of the Dragon) by the president's door, and ascended the raised platform immediately on the left. He was dressed in the full evening costume of the hunt—sky-blue coat, lined with pink silk, canary-coloured shorts, white waistcoat, and white silk stockings, and looked uncommonly spruce—his pumps shone with French polish. Several members of the hunt, some in morning dress, others in evening, followed ; and James Pigg and Benjamin, in scarlet coats, black caps, and top-boots, brought up the rear. The room at this time was as full as it could possibly hold, not less than three hundred and fifty persons being assembled ; among whom, of course, “we observed” several elegantly dressed females. Mrs. Jorrocks, we are sorry to say, had the tooth-ach, and could not come ; neither were Belinda nor Mr. Stubbs there, it being supposed they were availing themselves of Mrs. Jorrocks' indisposition. Immediately as Mr. Jorrocks entered, the whole company rose and greeted our hero with a volley of most enthusiastic cheers, which continued for some minutes, and appeared greatly to affect the worthy gentleman, who stood bowing and grinning like a Chinese monster on a mantel-piece. Silence being at length obtained, and all the attendants having settled themselves into their



places on the platform, and the company having resumed their seats, he advanced to the front, and spoke as follows:—

“ Beloved 'earers, behold your old friend John (cheers). John! old in 'ears, but young in mind and body, and dewoted—oh *dewoted*, to the noble cause of 'unting. Oh, my beloved 'earers! I repeats, for the hundred and fifty-first time, that 'unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger (cheers). Do not think I say so for the sake of gainin' your most sweet applause, for, believe me werry sincere when I declare I'd rayther 'ear the cry of 'ounds, or even the lowest whimper wot owns the scent, than have all the cheerin' your woices can bestow (laughter, with slight hissing).

“ Great 'eavens!” continued Mr. Jorrocks, with up-turned eyes, “ wot a many things are wantin' to 'unt a country plisantly—things that would never enter the 'ead of a sailor!

“ First and foremost, there should be the means o' praise—all labour's lost if the world's not well told. The finest runs are lost, the largest leaps overlooked, the 'ardest falls forgot, if an efficient record's not preserved. Every 'unt should have its trumpeter as well as its 'untsman—some nice easy-writin' cove to exhibit its bright pints; butterin' without bedaubin'—praisin'

without beslaverin'—jest as a barber hoils a customer after a sixpenny clip. Oh, gen'lemen, I've been sufferin' sore from the effects o' clumsy soapin' (cheers and laughter)—hawkward hoilin'—havin' things told that I wanted kept snug, and havin' things kept snug that I wanted told. Gen'lemen, take my advice, and never employ a reg'lar butterer. Do it yourselves, or get a kind frind wot knows your likin's and weak pints to do it.

“ But enough of that—p'raps too much—let's to the business of the evenin'.

“ Gentlemen, this is the werry age of balderdash and 'umbug—balderdash the grossest, and 'umbug the greatest, that the most imaginative eye of the liveliest intellect can possibly conceive (applause). There was a poet, I think his name was John Brown, who said,

‘ We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,  
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.’

And well they may, for we do our best to merit the opinion. See 'ow we treat 'unting! Dear, delightful 'unting, the werry mention of whose name kivers me with the creeps, and thrills me all over with joy. We must now 'unt by book, forsooth: fox and 'ounds must be alike under our subjection, and if they don't do jest wot is laid down in print, reynard is all wrong, and

the 'ounds good for nothin' (cheers). Oh, my vig! to think I should ever live to see a fox 'unted on mathematical principles (cheers); to see the problem 'vich vay has he gone?' worked without the aid of 'ounds!

"But gently, old buoy, gently," continued he, in a more subdued tone, "your wehimence has got the bit between its teeth, and with borin' 'ead is runnin' clean away with you—*steady there, steady*. Now, my beloved 'earers, I've brought you here to tell you *all* about the chass—to teach you to enjoy that sport,

' For the weak too strong,  
Too costly for the poor,' —

Aye, *too costly for the poor*, and more's the pity that it is too costly, for there is more real genuine fox-'untitiveness, more of the innate genuine hardour and dewoted affection for the chass in the poor man wot sacrifices a day's pay for the sake of a 'unt, than in all your wauntin' cover-canterin' swells wot ride forty miles to the meet, for the sake of the boast. But that's beside the question, or another pair of shoes, as we say in France. The chass!—the chass! or the *noble science*, as the quack doctors of 'unting now call it, is to be the subject of my discourse; but oh, my beloved 'earers! it's werry 'ard to turn one's tongue to talk of wot one's 'eart is fit to brust

at the mention of—werry 'ard indeed. There was a man wrote a book, and, among other intelligent things he put in, was an obserwation that one cannot do an act not in itself morally evil for the last time without feelin's of regret; and if that were true with regard to indifferent things, 'ow much more tellin' must it be when applied to wot may be called the liver and bacon of one's existence! To that noblest, sublimest, grandest, best of all sports, the gallant, cheerin', soul-stirrin' chass" — (cheers.) Mr. Jorrocks paused for some seconds, as if overcome by his feelings.

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At length he resumed: "Here," said he, "we have closed a most beautiful season. Though I says it who should not, never did a pack give more universal satisfaction than mine,—satisfaction the most boundless, and gratification the most complete. Summer is now drawin' on, or did ought to do, if it is a comin' at all, durin' which time we may rest on our hoars, contemplate the past, and spekilate on the futur'—that uncertain futur' to which we all look forward with such presumptuous certainty. Oh, my beloved 'earers, but summer is a dreadful season. Whoever talked of the vinter of our discontent, talked like an insane man, and no sportsman. Summer is the season of our misery! Long days,

short nights, and nankeen shorts. Contemptible wear!—but oh! now top-boots delight me not, nor drab shags neither. Wot a change is comin' o'er the spirit of my dream! I knows no more melancholic ceremony than that of takin' the 'unting-string out of one's 'at at the end of a season. With wot sorrow one folds up and puts away the old red rag—unlike all other rags, the dearer and more hinterestin' the older and more worthless it becomes. Every rent, every stain, every darn, has its story and 'sociation. The large black stain on the right shoulder was got in Swallerton Bog, which I charged like a regiment of Life Guards, just as the darlin's were viewin' the warmint, and I thought to pick him up on the far side. Crikey, vot a flounder I had!—old Arterxerxes bogged up to the werry tail, plungin', and heavin', and groanin', and snortin', and sweatin', with every appearance of being 'stablished for life. Oh, my beloved 'earers, a bog is a werry rum thing to get into, and is so werry enticin' withal, that I don't wonder at people bein' cotched. Quiet, sly, soft, green, omelet-soufflé-lookin' things, so stuffed with currants as to be perfectly black below, and as holdin' as a stick-jaw puddin' at a charity school. I doesn't mean to detract from the merits of other bogs, but that Swallerton Bog certainly is, in my mind, the biggest bog whatever was seen, and as hos-

pitiable as man can desire, for once in, it is in no hurry to part with you again.

“ Then the great rent right across the back! ‘Ow well I remembers doin’ o’ that! We were goin’ like beans over Harroway Fleets, with sich a crack scent as only comes twice in a season. I viewed a fox or a dog, I couldn’t say whether, risin’ the hill by Hookem-Snivey Church; and wot with keepin’ my eye on him, and gallopin’ werry ‘ard, I never saw a bullfinch that Arter-xerxes was preparin’ himself for on the sly until it was too late, and he charged a thing so big and so black, that if a lanthorn had been held on the far side you couldn’t have seen it; well, I say, he charged it with such wicked wigour and determination, that he left me stickin’ like a sweet little cherub aloft right atween two strong holders, one of which had to be sawn off afore ever I could get out; and when I did, I found I had lost one coat-lap, and the other was ‘anging by a mere thread (laughter and applause). Delightful recollection! Shall I ever forget the joy I experienced, as, stickin’ tight in the ‘edge, I saw the darlin’s take up the line on which I viewed the hanimal travellin’? A delicate compliment to the brightness of my wision! Oh, never! My too sensible ‘eart sickens at the thought that the joy of life is over for a season. Oh, the long summer months that are about to succeed are

truly appallin' to the 'eart of a sportsman! True, each season brings its hoccupation, but if that hoccupation is no enjoyment, wot matter does it make there being such a thing?" Mr. Jorrocks again made a long pause, and appeared lost in thought.

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"Great Coram Street is a lovely place," said he; "the trees within the rails, and the wines within the areas, flourish and expand with all the wigour of foliage and wegetable life in the purest and most salubrisome spots. But sweeter, dearer far is the wild bleak heath,

'Where man has ne'er or rarely trod,'

with a good strong 'olding goss-cover, lyin' on a gentle heminence, catchin' the rays of a mid-day sun, out of which one may reasonably calculate upon findin' old reynard at home any hour of the day. But I can't pursue the subject. It is too much for me—painful to a degree. Pigg, get me some brandy-and-water—strong without—for I feels all over trembulation and fear, like a maid a goin' to be married."

Mr. Jorrocks retired to the back of the platform, and Pigg presently brought him a stiff tumbler of brandy and water, which considerably revived our old friend, but still he did not feel equal to the resumption of his lecture. In hopes

that he would come round if a little time were allowed, it was proposed by the party in attendance that James Pigg should favour the company with one of his national melodies; and after a little hesitation and consideration what he should give them, James advanced to the front of the platform, and with a bob of his head and a kick of his heel, said, "Gentlemen, wor 'ard maister's gettin' the gripes, and ar's gannin' to sing ye a sang till he gets better." So saying, James rubbed his sleeve across his nose, and turned his quid in his mouth. "Now," continued he, "what ar'll sing ye 'ill be the 'Keel Row,' one o' the bonniest sangs that iver was sung, barrin' 'Cappy's the Dog;' and when ar stamps wi' my foot, ye mun all join chorus."

Pigg then commenced—

"As ar cam thro' Sangate, thro' Sangate, thro' Sangate,  
As ar cam thro' Sangate, ar heard a lassie sing,  
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,  
Weel may the keel row, that mar laddie's in.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,  
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin:  
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,  
And weel may the keel row, that mar laddie's in.

Wha's like mar Johnny,  
Sae leish,\* sae blythe, sae bonny?  
He's foremost 'mang the mony  
Keel lads o' coally Tyne;

\* Leish, lish; nimble, strong, active, &c.



He'll set or row sae tightly,  
 Or in the danse sae sprightly  
 He'll cut and shuffle sightly :  
 'Tis true—were he not mine."

"Now, then, for the chorus," shouted Pigg  
 with a stamp.

"Weel may the keel row,  
 The keel row, the keel row,  
 Weel may the keel row,  
 That mar laddie's in :  
 He wears a blue bonnet,  
 A bonnet, a bonnet,  
 He wears a blue bonnet,  
 A dimple in his chin.

He's nae mair o' learnin'  
 Than tells his weekly earnin',  
 Yet reet frae wrang discernin',  
 Tho' brave, no bruiser he :  
 Tho' he no worth a plack is,  
 His awn coat on his back is,  
 And nyen can say that black is  
 The white o' Johnny's e'e.  
 Weel may the keel row, &c.

He takes his quairt right dearly,  
 Each comin' pay-day nearly,  
 Then talks O, latin O—cheerly  
 Or mawies jaws away ;  
 How carin' not a feather,  
 Nelson and he together  
 The springy French did lether,  
 And gar'd them shab away.  
 Weel may the keel row, &c."

Just as James and the company got through  
 the chorus, Mr. Jorrocks having sipped his brandy

and water, and feeling, as he said, “ pretty bob-bish,” advanced to the front of the platform, and was enthusiastically received, before which James gave way.

“ Beloved 'earers,” said Mr. Jorrocks, when the cheering had subsided, “ you must excuse my pursuin' the subject o' the chass—it's too much for my feelin's. I meant to have enlightened you on the management of 'osses and 'ounds at 'ome and in the field, glanced at the 'ard meat and the 'ard work systems, and taken a wide range o'er the realms of sportin' generally, but, somehow or other, I feels unequal to the task, —the excitement is too much for me. I feels as though my stomach was a biler, a throwin' red-'ot words up into my mouth. With your permission, therefore, we'll drop the subject till the arrival of the next 'unting season, when I will finish wot I've left unsung, as the tom-cat said when the brick-bat cut short his serenade.

“ Let me turn to matters more seasonable, though less plisant, and consider the summer department of our lives. We are now about to separate. Many of you, I makes no doubt, will think it necessary to go to town, though I cannot but say that you are great fools for your pains. There are more people punish themselves annually once a-year, by goin' to London, than the unthinkin' portion of the community would credit. If a man

has plenty of blunt, it's all werry well. London is an undeniable place for gettin' rid of it in. Frinds abound there for rich men. The kindest, the accommodatigest frinds, wot will do any thing to serve you as long as your money lasts. To London let the rich man go. Whatever is gay, or grand, or expensive, will be his; he will mount his thorough-bred, with a bang tail down to the 'ocks, put his grum on another, in a dark frock-coat, leather-breeches, and a belt round his waist, to strap on his master in case he tumbles off; they will hamble down Bond Street and hup Regent Street, 'prowokin' the caper wot they seem to chide,'—master pretendin' to be short-sighted, with a quizzin'-glass stuck in his eye." Here Mr. Jorrocks put a half-crown piece over his, and, suiting the action to the word, proceeded amidst universal laughter and applause,—“ Meets an acquaintance. ‘Ow do, my lord?’ ‘Been long in town?’ ‘When do you leave?’ For, gentlemen,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, “I'll lay a guinea 'at to a gooseberry, when two men meet with little to say, that that is the conversation wot passes. Five o'clock comes and he's in the Park. Wot a crowd about the gate! It's to see Wictoria pass. Carriage and four—out-riders—equerring dust-catching—Wictoria smilin'—Prince Halbert ditto, and touchin' his 'at to the cheerers—*whisk*, and they are out o' sight. Carriages break

up and scatter over the Park. The band plays at the gardens—up our rich man canters, without knowin' why he breaks from a walk, throws the rein to his grum, and lounges in to lisp to the ladies. 'Oh! 'pon honour—exquisite—delightful band—Second Life Guards—goin' to Halmacks?—Crown and Sceptre at Greenwich—Charmin' weather—Looks like rain—How's your mother? Sister better!—So, Lady ——'s eloped at last.' Back then he goes by the Serpentine. Kid gloves are kissed to him, feathers nod, eyes ogle, and Johns and Jehus touch their lace-daubed 'ats. Now he reins up at the foot of the Achilles, and, as the accomplished Mr. Truefit, the Harcadian 'air-dresser, or some other talented gen'lman, says —

' Pride in his look, defiance in his eye,  
He sees the lords o' 'uman life pass by.'

First D'Orsay hambles up, faultless in figure, faultless in dress, faultless in 'oss, faultless all over, followed by countless imitators, who as Mr. Newman, the elegant postmaster, sublimely sings —

' Like the 'indmost chariot wheel, are cust  
Still to be near, but never to be fust.'

There's gorgeous Blessington in a green and straw picked out coloured coach—beauty, talent, and taste combined—taste defyin' the ingenuity of the most captious caviller. The 'osses and footmen

look like twin brothers. Sich an 'ammer-cloth! —sich 'arness—sich steppers! There are two real swells comin'!—Pembroke and Chesterfield. Who but Chesterfield could ride a dun 'oss with a lilac-coloured saddle and bridle? And there's my ladyship in her pony *phe-a-ton*—blue and scarlet rosettes, and two grums in scarlet and blue liveries, with winker bridles. Next comes Lady Haylesbury—brown *phe-a-ton*, brown coated out-riders cuttin' along and threadin' in and out, as though there wern't a soul in the Park but herself, instead of its being chock full. That's Lady Vilton a drivin' of the cream-colours, and Lady Edward Thynne with the blue postillion on the greys, with the blue out-riders. Then comes Sir Henry Peyton, with the canary-coloured coach and four greys, followed by Lady Willowby's spankin' chestnuts, Lady Craven's bangin' blacks, and Lady Jersey's beautiful browns, with the well-appointed wis-a-wis.

“How they all go! One has scarcely time to tell the Rutland peacock on the coach afore the carriage is out o' sight; and old Romeo Coates is nearly capsized by a drunken grum on a runaway tit. Those dashin' richly 'arnessed greys, with the hussar-supported arms on the dazzlin' yellow panel, draw glitterin' Londonderry, a splendid star, wot shoots through the crowd and is seen no more—hats rise as the beauteous queen of fashion

rolls on, and Grosvenor Gate rescues her from the crowd. Then come Vilton, and Beaufort, and Bernal, and Berkeley, and Burdett, followed by Burgess Camac, and I doesn't know 'ow many other B's; and sweet Nelly 'Omes, wot can beat nine-tenths of the men out an 'untin', sits as though she and her 'oss were all one. Normanby and Melbourne ride chattin' side by side, Joe 'Ume plods through the crowd on his cart<sup>ER</sup>, and farmers' frind Peel crawls along in a briskey, considerin' whether he shall tax parasols or bustles. Talk o' the great plague o' London!—Wot was the great plague o' London compared to the great plague o' Peel?—overhaulin' one's sledger and lookin' into one's day-book. But let's be off, or he'll tax one's tongue and stop the lectorin'. Come, then, we'll s'pose it 'alf-past sivin, and Lord Cut and Shuffle has the rich man on the box of his drag—four spankin' bays, two tigers be'ind, two frinds on the roof, and four gals inside. Away they bowl to Greenwich—best room, dinner two guineas ahead, iced fizzey—fish of all sorts—Yarrell done up in dishes—should have ten stomachs 'stead of one—back at eleven. Hopera—Time for ballet—Tallihony!—Cherry toes!—squizzin'-glass—gauze petticoats—or dress for Halmacks—half-past twelve, glancin' at self in mirrors of foldin'-doors. 'How do? Duchess here?—Lady Fanny werry pretty—Lord George werry plain—Lemonade werry sour.'

Now for Crocky's palace, all welwet and gold. Have some cureasore to cure the lemonade—iced champagne to cure the cureasore—lobster salad to cure the iced champagne. Lounge in the back apartments—large round table—strong light. Man with a green shade over his eyes and a hoe in his hand! Old rakes all round him. Fathers sittin' hopposite sons—the famine of play ragin'—'undreds goin' into the pockets of a fishmonger in a brown jazey, who keeps a real live cock-cook, and speaks werry bad English—hard work for hours. Clean! Bed by day-light. All this is werry pleasant, and many of us would like it uncommon, but then, unfortunately, few men's means correspond with their wishes.

“ London is a grand place, to be sure; but oh, my beloved 'earers, there is no misery like that of solitude in a crowd, or inconwenience like that of livin' with men without being able to afford to partake of their pleasures. London is the rich man's paradise, the poor man's puggatory? yet how many fools, who can ill afford it, think it necessary to make a hannual pilgrimage once a-year to the shrine of her monstrosity. Hup they come, leavin' their quiet country 'omes just as their spar-rowgrass is ready for eatin', and their roses begin to blow—neglectin' their farms—maybe their families—leavin' bulls to bail themselves, cattle to get out of the pound, and wagrants into the

stocks, as they can ; hup, I say, they come to town, to get stuck in garrets at inns with the use of filthy, cigar-smokin', spitty, sandy-floored, saw-dusty coffee-rooms, a hundred and seventy-five steps below, and never a soul to speak to. Vot misery is theirs ! Down they come of a mornin', after a restless, tumblin', heated, noisy night, to the day den of the establishment, with little appetite for breakfast, but feelin' the necessity of havin' some in order to kill time. A greasy-collared, jerkin', lank-'aired waiter, casts a second-'and, badly washed web over a slip of table, in a stewy, red-curtained box, into which the sun beats with unmitigated wengeance. A Britannia-metal teapot, a cup, a plate, a knife, and a japanned tea-caddie, make their appearance. Then comes a sugar-bason, followed by a swarm of flies, that 'unt it as the 'ounds would a fox, and a small jug of 'sky blue,' which the flies use as a bath after their repast. A half-buttered muffin mounts a waterless slop-bason ; a dirty egg accompanies some toasted wedges of bread ; the waiter points to a lump of carrion wot he calls beef, on a dusty sideboard, and promises to bring the 'Post' as soon as it is out of 'and. Sixteen gentlemen sit at sixteen slips of table, lookin' at each other with curiosity or suspicion, but never a word is exchanged by any of them. Towards noon they begin to wacate their slips of



wood. One paces hup and down the coffee-room, with his thumbs in the harm'oles of his veskit; another takes a coatlap over each arm, and lounges against the fireless fire-place; a third looks at his watch, and lays his legs along the bench for a nap; while a fourth flattens his nose against the winder, or reads the witticisms of former town captives, or the hamorous contributions of jaded waiters to buxom chambermaids, on the panes. Carriages begin to roll; lords, dukes, captains, cockneys, jostle together, and the coffee-room is gradually emptied into the crowded streets.

“Vot a sight! All the world compressed into Bond Street! carriages blocked, cabs locked, 'ossmen driven on to the footway, and the foot-people driven into the shops. But wot boots it to ingenuous Spoony if there were twice as many? He doesn't know one carriage from another, and hasn't got nobody to tell him who they belong to. There he stands gapin' like a stuck pig, now starin' his eye-balls out at a carriage, now bringin' his body to bear upon a print-shop window, now fancyin' a lady in feathers on the footway to be a duchess that has taken a fancy to him, who he follows up to Clarence Gardens, and comes away under the impression that it is their country willa. But wot a relief to have some one to whom he can speak! Talk of dull dogs! Live

in London for a week without an acquaintance, and the stupidest lump of lead that ever was moulded into the shape of a man will be a perfect god-send at the end of the time. Well, hup and down the street poor ingenuous Spoony goes, round squares, into crescents, through parks, until his feet are swelled double their size, and the toes of his boots look up into his face, as much as to say, 'Wot *has* come over us now?' Still no one greets him, and Squire Spoony, who is a werry great man, and knows every body, both at Hashem and Flashem, is 'stonished that no one 'ails him in London.

"Now for a chop-house or coffee-room dinner! Oh, the 'orrible smell that greets you at the door! Compound of cabbage, pickled salmon, boiled beef, saw-dust, and anchovy sarce. 'Wot will you take, sir?' inquires the frowsy waiter, smoothin' the filthy cloth, 'soles, macrel, vitin's—werry good, boiled beef—nice cut, cabbage, weal and 'am, cold lamb and sallard.'—*Bah!* The den's 'ot to suffocation—the kitchen's below—a trap-door womits up dinners in return for bellows down the pipe to the cook. Flies settle on your face—swarm on your head; a wasp travels round; every thing tastes flat, stale, and unprofitable. As a climax, he gets the third of a bottle of warm port as a pint, and to prevent jealousy between body and mind, gives the latter

a repast on second-hand news, by goin' through the columns of an evenin' paper. This, too, from a man wot can hardly manage a three-days-a-week one in the country.

“Nine o'clock at length arrives, and he is at the theatre; and were it not for the excessive 'eat and confounded crowd, he might enjoy himself. As it is, the curtain drops, a welcome release, and after half an hour's solitary stroll, he finds himself smokin' fat Mother Mangeon under the Quadrant, who sits to be fumigated by all wot buys cigars at her shop. Thus he goes on day after day, week after week, in a melancholic state of existence, and all that he may have the pleasure of sayin' when he returns to the country, that he has '*jest arrived from town*'—that town was werry full—werry gay or werry dull—talk of high people in a low-lived style, and pretend to have been where he never was. No captive released from gaol—no bouy let free from school—no starlin' escaped from cage, hails with more 'eart-felt joy the arrival of that hour which restores him to wot the immortal Mr. Fieldin' (I thinks) calls

'Fresh fields and pastures new;'

and not all the pliability of a flexible mind can coax him into believin' that he feels one longin' lingerin' pang of regret, as he turns his back

upon the crowded, 'eartless, busy, bustlin', jadin' city. (Great applause.)

“ But wot, you ever will ax, 'is the meanin' of all this? Wot has life in London to do with the 'noble science?' How can a coffee-room life interfere with 'unting? I answer you it can, werry much and materially. There is an old sayin' and a true one, that you carn't both eat your cake and 'ave it, and by the same rule, or one werry like it, you can't both spend your money and have it. Now, if ingenuous Spoony comes to London on a gallivantin' expedition, with nothin' whatsoever at all to do, the chances are that he gets rooked. 'Idleness' has been werry well described as 'the papa of all mischief;' and assuredly Satan, as Mrs. Barbauld beautifully expresses it in her 'Pleasures of 'Ope,' is always busy in London, findin' work for 'idle 'ands to do.' Walk under the Regent's Quadrant of an evenin', and see how many beautifully illuminated doors stand ajar inwitin' the passer-by to enter; go—and you're done. It is not here,

‘ All ye what enter abandon 'ope ;’

but wot I say is, all ye wot enter, leave your pusses at home, or assuredly you will have werry little call for them when you come out. In short, if you waste your money in the summer, you can't

expect to have it to spend in the winter, and wot then comes of your 'unting?—ay, and what then comes of my 'ounds? That's the question put in a plain and concise form (cheers). Ah, now I see you twig, and go along with me. Which then will you have? As the noble hauthor of the noble science would say, '*utrum mavis alcipe?*' 'Unting in winter, or street-strollin' in summer? I'll divide the meetin' on the question, and take the sense of this assembly. All then who are for the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, with only five and twenty per cent of its danger, 'old up their 'ands."

A forest of hands were held up for hunting; on the other question being put, no one was found in favour of it, whereupon Mr. Jorrocks concluded amidst loud and long-continued applause, by complimenting them on their choice, calling upon every man to put his shoulder to the wheel, and do his possible in support of himself and the "HANDLEY CROSS FOX HOUNDS." A large party sat down to supper after the lecture; and we are happy to add that a subscription was opened for the purpose of presenting Mr. Jorrocks with a solid token of esteem in the shape of a silver steak dish, with a model of himself on horseback on the cover. More gratifying still it is to add, that the subscription was immediately filled.

## CHAPTER IV.

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Who's the buyer?

THE following was the strength of Mr. Jorrock's stud at the close of the season.

There were our old friends Xerxes and Arterxerxes; a great raking, bony, cock-thropled, ragged-hipped, shabby-tailed, white-legged, chestnut horse, fired all round, that had belonged to a smuggler, and was christened "Ginnums;" a little jumped-up, thick-set, mealy-legged, sunken-eyed bay, with a short tail and full coarse mane, whose unhappy look procured him the name of Dismal Geordy; and a neatish brown, that our master bought of young May, the grocer, at Handley Cross, and christened Young Hyson;—five in all. Arterxerxes did most of Mr. Jorrock's works, and Xerxes would carry half a dozen Benjamins every day in the week, so that Pigg had the three latter almost to himself.

Xerxes and Arterxerxes (capital feeders) were both desperately troubled with the slows, and the latter puffed and blew in a way that made ill-natured people say he was broken-winded.

Having long stood together, they had contracted a friendship, that displayed itself in constant neighings and whinnyings when separated, and rushings together and rubbings on meeting, to the derangement of the dignity and convenience of their riders. Thus, if Mr. Jorrock was on one side of a cover on Arterxerxes, and Benjamin on the other side with Xerxes, there would be such a neighing and whinnying all the time, as greatly to interfere with our master's attention to his hounds, and when the horses caught sight of each other, Xerxes would take the bit between his teeth, and rush to his friend Arterxerxes, making a rubbing-post of him and his rider in defiance of resistance on the part of Benjamin, and remonstrance on that of Mr. Jorrock.

Ginnums was quite the reverse of the preceding. He had commenced life as a leather-plater, and done hard service on some country course, and after experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune in the hands of various masters of different callings, had descended into the hands of a smuggler, when he was seized by the Excise, well weighted with contraband goods, and pub-

licly sold to Mr. Jorrocks for fourteen pounds ten shillings. He was a raking goer, but a nasty wriggling beast to ride, continually throwing his head in the air, to the danger of his rider's countenance. His mouth, too, was deadened on one side, and he had a careless rushing sort of way of going at his fences, but he never tired, and could go through heavy ground with wonderful ease to himself.

Dismal Geordy was of the hot and heavy sort,—a better hand at trotting than galloping. He used to jump and squeal with a cow-like action at first going out, and could gallop pretty well for a mile or so, after which he would shut up, and be dull and heavy the rest of the day. He was a very under-bred, sluggish brute, with very little taste for hunting.

Young Hyson was a neat horse, and a good goer, but quite unmade when Mr. Jorrocks bought him.—Pigg and he used to roll about tremendously at first.

“If ar was ye,” said James to his master, as the latter took his usual stroll through the stable, “ar’d get shot o’ some o’ these nags—they’ll niver de ye ne good.”

“Why so, James?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks in a more amiable mood than usual when his stud was abused.

“Because ar thinks there’s ne use i’ keepin’



sick a lot through the summer; ye that have ivery thing to buy and nothin' for them to de. Ye arn't like mar cousin Deavilboger, that can work them i' the farm a bit, and gar them pay their keep."

"True," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "'ay's dear—so is corn—but how's one to get rid of these sort of animals, think ye? No demand for them now that the rallys have dished all the coaches."

"Why, but it's just the same thing, if ye sell cheap now, ye'll buy cheap i' the artum, and save all the summerin'. There's Ginnums, now, his near foreleg's varra kittle—ar'd get shot o' him while it stands. Arterxerxes, tee, is gannin' wrang iv his wind,—ye'd better be rid o' him while it lasts. Geordy, tee, is nabbut fit for the pits;—ye canna get worse!"

"I doesn't know that," said Mr. Jorrocks, who had rather an affection for the Dismal, and thought he would do for his Boobey Hutch. "Besides, we shall want a couple, at all ewents, to exercise th' 'ounds during the summer."

The close of a watering-place season generally produces some change among the studs. Gentlemen have got to the end of their tethers, spring captains have to join their regiments abroad, and some make a practice of selling at the end of a season (or at any other time). Handley Cross formed no exception to the rule, and Mr.

Palmer, the auctioneer, having canvassed the town, persuaded the owners of some eighteen or twenty horses to intrust them to his persuasive eloquence in the shape of a sale by auction. Mr. Jorrocks having considered Pigg's suggestions, and being up to all the tricks of horse-auctions, agreed to send his five, on condition of the sale being well advertised, and his stud especially mentioned as being sold in consequence of his wishing to remount his men on horses more suitable to the country.

Accordingly advertisements were inserted in all the papers and lists distributed far and near, headed "GREAT STUD SALE," and describing Mr. Jorrocks' horses as masters of great weight, that had been regularly hunted all the season with the Handley Cross Fox-hounds.

The publicity, thus given, had the effect of causing all the curious-looking, cut-away coats and extraordinary top-boots in the country to drop into the town of Handley Cross on the morning of the sale. Some people cannot stay away from a horse-auction; and men that can hardly keep themselves will appear, and sometimes undergo the spasm of putting in a horse at a low figure, for the momentary *éclat* of being taken for purchasers. Luckless wights if in an evil moment the hammer drops with the fatal fiat, "*Yours, sir!*" But to our sale.

At an early hour the horses were brought from their respective stables, and arranged in numbered stalls in the Dragon Yard, according to their classification in the bills. All the hand rubbing was done at home, so that they had only to receive the finishing touch from the clean waistcoated grooms, who, with plaistered hair, were charged with their respective lies as to their qualifications. James Pigg arrived first, and so well done were his horses, that Mr. Jorrocks almost hoped they might return as he saw them pass along the street to the yard. Benjamin and Pigg had on their top-boots, striped waistcoats and brown frocks, which latter were taken off, carefully folded up, and put into a corn-bin in the stable where their horses stood. It was a nine-stall one, and there were two horses belonging to two fast-going foot-captains, and two mares the property of two water-drinkers, along with Mr. Jorrocks'.

At twelve o'clock the stables were thrown open, and fussy gentlemen in Taglionis, Macintoshes, &c., whips and bills in their hands, began their examination. There was Captain Shortflat admiring Arterxerxes, and abusing Dismal Geordy, that he wanted to buy; young men feeling old horses' legs, and rising from the operation as wise as they stooped; some bringing all their acquaintance to assist in finding faults, and others

pumping grooms to tell what they were paid for keeping to themselves.

James Pigg gave his horses the very best of characters, which Benjamin as quickly counter-acted by telling every thing he knew to their disadvantage. This, of course, Ben did in confidence, and in the hopes of a *douceur* for his honesty. Pigg kept protesting as he patted them ; “ that they were just the best hosses he had ever seen, and he didn’t ken what could make his ard maister think o’ partin’ with them,” while Ben, with a leer and a wink, declared it was “ all his eye, and they were only fit for the knackers.”\*

Towards one, most of the inquisitive gentry having satisfied their curiosity, the motley group began to congregate in the stable-yard, and some began to look at their watches and inquire for the auctioneer. The assembly at a sale of this sort exhibits every link in the chain of sporting life, from the coronetted peer to the broken-down leg. There is a good deal of equality, too, in the scene, the generality of the company being strangers to each other ; and as many people consider it knowing to dress differently to what they generally do, the great men are not easily distinguishable from the little ones. A stud-sale is a sort of fox-hunters’, harriers’, prize-fighters’, dog-stealers’ meeting, for which people pull out

\* Horse-slaughterers.

queer-cut and flash-coloured coats, and dress themselves in drab breeches with knee-caps, or moleskins with gaiters. All have whips, even the pedestrians.

Mr. Jorrocks launched an uncommonly smart new Taglioni for the occasion, a brown-striped leopard's skin looking duffle, all decorated in front with tassels and cords, with pockets of various size and position, bound with nut-brown velvet: the standing-up collar and pointed cuffs were of nut-brown velvet also, and it was lined and wadded throughout with rustling silk. In it he swaggered into the yard, his hands stuffed into the lower tier of pockets, and his great tassels knocking against his Hessian boots as he walked. There was an easy indifference in his air which plainly said he didn't care whether he sold his horses or not.

His appearance was the signal for Mr. Palmer, the auctioneer, to quit the Dragon bar, where he was sipping a glass of cold brandy and water, and forthwith he emerged with a roll of catalogues and his hammer in his hand. He was a rosy-gilled, middle-aged, middle-sized man, who had failed twice in the hosiery line, and once in the spirit-way. He was sprucely dressed, as all auctioneers are, he wore a superfine velvet-collared olive-coloured great-coat, open in front, displaying a superfine black coat and waistcoat, with a

clean white neckcloth, and small shirt-frills, secured by a handsome brooch.

Having saluted Mr. Jorrocks with becoming respect, they paired off for a few minutes, to arrange the puff preliminary for the horses.

This being done, Mr. Palmer repaired to the end of the yard, where, under the clock, a temporary rostrum had been erected, formed of short planks placed on four barrels, on which stood a table, and there was a desk below for the clerk to take the deposits upon. At the back was a short step-ladder, upon the top stair of which Mr. Palmer mounted, and Mr. Jorrocks perched himself on the one immediately below. The crowd, with the usual follow-my-leader propensity, were soon ranged round the rostrum, and, a slight shower beginning to fall, umbrellas went up, and Mr. Palmer unfolded a catalogue, and cleared his voice for an oration.

“Gentlemen!” said he, “may I request your attention while I read the conditions of sale?”

“Throw us a catalogue!” cried half-a-dozen voices; and forthwith a shower of half-crumpled catalogues began to fly about, to be scrambled for by the gentry below. The demand being satisfied, Mr. Palmer again cleared his throat, and, requesting attention to the conditions of sale, proceeded to read about “the highest bidder being the purchaser; and if any dispute arose,” &c.,

which was listened to with the usual attention bestowed upon such "I know it all" sort of orations.

As he drew towards the end, Arterxerxes' great Roman nose was seen peeping out of the stable-door, and at the word "*Out!*" Benjamin gave him a cut behind, and forth flew the horse, kicking and squeaking from the combined effects of the whip and the ginger. Pigg ran him up to the hammer, which the horse approached with such energy as to threaten demolition not only to the crowd, but to the rickety fabric of a rostrum.

Having got him stopped without a more serious injury than upsetting the clerk's uncorked six-penny bottle of red ink, and scattering the crowd right and left, the spectators formed an avenue on each side of the horse, while Pigg tickled him under the knee with his whip, to get him to stand out and shew himself.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Palmer, with a preparatory hem, looking the horse full in the face, "this is lot ONE! *The celebrated horse, Arterxerxes!* familiar to every one in the habit of hunting with the celebrated hounds over which his distinguished owner has the honour to preside."

"*Presides with such ability,*" observed Mr. Jorrocks, in one of his whispers in the auctioneer's ear.

"Over which his distinguished owner presides."

with such ability," repeated Mr. Palmer. "He is, as you see, a horse of great power and substance, equal to the——"

"Say *speed!*" whispered Mr. Jorrocks.

"He is, as you see, a horse of great power, speed, and substance, equal to any weight——"

"How can we see his speed?" inquired a drunken-looking groom, in an out-of-place sort of costume, covered buttons, and so forth.

"Hold your tongue, sir, and listen to me!" said Mr. Palmer with an air of authority.

"He is, as you see, gentlemen," resumed the auctioneer, "a horse of great power, speed, and substance, up to any weight, and quiet——"

"Quiet enough," observed a bystander, "if you hadn't figged him."

"And is only sold," continued the auctioneer, "because his owner has no further use for him."

"Highly probable!" exclaimed a voice.

"No one else, I should think!" rejoined another.

"*He's an undeniable leaper!*" whispered Mr. Jorrocks.

"As a leaper, this horse is not to be surpassed!" observed the auctioneer.

"*Temperate at his fences,*" prompted Mr. Jorrocks, adding, "Vy don't you go on, man?"

"Because you put me out," replied the auctioneer, turning snappishly round, and saying, "*Do hold your jaw!*"



*“Blast your imperance!”* roared Mr. Jorrocks, an exclamation that produced a burst of laughter, during which Mr. Palmer turned again, and had a conference with Jorrocks behind. After a few seconds’ parley, during which Mr. Jorrocks assured the auctioneer that he’d set to and sell the “osses” himself, if he didn’t take care, Mr. Palmer resumed, in a more submissive tone,—

“I was going to observe, gentlemen,” said he, “that as you are not all in the habits of hunting with the celebrated hounds in this neighbourhood, that this horse is the property of the renowned Mr. Jorrocks, and has been ridden by him during the whole of the past season, and is equal to any weight you can possibly put upon him.”

*“Aye is he!”* exclaimed Pigg, rubbing the horse’s great Roman nose: “top huss! best we have, by far.”

“Now about Surrey,” whispered Mr. Jorrocks.

“And, gentlemen,” continued Mr. Palmer, looking sadly disconcerted, “before coming here, this horse was one of the most distinguished performers in the Surrey Hunt—a hunt that beats all other hunts, except the Handley Cross Hunt, for intensity of ardour and desperate conflict.”

“Well done!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, patting the orator’s back.

“Keep the Tamboureen a rowlin!” growled

Pigg, turning his quid, and patting the horse's head.

"All round my 'at!" squeaked Benjamin in the crowd.

"He is quite in his prime," continued the auctioneer, "fresh, and fit for immediate work. Now what will any gentleman give for this celebrated hunter? Put him in at whatever you like: he is to be sold! Shall I say a hundred and fifty for him?"

"Shillin's?" exclaimed one of the auctioneer's tormentors.

"Will any gentleman give a hundred and fifty guineas for the horse?" continued Mr. Palmer, without noticing the interruption; "a hundred and fifty guineas! No one say a hundred and fifty? A hundred and forty, then?—a hundred and thirty?—one hundred guineas, then?—throwing him away!"

"*Deed is't!*" exclaimed Pigg.

Still no one was sensible enough to see the matter in this light, and after a pause, during which a seedy-looking little fellow, in a very big bad hat, a faded green neckcloth, and a long dirty, drab great-coat, that concealed a pair of nearly black top-boots, requested to see Arter-~~xerxes~~ run down; and, having visited him with a severe punch in the ribs on his return and a nip in the neck, coolly observed that he was a bull.\*

\* A roarer.

“ No more than yourself ! ” roared Mr. Jorrocks.

“ Will you warrant him, then ? ” inquired Drab-coat.

“ *Varrant him !* ” repeated Mr. Jorrocks, “ I *neuer varrants*—wouldn’t warrant that he’s an ’oss, let alone that he’s sound.”

“ Yon knows better ! ” replied Drab-coat, examining the horse’s eyes as he spoke ; adding, “ I’m not sure but he’s a-goin’ blind, too ! ”

“ You be d—d ! ” replied James Pigg, doubling his fist as he spoke.

“ Pray, keep order, gentlemen ! ” interposed the auctioneer.

“ What teeth he has ! ” exclaimed Drab-coat—  
“ *long as my arm !* ”

“ You must have length somewhere ; and I’m blow’d he harn’t got it nowhere else,” rejoined a confederate.

“ Come, gentlemen, let’s have no more of your chaffing, but let’s get to business,” interrupted the auctioneer. “ What will any one give for this valuable——”

“ Dray horse ! ” exclaimed some one.

“ *Hunter !* ” continued the auctioneer, without noticing the interruption.

“ Fifteen pund,” said Drab-coat.

“ Fifteen pund ! ” exclaimed the auctioneer, in disgust. “ You must bid in guineas, sir.”

“ Then, fourteen guineas ! ” replied the man.

“ Fourteen guineas,” said the auctioneer.—

“ Come, gentlemen, please to go on—*quick*.” Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, eighteen in two places, nineteen, and twenty, were bid, without any further persuasion. “ Twenty guineas are only bid for this beautiful animal ! ” exclaimed Mr. Palmer, flourishing his hammer. “ Why his tail’s worth all the money.”

“ For a hat-peg ! ” exclaimed some one.

“ His head would make a fine fiddle-case,” observed Drab-coat, with a sneer.

“ He’s up to any weight with any hounds,” observed Mr. Palmer.

“ He’ll be more at home with miller’s sacks,” rejoined the confederate.

“ ’Ard as iron,” whispered Mr. Jorrocks.

“ Very stout ! ” exclaimed the auctioneer.

“ ’Deed is he ! ” rejoined Drab-coat, punching his fat sides.

“ Confound your imperance ! ” muttered Mr. Jorrocks, over the rostrum : “ I’ll skin you alive ! ”

“ Ar’ll tan your hide anow ! ” said Pigg, looking indignantly round,

“ Now, gentlemen, please keep order, and go on,” urged the auctioneer. “ Twenty guineas are only bid for this valuable hunter, and I can’t dwell. Are you all done at twenty guineas ? ”

“ One,” nodded some one.

“ Two !”

“ Three !”

“ Four !”

“ Five !” and again the biddings came to a pause. Drab-coat retires, his commission being exhausted.

“ Twenty-five guineas !” recapitulated the auctioneer. “ Five-and-twenty guineas only bid for this splendid hunter—master of great weight—giving him away—but I can’t dwell. Are you all done, at twenty-five guineas, gentlemen?—*Going !* for the last time,” lifting his hammer as he spoke.

The hammer falls with a heavy knock as the word “ *Gone !*” issues from his lips.

“ Who’s the buyer ?”

“ Mr. Smith !”

Out come pencils, and the name and price is forthwith appended to the lists by those who wish to look particularly knowing. Arterxerxes is led back to the stable, followed by divers idlers, some to try if they like him any better now that he is sold ; others to see if the horse looks any different ; some to congratulate the buyer ; others to laugh at him.

“ Nice useful horse you’ve got, Mr. Smith,” drawls Captain Shortflat. “ I suppose you’ve bought him for your farm.”

“ *No!* to go in a bathing-machine during the summer,” replies Mr. Smith, with a growl.

Xerxes came next, with his switch tail sticking up like Gabriel Junks’. Again Mr. Palmer’s persuasive powers were put forth to induce the audience to look favourably on the horse’s pretensions; all the good qualities ascribed to his late comrade were freely transferred to him, though, if any thing, Xerxes was *rather* the better horse of the two. Drab-coat puts him in again at a low figure, and the same scene of complimentary politeness ensues that marked the transfer of Arterxerxes.

The biddings being languid, and the auctioneer seeing little chance of *bonâ fide* ones, took up the running himself at a brisk pace, and knocked the horse down at sixty guineas, announcing Mr. Scroggins as the buyer. This gave the thing a fillip, and Dismal Geordy was knocked down to Captain Shortflat for eight-and-twenty pounds, ten more than Mr. Jorrocks gave for him. Ginnums, Young Hyson, and Xerxes, were unsold: the other lots were then proceeded with; some being sold, and others retained. Thus closed the Handley Cross hunting season.

Mr. Jorrocks having instructed James Pigg what to do, and taken an affectionate leave of Gabriel Junks, set off for London, leaving Mrs. Jorrocks and Co. to follow as soon as

Mrs. Jorrocks had paid her bills and left her P. P. C.'s.

Then, as she drove from house to house, knocking and ringing and leaving of cards, significant looks and knowing sentences passed respecting Belinda.

Disappointed mammas, who had risked the season in vain, "supposed they *ought* to congratulate Mrs. Jorrocks. For their parts, they saw little cause for rejoicing in losing an object both near and dear, and they hoped they might never know the affliction."

Mrs. Jorrocks 'oped they never might.

Ladies who had gentlemen in tow were more amiable, and thought it was an exceedingly nice thing. Others, whose pretensions to beauty were eclipsed by Belinda, were sincerely glad to hear she was going to be married. Hoped she meant to come a good deal amongst them after.

Mrs. Jorrocks heard all they had to say, and kept bobbing, and bowing, and muttering something about "much obleged — werry gratifyin' — not settled — let *them* know *first*," which being construed into an admission, the old women set to and abused both Belinda and Charles, while the young ones sought out their worsteds to work her a bag apiece.

## CHAPTER V.

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“ Let me have no lying : it becomes none but tradesmen.”—

SHAKESPEARE.

AN unusually good season having crowned Captain Doleful's exertions, and things altogether wearing a favourable aspect, he entered into a deep mental calculation, whether it would not be quite as cheap keeping a horse altogether as hiring the town hacks, which he found were not so safe as was desirable for a great official character like himself. The idea originated in the circumstance of Mr. Jorrocks' horse Xerxes being unsold, which Captain Doleful thought might be got for a trifle, and seemed to have been put to all the purposes a horse is capable of performing. Having weighed the *pros.* and *cons.*, and inquired the horse's character of every body about the town, our cautious M. C. at last ventured to write the following letter about ten days after Mr. Jorrocks' return to London.



“ Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—I regret much to learn that your horse Xerxes still remains on hand. I was in hopes some of the indifferent judges would have taken a fancy to him, and relieved you of an animal confessedly unsuited to your purpose; but that not being the case, I trouble you with this, to say that Miss Lucretia Learmouth is in want of an animal to draw her four-wheeled chaise about, and make himself generally useful, and I should be happy to be of any service in recommending him to her. Price, I should observe, will be the first consideration, therefore please put him in at the lowest possible figure. Of course I presume he is what they call ‘all right.’ On a closer examination of his countenance, I perceive sundry little grey hairs scattered about:—is not this symptomatic of age? With compliments to the ladies, believe me, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

“ Yours, very sincerely,

“ MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.

“ *Handley Cross Spa.*

“ To John Jorrocks, Esq.

“ Great Coram Street, London.”

The following was Mr. Jorrocks’ answer:—

“ Dear Doleful,—Yours is received, and note the contents.—Xerxes may not be an Eclipse in

speed, but he's uncommon stout in 'arness, and eminently calkilated for much industrious and honorable exertion in many of the minor fields of 'oss enterprise. He can go a good bat, too, when he's roused; and though I says it who should not, Miss Lucretia may go a deal farther and fare worse. What say you to twenty-five guineas? If Lucretia's young and 'andsome, I'll take punds, if not I must stand out for the guineas. Let me hear from you, and believe me;

“ Yours to serve,

“ JOHN JORROCKS, M. F. H.

“ P.S.—Grey 'airs is nothin'. I've seen 'em all grey afore now—foaled so, indeed.”

The following was Captain Doleful's rejoinder:—

“ Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—Your polite letter merits my warmest gratitude. Miss Lucretia is young and beautiful! Left an almost unprotected orphan, I feel deeply interested in her welfare, which I am sure will be participated in by you when you have the pleasure of her acquaintance. Twenty-five pounds seems a great sum for a horse confessedly not first-rate,—could you not soften it a little? Fifteen, I should think, considering

the circumstances, ought to buy him. He is not handsome—*Lucretia is beautiful!* Believe me, ever, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

“Yours, very truly,

“MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.

“*Handley Cross Spa.*

“To John Jorrocks, Esq.

“Great Coram Street, London.”

The same post brought the following letter from James Pigg:—

“Honour’d Sir,—The ard dancin’-maister has been in and out o’ wor stable varry oft, and seems sweet on ard Xerxes. He says he’s for a lady, but Miss Jelly, who he has by the year, tould a woman I had for the season, who tould me, that he wants him for hissel’; so mind your eye, and no more from

“Yours, humbelly,

“J. PIGG.

“*Handley Cross.*

“H’unds be main well—so be sel’.”

Mr. Jorrocks took the hint, assumed the indifferent, and wrote as follows, for the delay of a post or two:—

“ Dear Doleful,—Handsome is wot handsome does. If Xerxes arn’t a beauty, he’s uncommon useful. Five per cent seems discount enough between ‘beauty and the beast.’ If you like to fork out 25*l.* he’s yours, if not, say no more about it.

“ Yours to serve,

“ JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

“ To Miserrimus Doleful, Esq. M.C.

“ Handley Cross Spa.”

The captain did not exactly like this letter, but not being easily choked, he returned to the charge with the following answer:—

“ Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—At the risk of being thought importunate, I again venture to intercede very respectfully on behalf of the young and beautiful orphan who has sought my assistance in the matter of a horse. Under no other circumstances could I venture to intrude myself further upon your valuable time. You, like all high-minded men, disdain two prices. I admire your independence, but in expressing my admiration, may I venture to hope that some little relaxation from so meritorious a rule may be allowed in a case so peculiarly interesting as the young and beautiful Miss Lucretia Learmouth’s. Could we not put it thus:—I’ll give

you twenty-five pounds for Xerxes, on the understanding that you return me five. That, I think, seems *very fair*. Hoping you will accede to a proposition so reasonable, believe me, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

“ Ever yours, very faithfully,

“ MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M.C.

“ To John Jorrocks, Esq.

“ Great Coram Street, London.”

The following was Mr. Jorrocks’ answer to the proposition :—

“ Dear Doleful,—I doesn’t see the wit of your offer. If to give a high price is the object of your hambition, I’ll give you a receipt for 100*l.*, if you’ll pay the difference of the stamp, and throw you back 75*l.*, but I can’t throw back nothin’ out of 25*l.* Make up your mind—and let’s have no hagglin’,

“ Yours, to serve,

“ JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

“ To Miserrimus Doleful, Esq. M.C.

“ Handley Cross Spa.”

Finding Mr. Jorrocks was not to be worked upon in this way, and that there was nothing to gain by personating Miss Lucretia, Captain Doleful determined to come forth in his own character, and wrote as follows :—

“ Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—I have just received yours, and regret to inform you that Miss Lucretia Learmouth has been suddenly called into Scotland by the alarming illness of a beloved relative, whereby all occasion for a horse is, of course, done away with. The difficulty of making this announcement is, however, relieved by the circumstance of my willingness to place myself in her shoes; I therefore beg to say, I shall be glad to take the horse, provided, of course, he is all right, &c., and will send you the money on hearing from you. Dear Mr. Jorrocks,

“ Yours, very truly,

“ MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M.C.”

Mr. Jorrocks thus closed the bargain :—

“ Dear Doleful, — I’m sorry Lucretia’s gone. I should have liked to have had a look at her. Xerxes is yours, and you may pay the money to Pigg, who will give you a receipt, and all that sort of thing. Charming weather for bees. Do they make much honey about you ?

“ Yours to serve,

“ JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

“ *Great Coram Street, London.*

“ To Miserrimus Doleful, Esq. M. C.

“ Handley Cross Spa.”

Armed with this authority, Doleful repaired to James Pigg's, and, after a desultory conversation, parted with five-and-twenty sovereigns in exchange for the celebrated Xerxes.

Like most young horse-masters, Captain Doleful did not give his new purchase much rest. Morning, noon, and night, he was on its back, or driving it about in a job-fly. The captain felt it his duty to call upon every body in the town, and poor Xerxes was to be seen at all hours, either fastened by the bridle to a lamp-post, or pacing melancholy up and down the street in charge of some little dirty urchin. This, with indifferent grooming and very indifferent keep, soon reduced the once sleek and pampered hunter to a very gaunt, miserable-looking horse.

The captain marked the change with melancholy bodings. He had hoped to sell him to advantage, so as to ride for nothing, and now he seemed more likely to lose by him than any thing else. The horse grew daily worse, and a cough settled upon him that seemed likely to finish him. A more unfortunate-looking couple were never seen, than the cadaverous captain and the poor coughing horse. Still he went on working him as long as the cough would let him walk, but, it soon getting past that, the captain was thrown on his wits for getting out of the purchase. The following correspondence will shew how he attempted it:—

“ Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—I am sorry to say your horse is very ill, labouring, we think, under pulmonary consumption. He is dreadfully emaciated, and labouring under a hooping-cough, that is distressing to himself and his hearers. I thought he looked queer when I bought him, as I remarked a nervous quivering of the tail after a slight gallop over Bumpmead. It is unfortunate, but you, as a great horse-master, know these sort of accidents will happen, and it is well the loss falls on one so well able to bear it as the wealthy Mr. Jorrocks. With compliments and best wishes to Mrs. and Miss Jorrocks, who, I hope are both well, believe me to remain, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

“ With great sincerity, yours very sincerely,

“ MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.

“ To John Jorrocks, Esq.

“ Great Coram Street, London.”

Mr. Jorrocks was rather puzzled how to act on receipt of this. His first impulse was to tell the captain that he was a dirty fellow ; and, indeed, he wrote a letter to that effect, but, with praiseworthy prudence, he kept it over night, and his wrath being somewhat appeased by the operation of writing, the old adage of “least said being soonest mended” came to his assistance, and induced him to concoct the following :—



“ Dear Doleful, —Yours is received, and note the contents. Mrs. Jorrocks is misfortunately rayther indisposed, but much obleged by your purlite inquiries. She went to Sadlers’ Wells the night before last, and the house being full, and consequentially ’ot, she was imprudent enough to sit with the box-door open, which gave her the ear-ache. In other respects, howsomever, she is as lively as usual. This is fine weather for the country. It’s a pity but you had Xerxes right, as toolin’ a young voman about in a buggy would be unkommon nice sport. I have no news. Town is very full and ’ot. Wenus, I see by my Almanack, is an evenin’ star till the 13th, and afterwards a mornin’ star. Jupiter is a mornin’ star till about the 15th. Adieu.

“ Yours to serve,

“ JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.”

This, as may be supposed, was not at all satisfactory, so the captain immediately fired off the following :—

“ Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—I fear I was not so intelligible as I ought to have been in my last hurried communication. My object was to inform you that *your* horse, Xerxes, is very bad—dying, we think ; and as it appears he had the seeds of consumption at the time you sold him, I think it

right you should have the earliest intelligence, in case there is any particular mode of treatment you would like adopted. I feel assured you only require to be acquainted with the untoward circumstance to make you rescind what appears to be an untenable bargain. Wishing you every happiness, I remain, with compliments to the ladies, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

“ Ever yours very faithfully,

“ MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.

“ To John Jorrocks, Esq.

“ Great Coram Street, London.

“ P. S.—Please to send me a pound of pretty good tea, in ounce packages.”

Still Mr. Jorrocks was determined not to take the hint, and, after the delay of a post or two, concocted the following :—

“ Dear Doleful,—I am werry sorry to hear so bad an account of my old frind Xerxes. It's a bore to lose the services of an 'oss jest at the time one wants them. I certainlie considered him a consumptive hanimal when I had him, but it was an 'ay-and-corn consumption. I am werry much obleged by your communication. In course I feels an interest in the prosperity of a hanimal wot has carried me, with such unruffled equinimity, through many a glorious chase ; but in the hands

of a 'umane and discriminatin' cock like yourself, I feels assured he will receive every attention his pekoolier case can require, and therefore must decline all recommendation. I 'opes you'll be able to patch him up to do much good work yet.

“ Yours to serve as before,

“ JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

“ To Captain Doleful, M. C.

“ Handley Cross Spa.

“ P. S.—I send the tea, and 'ope you will like it. The market has been heavy to-day, owin' to the reports in circulation of the arrival of the overland mail. Sugar's riz.”

Captain Doleful was very angry when he received this. He saw Mr. Jorrocks was laughing at him, and determined to shew fight : —

“ Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—I wish to state to you, very plainly and explicitly, that the horse Xerxes is unsound, and was so when you sold him, and that I mean to return him. If there is any stable in particular you wish him sent to, please let me know by return of post, as he now stands at your expense.

“ Yours very truly,

“ MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.

“ To John Jorrocks, Esq.

“ Great Coram Street, London.

“ P. S.—The tea is very good. I wish I could say as much for the horse.”

Mr. Jorrocks was equally determined, as appears by his answer :—

“ Dear Doleful,—I thought you had been more a man of the world, than to suppose that I’d take back a 25*l.* ’oss wot I never warranted. You took him for better or for worser, jest as I took Mrs. J. P’raps he may not be quite as good a ticket as you could wish, it werry seldom ’appears that they are; but that’s no reason why you should be off the bargain. Make the best of him. ‘ Be to his wirtues ever kind; be to his faults a little blind,’ as I told you in my second lector, where Pigg and you went snacks, you know.

“ Yours to serve,

“ JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

“ To Captain Doleful, M.C.

“ Handley Cross Spa.

“ P.S.—Perhaps he’s got worms; if so, hold him.”

The following was the captain’s ultimatum :—

“ Sir,—When I opened the negotiation with you respecting your good-for-nothing horse, I thought, that in dealing with the Master of the

Handley Cross Foxhounds, I had some guarantee that I was dealing with a gentleman. I grieve to find I was mistaken in my conjecture. I now demand a return of the money I paid for your diseased horse, which an English jury will award me in the event of a refusal. Waiting your answer, I remain, sir,

“Yours obediently,

“MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M.C.,

“Captain, Half-pay.

“Mr. Jorrocks, Grocer,

“Great Coram Street, London.”

Mr. Jorrocks's answer was very short:—

“Dear Doleful,—I doesn't know nothin' wot an English jury may do for you, but this I knows, *I'll do nothin'*. Zounds, man! you must be mad—mad as a hatter!

“Yours to serve,

“JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

“Great Coram Street.

“To Captain Doleful, M.C.

“Handley Cross Spa.

“P.S.—Let's have no more nonsense.”

## CHAPTER VI.

*“ Lady.—A guinea, sir !*

*Gentleman.—Pardon, me, miss, I was only looking—*

*Lady.—Looking’s a guinea, sir !”*

“ MONSTROUS !” exclaimed Hector Hardman, the head-constable, looking the picture of despair, as he sat chairman of a conclave of housekeepers, in public meeting, of Handley Cross, assembled.

Hector held in his hand one of those interesting documents, an architect’s bill ; and the exclamation was elicited by the wondrous discrepancy between Mr. Chisel’s professions and performances.

He had been employed to erect a school-house, with master and mistress’s apartments, and having recently completed one at Appledove for, what appeared, a reasonable sum, he had been incautiously employed by the householders of Handley Cross, to build them one like it, and had run them into three times the expense. Too late they learned that their neighbours had made a black and white bargain with him beforehand.

Plans that the others had paid ten pounds for were charged thirty; and, not content with drawing and colouring a picture of the building *en masse*, he had furnished designs of every corner-stone and jamb, and had written a very important-looking pamphlet, covered with cartridge paper, and fastened with green silk, endorsed,—

“Specification and description of the proposed School House, and Master and Mistress’s Houses on Belvidere Lawn, in Handley Cross :”

which was signed, without extra charge, in his proper hand-writing, with certain inimitable “Rowland’s Kalydor” sort of flourishes,—  
“INGENIUS CHISEL, Architect.”

The pamphlet itself was a beautiful illustration of “much ado about nothing.” In widely ruled lines, with spacious heading and copious margin, set off with double lines of red ink, were all the details set out, like an Act of Parliament. This was the preamble :—

“Specification and description of the several works required in Building a School-House, and Master and Mistress’s Houses, on the Belvidere Lawn, at Handley Cross, according to plans, elevations, sections, and details herein referred to, and bearing date March 184—

“The whole of the works hereafter specified

are to be executed in a sound and workmanlike manner, and left perfect and complete in every respect when finished, subject to the inspection and approbation of Ingenius Chisel, the Architect.

**“ MASONRY.**

**“ Digging.**—Proper trenches to be dug for the foundations of all the walls, as shewn on the plans, and to suitable depths. The surplus earth to be taken away, and deposited in any adjacent convenient place as will be directed.

**“ Stones and Mortar.**—The stones to be won from any quarry in the neighbourhood, possessing stone of a good quality. The mortar to be composed of well-burnt stone-lime, mixed with clean, sharp sand, using not less than three carts of sand to one of lime, and to be well and properly beaten together with water.

**“ Foundations.**—The foundation-walls to have stone footings, laid with large bedded stones, and thorough at intervals, the full thickness of wall, and projecting five inches beyond on each side. The walls above footings to be carried up to the surface of the ground, with good rubble walling, having thorough stones at every superficial yard measuring on the face.”

And thus this superficial document proceeded through a long detail on walls above foundations, chimney-shafts, pillars, heads and sills, jambs and



coignes, fire-places, flagging, lintels, roof, ceiling, joists, &c., windows, skirtings, shelving, plastering, slating, plumbers' work, glaziers' and painters' work,—altogether a splendid illustration of jobbery. No wonder that the employers were left considerably in the lurch—a hundred and fifty pounds, we are sorry to say. The exclamation with which we commenced the chapter was caused by the discovery of that fact. The question was, how to meet the difficulty?

Our fair readers, we dare say, will solve the problem, and suggest—a Bazaar. So it was!

Mrs. Barnington, of course, was first requested to become a patroness, and, thinking to regain her lost ground, she consented to allow a bazaar to be announced under the auspices of her name.

Great was her astonishment and disgust, on receiving a prospectus, to find the vulgar "City woman's" name associated with hers. Thus run the document:—

## **"GRAND BAZAAR,**

**Under the especial Patronage of**

**MRS. BARNINGTON AND MRS. JORROCKS.**

"A Grand Bazaar, in aid of the Funds of the Handley Cross Infant School, is intended to be held in the New School House, on Belvidere

Lawn, Handley Cross, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 1st and 2d of——

“ Contributions of all sorts, useful, ornamental, curious, or fantastic, will be thankfully received by Mrs. Muggins, the mistress; and ladies are requested to have the kindness to affix the estimated value of each article they may please to send in.

“ N.B.—Nothing will come amiss, and the smallest contribution will be thankfully received.”

Our friends the Jorrockses, of course, were then in London, in Great Coram Street: Mr. Jorrocks attending to his business, enlivening the tedium of commercial life by Saturday trips to Margate, boating parties to the Eel-pie House at Twickenham, dinners at Blackwall, walks, and maids-of-honour,\* at Richmond, with occasional visits to Sadler's Wells Theatre and Mr. Bowker's shop. The Zoologicals', White Conduit House, Tattersall's, Hyde Park, the Free and Easy, &c., all came in for their share of patronage. Pigg wrote to him three times a-week, detailing his doings with the hounds, and Mrs. Jorrocks had frequent tea-parties, to describe the splendour of their doings at Handley Cross; Stubbs vacillated between Yorkshire and Middlesex; and the

\* A sort of cake made at Richmond. Mr. Jorrocks once astonished a country customer by saying he had ate four-and-twenty maids-of-honour for luncheon.

Marchioness of —— was heard to inquire “who that pretty girl was?” as Belinda passed her in Kensington Gardens.

Autumn drew on, town got empty, hackney-coachmen declined asparagras, parks were browned, and trade being troubled with its usual dulness, Mr. Jorrocks determined to remove to Handley Cross, as well for the purpose of being near his hounds, as of defending an action that Captain Doleful had brought against him on account of old Xerxes. The bazaar was inducement sufficient for Mrs. Jorrocks. This involved a real contest — one that would not be so easily got rid of by a side-blow as the grand fancy-ball — Two whole days ! Their popularity tested by the amount of their sales. Mrs. Barnington shook off her sloth, and consumed a quire of note-paper in requesting the contributions of her friends — “ the smallest donations thankfully received.” Janette was set to work to trim pincushions, braid sachets, embroider slippers, and work kettle-holders, while Mrs. Barnington began an elaborate piece of work for a chair, and distributed squares of coarse canvass and worsted for others.

Mrs. Jorrocks was equally assiduous, and employed Belinda’s pen and fingers in the same way — Handley Cross and London were equally canvassed. The time drew on — all the cheap

bazaars in London having been ransacked for bargains, Mrs. Jorrocks arrived at Handley Cross heavily laden with all sorts of merchandise : her arrival at Diana Lodge was the signal for an inundation of bazaar offerings.

The Misses Maces requested her acceptance of fifteen bags and a Turkish hassock ; Mrs. Morley sent her five purses, and a pair of children's shoes ; Miss Martins, six Doilys and two watch-pockets ; Miss Smith, two scent-bags, and a woollen night-cap ; Miss Romford, two needle-books, and a set of baby-clothes ; Miss Spirgin, a scissor-tray and a beetle pen-wiper ; Mrs. Parkins, a music-roll, five pair of clergymen's bands and a cigar-case ; Mrs. Jones, a child's wheelbarrow ; and Mrs. Needham, half-a-dozen birch-rods. The bazaar being for a school, Mrs. Needham thought the latter might be useful.

Then came the valuing, and pricing, and ticketing, and thanking : " Nothing *could* be more kind ;" " Nothing *could* be more beautiful ;" " Fear they must have been a very great tax on the sender's time," with the usual feminine politeness that distinguishes such productions.

Mrs. Barnington was also all bustle. Her presents were equally numerous, and Mrs. Needham and others sent to her in " duplicate."

Her back drawing-room exhibited a grand display of useless trumpery.

Every person that, by hook or by crook, could get out of London, had run to the sea-side and watering-places. Margate and Ramsgate were full of the City folks; Scarborough was as bad, it was full of the witty folks, as poor Mathews used to sing. Handley Cross was excessively full—it had never been so full before, and Snubbins' ordinary table reached from one end of the long room to the other—the cry was still, “They come! they come!”

On the Saturday preceding the bazaar, just as the dawdling idlers were congregating about the arched gateway of the Dragon, waiting for the admonitory dinner-bell, the Lily-white Sand Railway omnibus set down a traveller who created no little sensation. He was a dashing little foreigner, attired in somewhat of an undress uniform; a gold-laced foraging cap, stuck jauntily on his jet-black locks, which terminated in large whiskers below his chin, with the usual appurtenances of extremely well-turned moustachios and imperial. His well-braided blue frock-coat disclosed a richly laced red waistcoat, and his dark trousers had a narrow stripe of red down the side: long brass spurs clanked at every step he made in his cock-toed French boots.

“Now, Monsieur Conducteur!” exclaimed he, in a good loud voice, as he turned out of the omnibus. “I vod my leetle box—tronk vot you

call," pointing to a black box on the top of the omnibus, "and my ting for my chapeau," pointing to a leather hat-case; these being chucked down with the usual omnibus ease, the vehicle drove on, and the traveller was left among the crowd, no one having come to his assistance.

"*Sacrè-e-e-e-e nom de Dieu!*" thundered the little man clanking up the gateway in search of the *maître d'hôtel*.—"Dem, I say!" giving the boots' bell a pull that left the rope in his hand, "vot for you no come? you no pay me respec?" twisting up the bell-pull and chucking it down the yard.

\* \* \* \*

"Beg pardon, sir!" exclaimed Snubbins, bustling out, half inclined to be angry, "beg pardon—fear *we can't* accommodate you, full to the attics."

"*Full to de devil!*" exclaimed the foreigner: "Monsieur Barnington has me engaged *apartement* surely!"

At the word Barnington, Mr. Snubbins became enlightened. Bowing most obsequiously, he entreated the stranger to enter, and leading the way, despatched a waiter for his luggage.

Meanwhile the inquiring group, round the gateway, learned from the directions, that they belonged to the Count Fol-de-rol.

Presently the "joyful sound" was heard in the shape of a loud-ringing hand-bell, and the bees, or rather drones, flocked into the hive.

The Count being a sharp little chap, was not long at his toilette, and just as the party were subsiding into their seats, and the burst of the news was at its full, the clanking of spurs was heard along the passage, and Snubbins came ushering his distinguished guest to the vice-president's chair, amid the stare of seventy-two pair of eyes.—Then there was such nudging and looking among the girls, and such disinterested offers of letting each other have the first run at him, each 'determined not to throw a chance away themselves. In truth, the Count was a good-looking little fellow—fine black curly hair, large dark eyes, white teeth, undeniable moustachios and a fine healthy sallow complexion.—He could not be more than five or six-and-twenty.

He clenched the favourable impression his appearance created by ordering a bottle of champagne. The old people looked at each other, and nodded as much as to say, "he would *do*."

Dinner progressed in the usual style of watering-place elegance. A great abundance of lukewarm viands, and much politeness among gentlemen with vinegar-cruets, inviting each other to take wine at their own expense. Marsala did

duty for Sherry, and Bucellas for Sauterne. The pop of the Count's champagne-cork sounded through the room, and as he passed it freely among his neighbours, he soon wanted another. When the cloth was cleared, he called for a bottle of burgundy.

The President (a retired inn-keeper) having seen the vinegar-cruets scattered down the line again, and the gentlemen who drank negus supplied with hot water, cleared his throat for a let-off.

"Mr. Vice-president," roared he, in a clear substantial tone, thinking to impress the new-comer with a due sense of his importance.

"*Sare!*" replied the Count in the same note.

"As loyal Englishmen, there is a toast that needs no recommendation from the chair. In loyalty and attachment to the throne, all Britons are unanimous! I beg to propose the health of our gracious Queen, and long may she live in the hearts and affections of her people!"

A rumble and clatter followed the toast down the table.

Just as the President was going to give the next toast, the Count's assumption of his legs was announced by a jingling and thumping at the low end of the table.

"Mr. Shair!" exclaimed he, and all eyes were turned on the instant. "As a loyal citizen



of de vorld, I vod moch pleasure propose you a toast, vot vill come home to de bosom and de breast of every man in creation. (Applause.) Dere be none too 'igh to own, none too poor to enjoy him. I have been in all de contres of de glob, Espagne, Italy, France, de Pays bas, and I don't know vot else; but by my vord, I have been in none vere he florish vid arf de vigour vot he does in this lovly and sequestred iale. (Great applause.) In soch a constornation of beauty as I see down dis table, I should be traitor to my contree, if I did not declare dat dere is no beauty in de glob like de beauty of English-woman (immense applause); dere beauty draws me from my castle in Oldenburg to come to bazaar; dat friend of ours in dis place, vere I am nearly poisoned with dem'd bad champagne, but all sall be covered by de beauty of your ladies. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen—Sare, I mean; I vod much pleasure propose de majesty of English beauty!" (Drunk with immense applause.)

Abel Snorem immediately rose to return thanks for the ladies, amid a strong manifestation of coughs and colds from the company, mingled with cock-crowing, and a very accurate imitation of donkey-braying. After many attempts at a lengthened harangue, he at length concluded by proposing the health of the Count.

The Count returned thanks, and proposed his

in return, “ de gentleman’s vid de long nose ;” after which the She-president gave the signal, and the ladies picked up their bags and retired.

The Count had made a most favourable impression. The old ladies looked out cards for their husbands to leave, and housekeepers conned their larders to see how soon they could ask him to dine. Count Fol-de-rol was on every one’s tongue. The news of his arrival soon reached Diana Lodge, as also his after-dinner statement, that he had come to bazaar—“ dat friend of ours”—and was on a visit to the Barningtons.

“ Nay, then !” exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks ; “ *I’m done!*—That nasty ’ooman’s too many for me ! In league with the devil, I do believe ;” and thereupon Mrs. Jorrocks kicked up her heels, and went into hysterics.

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When she came to, a strong discussion arose as to how they should meet the stolen march—whom they should get as a foil to the great Count. Alas ! Mrs. Jorrocks’ aristocratic acquaintance were few, and Mr. Jorrocks could not assist her.

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“ Send for Bill Bowker !” at length exclaimed he ; “ if Bill arn’t a swell, he’ll make believe to be one, and that’s jest what half the swells do.”

“ Ah ! but the Count’s got mustarchoes and

heel-spurs," observed Mrs. Jorrocks, smelling at her salts.

"Bill 'ill get 'em, too," replied Mr. J.; "come down as a field-martial if you like. I'll tip him a line." Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks got his blotting-book, and wrote as follows:—

"Dear Bowker,—Mrs. J. has put her foot in it. I told you she was a goin' to patronise a bazaar along with Mrs. Barnington, who, it seems, is comin' the artful dodge, by gettin' a foreign count to help at her stall, and run away with the custom, for the women, who are the only real buyers, will be sure to run to the nob. You are a sharp chap, and up to most things; put up your first-class clothes, and take a second-class fare by the *rally*, and lend her a hand for a couple of days, or as much longer as you can stay, and enclosed is five pounds for fare, and all that sort of thing.

"Yours, to serve,

"J. J.

"To Mr. Bowker,

"Snuff Merchant,

"Eagle Street, Red Lion Square."

Mrs. Jorrocks also wrote:—

"Mrs. Jorrocks' Comp<sup>d</sup> Mr. Bowker, and

sir, I shall esteem it a favor if he will come down and assist at her stall at bazaar, for Mrs. Barnington's very rude, and has got account to entice the custom; and if you could bring an officer's coat and eppalets I shall be much obliged,—also a long sword, and anything else you like.

“ JULIA JORROCKS,  
“ Diana Lodge,  
“ *Handley Cross Spa.*”

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“ Please, sir,” said Bill, pulling a very long face as he presented old Snarle with his biscuit; “ please, sir, could you spare me from chambers for a few days, I have a particular engagement at home?”

“ You're always having particular engagements at home, sir,” snapped old Snarle; “ your wife's surely not lying-in again?” (Old Snarle once found, on referring to his note-book, that Mrs. Bowker had been confined twice one year.)

“ No, sir,” replied Bill, mournfully; “ *she's dead.*”

“ *Dead!*” repeated the old man, laying down his stump of a pen; “ sorry to hear that,—when did she die?”

“ Early this morning, sir; about half-past six.”

“ Well, you can go this afternoon,” said old

Snarle, somewhat softened ; “ and the day of the funeral,—that will be enough, won’t it ? ”

“ Should like a day or so to get the house properly purified,” observed Bill.

“ Purified ! ” exclaimed old Snarle ; “ she’s not died of an infectious disorder, has she ? ”

“ Small-pox,” replied Bill, shaking his head.

“ *By all means go !* ” rejoined the old man, fearing his “ dwindled span ” might be shortened ; “ don’t come back till the doctors say there is no fear of infection. Stay—I’ll send you word when I want you.”

The four o’clock train saw Mr. Bowker upon it, and after a few hours’ rapid flight through the air, he found himself at the Datton Station, where he soon transferred himself and goods into a Handley Cross fly, and as evening closed in, he pulled up at Diana Lodge. Great was the joy at his coming. The Count had been making sad havoc among the girls, had been courting without end, and several old papas had gone to their lawyers to ask what they should do.

Mr. Bowker looked uncommonly well. His naturally rosy hue was heightened by the flight through the pure air in the open carriage of the railway, and the salubrious atmosphere of Handley Cross—far different to the fog-like vapours of Lincoln’s Inn and Eagle Street.

He awoke a different man. He felt light and gay,

as if his flight had distanced the cares and contentions of the world. Dishonoured bills, common forms, gas-rent, water-rent, house-rent, Snarle's sneers, all banished in the distance. An elaborate toilette commenced on his rising. The sun cast its effulgent rays over the autumnal landscape, mellowed, but not yet saddened, by any indication of decline.

“ Quite a day for nankeens,” said Mr. Bowker to himself, rolling out a pair of tights preparatory to putting them on. His Hessian boots, light and paper-soled, shone resplendent with French polish, and the braided tops terminated in rich-fringed tassels in front. His stiff yellow satin cravat took an infinity of tying, and the spacious front was secured with a massive brilliant, set in pearls, worth at least ten thousand pounds had they been genuine. A broad blue riband crossed the lower end of the cravat, and issuing through the blue-headed buttons of his well-starched, roll-collared white waistcoat, passed his mother-of-pearl-cased eye-glasses, into his pocket. His coat was light blue, with a velvet collar and cuffs, and a raised button, containing a ducal coronet, with well-twisted, hieroglyphical letters, that would puzzle a printer's devil to decipher, gave the whole a very imposing appearance. His sandy whiskers had had a gentle pointing, and brushing his waving yellow locks becomingly

about his head, Mr. Bowker strutted consequentially down-stairs.

He had outstripped his great original on this occasion, and Mr. Jorrocks' dark-blue coat, with metal buttons, was thrown into the shade by the gay brightness of his *double's*. Still their nankeen tights and Hessian boots were so nicely matched that, as they strutted importantly up High Street, it was difficult to say which were Jorrocks' legs and which were Bowker's. Great was the sensation which the new comer created. Bright eyes peeped through trellis window blinds, and brothers were puzzled to answer who he could be. It was clear he was *somebody*. *Rich*, if not genteel. He walked the street in a way that said, "You are to look at *me*, not I at you." Then Mr. Jorrocks and he would stop and converse, Mr. Jorrocks' hands playing sportively with his coat-laps, while Bill would rest his primrose kid-gloved hand on his massive gold-headed cane. When it was discovered that he had a coronet on his button, the rumour flew that he was a duke, some said of Brunswick, others, of Beaufort.

Mrs. Jorrocks' toilette was hot and costly. A crimson velvet bonnet with black feathers, and a rich veil surmounted a bran new front with a false brilliant in a velvet band in the centre. Round her neck she sported a yellow handkerchief with red ends, fastened by a purple glass butterfly

brooch. Her pelisse was a gorgeous Meg Merrilees tartan, made of the stiffest silk, tight in the sleeves, and set off at the waist with a great horse-hair petticoat, that gave her the appearance of wearing a hoop.

Belinda was quite the reverse—cool and comfortable. Her bright silken hair lay closely to her well-shaped head, without band or ornament of any sort. A light blue scarf—matching the colour of her eyes—was thrown carelessly about her well-turned bust, while the folding drapery of her nice India muslin dress was slightly assisted by a little *tournure*. Her well-put-on open-work cotton stockings did justice to her beautiful ankles, and the neatest feet in Handley Cross were encased in patent-leather sandal shoes.

The following is a sketch of the scene of operations at the bazaar:—The large centre door of the schoolhouse was closed, leaving the long room accessible only by the ends, the master's door being the one appropriated for enterers, the mistress's door for those going out. "IN" and "OUT" were placed on boards before them. Two long stalls ranged down each side of the room, through which the company had to pass. Mrs. Jorrocks' stall was on the right in entering, Mrs. Barnington's on the left: each was fitted up with festoons of pink and white drapery, forming thrones towards the centres for the patronesses,



and evergreens and flowers decorated the walls at either end. The Esplanade band, by permission of Captain Doleful, played on the grass-plot outside.

Mrs. Jorrocks, Belinda, and Stubbs, arrived at half-past eleven, Captain Shortflat came soon after, and, lastly, Jorrocks and Bowker. The latter had just made a sufficient demonstration to excite curiosity, and throw the Count a little into the shade. Presently Mrs. Barnington's barouche came bowling up, the footmen in full dress, and the Count lolling with his feet up inside; a long feather streamed from his cocked hat, and a Spanish cloak slightly concealed the richness of a blue and gold hussar uniform.

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"He's a d—d swell," said Mr. Bowker to himself, eyeing him intently through the window; "however, never mind," added he, pulling up his pointed gills, and feeling if they were equal; "we'll see if we can't match him. You mustn't let out that I'm married, you know."

"*Of course not,*" replied Mr. Jorrocks, with a smile.

The fineness of the day drew every one from the house, and the High Street and Esplanade had been thronged all the morning. Towards twelve o'clock the company drew up towards Belvidere Lawn, to have the first turn for their

money. Twelve o'clock struck, but the doors remained closed. The band, however, struck up a tune, but when it was done the door was not opened. Half-past came, and the people began to thump. At a quarter to one Mrs. Barnington's barouche was again seen dashing up, and before the company were fully apprised the fiery bays had pulled up at the door. Count Fol-de-rol stood uncovered to help Mrs. Barnington out. She was dressed in a white chip bonnet, with a single white feather, and a rich pink satin pelisse, and white gloves. Barnington carried a small pink parasol covered with point lace, and John Trot brought up the rear with a white Cashmere shawl and an arm-full of dolls.

The crowd, no longer to be restrained, rushed in, and before Mrs. Barnington had reconnoitred herself in the looking-glass in the schoolmistress's room, preparatory to her appearance in public, the bazaar was quite full. She advanced majestically by the back of the stall to the throne in the centre. On her right was Miss Rider, on her left the beautiful Miss Lovelace, while the extremes were occupied by the Count and Captain Doleful—or rather ought to have been—for the captain did not come.

Mrs. Jorrocks, who had marshalled her force so as to have her gentlemen next her in the centre, immediately altered her line, and placed Mr.

Bowker opposite the Count, and Stubbs outside Belinda. No recognition passed between the patronesses. The sale then commenced, the band striking up "It is our opening day."

"I'll take this! You'll take that! There's Anne's work! Look at Jane's slippers—priced two guineas! Lauk, who'll give it?—cost half-a-crown! Marm, your parasol is fast in my point collar! Now, boy, what are you pushing at? Which is the Duke of Brunswick? That's Count Folde-rol! Immensely rich! The Duke's a dandy: what a brooch! His star, I suppose." And now the Count's voice is heard recommending his wares: then Mr. Bowker's rose in opposition, and Mrs. Jorrocks' chimed in, producing a volley of discord from the other side—all anxious to sell—no matter what.

How it happened,—whether the Count's novelty had worn off, or the Duke of Brunswick's had eclipsed it, or the secret of the Count's matrimonial speculations had transpired, or Mrs. Barnington's popularity was not very great, or Belinda's beauty was greater than that of her rivals,—how it happened, we know not, but Mrs. Jorrocks outstripped Mrs. Barnington on the day's sale by 12*l.* 18*s.* There was evidently a strong feeling in favour of the Duke. His affability, ease, and condescension, were the themes of every tongue; and many ladies declared

they bought things they did not want, solely for the pleasure of seeing him fold up their purchases and hand them across the stall. He did it so naturally!

When five o'clock came, Mrs. Barnington, having seen her money counted, flaunted into her barouche with her head in the air, leaving the Count Fol-de-rol to trudge home on foot. When he got back, he found his table covered with cards and invitations to dinner and tea without end. There were also two old gentlemen and a lady waiting in the Sceptre to see him. "Oh, shew dem op-stairs," said the Count, as Snubbins announced the fact, and presently he returned ushering in an elderly lady, dressed in a sort of half-mourning. "Your homble sorvent," said the Count, bowing very low, with a loud clank of his spurs. "I am moch pleasure to make your acquaintance.—Pray, take von chaise," added he, handing her an arm-chair. The old lady having given her velvet mantle a chuck up behind, so as not to spoil it by sitting on it, accepted the Count's offer, and presently they were side by side.

"I am come, Count," said she, in a half whisper, with a sort of motherly smile, "in consequence of a communication my daughter Rachael has made of what passed between you and her last night."

"Your daughter Rachael!" interrupted the

Count ; “ let me see, vich sall be hor—dem plain garle—*nez retrousser*, vot you call snob ?” continued the Count, pressing his own up with his thumb.

“ No !” replied the old lady, haughtily, “ she is not plain, nor has she a snub nose—a Grecian one rather.”

“ Ah, den her name sall be Smit !” exclaimed the Count.

“ *Smith*,” aspirated the old lady, her features returning to a smile,—“ Rachael Smith.”

“ Rachael Smith ! by my word so it is—and you sall be her mamma ?”

“ Yes,” smiled the old lady.

“ And *my* mamma—dat is to say, my *grand-mamma*,” added the Count.

“ Your mamma *in law* ?” observed Mrs. Smith, with an emphasis.

“ Jost so,” replied the Count ; “ I lov her vare moch. Tell me now vot mona she has ?”

“ A thousand !” said Mrs. Smith, looking somewhat disconcerted, but attributing the Count’s eagerness to his ignorance of our manners. \*

“ A tousand !” exclaimed the Count, eagerly ; “ by my vord, vot mona ! I had not heard of soch a som ! Ve sall be marry *tout suite*—directly.”

“ As soon as we can get the settlements ready,” replied the old lady.

“Settlements! vot for settlements? *I vill no settlements!*

“ ‘Lov’ light as air, at sight of human ties  
Spreads his light vings, and in a moment flies.’

“No, my dear Mrs. Smit, my dear grand-mamma,” continued the Count, dropping on his knee, and smothering the old lady’s hand with kisses; “Rachael and I vill be de ‘appiest of de ‘appy: she vill be Comtesse—Madame la Comtesse Fol-de-rol; I vill be English gentlemens—play billiards, rouge-et-noir, and shoot ‘de fox. Ve vill a château all over de *fenêtre*—vinders vot you call, silver ‘andles to de door, and gold pulls to de bell. A tousand ponds a-year! Vot a som! I had not herd of soch mona.”

“Not a thousand *a-year*, Count,” replied Mrs. Smith.

“Vot! a tousand de *half year*?” exclaimed the Count, throwing his arms round Mrs. Smith’s neck, and kissing her profusely.

“No, no, my dear Count,” explained Mrs. Smith reluctantly, as soon as it was all done, “but a thousand pounds for her fortune; you must be rich enough to find the remainder.”

“O mine Cot! *a tousand ponds only de first year!*” exclaimed the Count, jumping up, and throwing himself on to the sofa; “O my dear, dem Mrs. Smit, vot for you na told me dis at first? I can no go for be marry to von tousand von year:

vot vod become of me de next? If de tousand is only for von year, ve most jost be marry for von year—ay, Moder Smit?”

“Oh, Count, we don’t do such horrid things in this country,” exclaimed Mrs. Smith; “but, you know, if you love my daughter, and are well off yourself, it——”

“By my vord, I tink I am vell off, to find out about de tousand for von year afore ever I go for be vot you call *splice*.”

“But it’s hard on Rachael to have her feelings trifled with,” observed Mrs. Smith.

“By my vord, Moder Smit, I did no more feel your daughter than I did feel yourself, jost now. I did dance von, two contree dances, and gave her a leetle squeeze behind de clock (cloak) room door, and ask her if she vod like to be Comtesse, and she said yes, and vod ask your consent; but, den, if she has not got de tin I sall expect, it is vot you call all my noz and my elbow—the par-gain is off!”

Mrs. Smith sighed, and produced the corner of a cambric handkerchief.

“Bot, my dear Madame Smit,” continued the Count, seizing her hand, “do not make yourself onhappy: if Rachael has not de blont, you vill most likely have it yourself, and ve can arrange de leetle matter quite as vell. I lov you, Mrs. Smit!” exclaimed the Count, resuming his place

on his knees, and kissing her hand, “vare moch ; tell me, now, vot revenue you have?”

“Oh, Count, you shock my feelings!” cried the old lady, hurrying off.

“Ah, vell,” observed the Count, as she went, “*n’importe*—never mind ; it sall be all de same de day before to-morrow.”

Mr. Brown now followed his card. He was a tall, solemn-looking old gentleman, clad in a snuff-coloured coat and waistcoat, with drab breeches and continuations. He had a well-brushed, low-crowned hat in one hand, and a green silk umbrella, in a glazed cotton cover, in the other. He was a rich clothier, from Huddersfield, under the care of Sebastian Mello. We need scarcely add that he was a strict Methodist.

“Good mornin’, Mr. Brown,” said the Count, meeting him at the door, as he escorted Mrs. Smith out ; “I am vare proud to make your acquaintance sare ; I hope Mrs. Brown is vell?”

“Mrs. Brown has been dead these ten years, sir,” replied the old gentleman, gravely.

“Indeed!” exclaimed the Count, gaily ; “dere’s a dem nice old pitch just gone out, vot shall make an uncommon good *parti* for you, I tink, friend Brown—dem rich ; two hondred tousand ponds a-year. Take a chaise, sir ! make me de pleasure to sit down,” continued the Count, forcing Mr. Brown into an arm-chair. “Hot day, sare Brown



—just come from bazaar, dat friend of ours; you must com *demain*—to-morrow, and buy a doll, or a silver fiddle, or a leetle Spanish juice. Vot vill you drink, sare? vin de champagne? vin de gin—*Jackey*, vot you call?”

“I have called,” observed the old gentleman, slowly, “in consequence of what passed between my daughter Jane and you this morning.”

“Ah, *bon!* good,” exclaimed the Count; “let me see, your daughter Shane; she sall have vot they call snob nose?” continued the Count, turning his own up again with his thumb; “*avec a grand circomference of face?*” describing a circle with his finger.

“She tells me,” continued the old gentleman, without noticing the Count’s description, “that you have made her an offer of marriage.”

“*Sans doute!*” replied the Count, laying his hand upon his heart; “she is von *sharmin’ gal*—I lov her moch.”

“Then what do you purpose doing?” inquired Mr. Brown.

“Marryin’, splicin’ her, by all means,” replied the Count. “I vill make her Comtesse! Shane is a *sharmin’ gal*,” repeated the Count, clasping his hands in ecstasies.

“Then what do you propose settling upon her? What are your means of living and supporting a wife?” continued Mr. Brown, seeing the Count

did not, or would not understand the first question.

“O, by my vord I am rich man. Larshe empire—great castle—great revenue—twenty, dirty footmens—twenty, dirty, coachmens—twenty, dirty grooms! How moch has Shane?”

“It is usual, in this country,” continued the clothier, “for a gentleman offering to a lady, to exhibit a prospectus of his property, stating what he proposes settling on the lady.”

“*I vill settle myself!*” exclaimed the Count; “make her Comtesse Fol-de-rol. Dat is settlement enough for a queen! *N'est-ce pas?*”

“Well, Countess Fol-de-rol may be all very well in its way,” replied Mr. Brown, smoothing his hat; “but there must be something secured to the Countess in the event of your death—something, you know, to enable her to keep up the rank and dignity of her station.”

“You most give her dat,” observed the Count; “I make her Comtesse, you must keep her op if I go down; a Comtesse vill be of no use to a dead man—stiff'un, vot you call. Tell me, now, vot revenue vill you give her; ay, Brown?”

“I think we do not exactly understand each other,” observed Mr. Brown, looking at his shoes; “it would be better if our solicitors were to have an interview, and arrange these preliminaries.”

“*Oh, no solicitor!*” exclaimed the Count, in disgust; “no notary! I love Shane!—I am a

man of honour all my life, and ve vill no dem motton skins. *Honour bright, I say!* Shane sall be Comtesse Fol-de-rol—twenty, dirty voitures—twenty, dirty, domestics.”

“Well, but without impeaching your word, or even doubting it,” observed Mr. Brown, dryly, “you surely will have something to shew for all your property—some credentials, or some one in this country to refer to?”

“Mister Brown,” replied the Count, bridling up, “*I show myself—I refer you to myself—I am a man of honour all my life; your daughter Shane says she lov me—I lov your daughter Shane, therefore, vot more have ve for to do than for to go and get splice? Dem, I vill no settlement! no notary! no pig-skin—no morcenary motton-skin—no nothin’; vot revenue sall Shane have? Dat is de point! Vether it shall be de Count and Comtesse Fol-de-rol, or de Count Fol-de-rol and Shane Brown?*”

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“I fear, sir, we shall not be able to deal,” observed Mr. Brown, lifting his umbrella, preparatory to lifting himself.

“*Deal! Dem you, sare!*” exclaimed the Count; “you surely tink you are talking about von of your dem ros bifs. Deal, sare! *No*, by my vord! unless you deal with me as man of

honour all my life ;” and amid the Count’s hearty execrations old Brown left the room.

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“ Dem and plast dese old snoff-coloured papas,” exclaimed the Count, throwing himself on to the sofa ; “ I vill no more dese dem gairls wid papas or mamas eider ; I vill jost von little angel by herself ;” thereupon the Count rung the bell for a pot of porter.

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“ There is another gentleman waiting to see you, Count,” observed Mr. Snubbins, answering the bell himself, and presenting a card, with “ Mr. John Tomlin ” written in a good round hand.

“ Ah, den Tomlin’s de name ! ” exclaimed the Count, with an air of sudden enlightenment. “ He sall have von leetle garle, vid a dem snob nose ? ” inquired the Count, turning his own up with his thumb as he spoke.

“ He has a good many of that sort,” replied Mr. Snubbins, laughing.

“ A good many ! dem, dey told me he had but von—von *avec* a grand circomference of face,” the Count describing a circle round his own. “ I vill not see old Tomlin, dem and blast ! Indeed, it sall be moch ridicule—moch bodder ! Tell him I am onvell—down in de mouth.”

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“ He says he wants to see you most *particularly*,” said Snubbins, returning ; and, before the Count had time to compose another message, Mr. Tomlin himself appeared at the door.

“ Com in, Tomlin, my friend ! ” exclaimed the Count, seeing at a glance who it was ; “ by my vord I am moch pleasure in seeing your acquaintance : vot vill you have to drink, Tomlin—Ollands, rom, gin—Jackey, vot you call ; glass of vater and toothpick—any thing you like, sare ? ”

Tomlin was a little square-built, pigeon-toed man, with an unmeaning round white face, and two double-chins (if such things are), and a most ludicrous snub nose tipped with red—his hair was long, thin, and greyish, with somewhat of a curl at the ends, and altogether he was a most uncouth-looking little fat man. His white cravat was loosely tied with draggling ends, his crumpled frill was begrimed with snuff, and his black clothes hung in baggy folds about his clumsy person. He wore white cotton stockings and creaking shoes. The Count’s offer to his daughter had greatly elated him, and he now came on the usual errand.

“ Excuse my freedom, my lord,” said he, squatting himself into the thrice-occupied chair, and mopping a profuse perspiration from his brow (for he was as soft as butter), “ I have

taken the liberty of waiting upon your Lordship in consequence ——”

“ I know vot you vod say, friend Tomlin,” interrupted the Count; “ you are von dem fortunate man—you have got von most amiable daughter—I love her vare moch.”

Tomlin grinned, and poked a bow.

“ Tell me now,” continued the Count, producing a pocket-glass and comb, and proceeding to arrange his curls as he spoke,—“ tell me now, friend Tomlin, in twenty, dirty vords, vot dost you give her?”

“ What dost I give her?” repeated Mr. Tomlin, inquiringly.

“ Vot *dost*? vot tin? vot revenue, in fact?”

“ We’ll come to that by and by,” replied Mr. Tomlin, mopping himself again. “ I just wished to see you to-day, to assure myself that you are a foreign nobleman, for there’s an impostor down here, passing himself off for a Duke—the Duke of Brunswick, who is just as much a duke as I am.”

“ Vot! dat big bolky man, at bazaar, dat friend of ours, vid vot you call red mog?” the Count feeling his face as he spoke, “ and von grand circomference of stomach?”

“ Exactly,” replied Mr. Tomlin; “ he’s a little snuff-seller in the City.”

“ A snoff-seller! —marchand de tabac!” replied the Count in astonishment.

“ Yes,” nodded the father-in-law, with a knowing wink: “ I knows all about him.”

“ You knows all about him?” repeated the Count: “ tell me vot sall be his name?”

“ Bowker,” replied Mr. Tomlin,—“ Bill Bowker.”

“ Beal Booker!” rejoined the Count — “ marchand de tabac — Duc de Brunsvick! great ridicule! —By my vord I vill him trounce —Tomlin, you are dem good tromp —I moch love your daughter —I moch love you.” Thereupon the Count threw his arms round Tomlin’s bull neck, and began kissing his chubby cheeks to the indescribable terror of Tomlin, who jumped off his chair, and waddled away as fast as his dumpy legs could carry him, holloaing for help at the top of his voice.

“ O, dem let him go,” said the Count; “ by my vord he’s a dem deal too fat for a fader-in-law.—Snobbins,” said he to the landlord, who came to see what was the matter — “ fetch me my swipes — beer, vot you call stout, or any thing.”

A council of war was held by the rival patronesses that evening, and the tactics of either party settled for the bazaar on the following day. Very different were the feelings with which Mrs.

Barnington and Mrs. Jorrocks met their respective allies. The former was nettled beyond measure at her rival's success; while Mrs. Jorrocks stuffed Bill with all the good things her well-furnished table supplied. Mrs. Barnington was keenly alive to the importance of the occasion, and severely censured Captain Doleful for deserting her at such a time. The truth was, the Captain was busy about his law-suit.

The bazaar opened next day punctually at twelve, the contending parties taking their positions almost simultaneously. In addition to her array of the previous day, Mrs. Barnington had enlisted the services of Miss Mildmay, the second beauty of the place; and Miss Fribble had sat up all night making Miss Lovelace a white satin bonnet, so that she might not appear in the same dress twice.

Mrs. Barnington reversed her colours, wearing a pink silk bonnet with pink feathers tipped with white and a white satin pelisse, and carried a tennine bouquet, all fringed with point lace.

The Count, by Mrs. Barnington's desire, had increased his consequence, and sported the order of the Golden Fleece of Spain, the Tower and Sword of Portugal, the Black Eagle of Prussia, the White one of Poland, the Elephant of Denmark, and the Sun and Lion of Persia — a mass of orders that almost concealed his uniform.



Mr. Bowker wore white leather tights, instead of nankeens, and a richly embroidered blue neck-cloth. The rest of his costume was the same as on the previous day. Belinda wore plain white muslin, nicely ironed out, and a tartan scarf instead of her blue one; a broad tartan sash encircled her beautiful waist, terminating in a peak, and falling in rich knots in front. Mrs. Jorrocks sported a many-coloured turban, with a bird-of-paradise feather, a yellow shawl, and a pea-green satin gown, with a profusion of armlets and Mosaic gold jewellery. Stubbs, as usual, was in attendance on his lady love.

Though some of the best things of the bazaar had disappeared, the stalls still exhibited a plentiful supply of useless articles—things that women buy and then give away, in order that they may have the pleasure of working similar ones for themselves. At the back were several of the more expensive productions still pinned conspicuously to the drapery—table-covers, waistcoat-pieces, chair-covers, cushions and needle-work generally. These, it was arranged according to the usual custom, should be disposed of by raffle, and the gentlemen were sent round the room with paper and pencil to inveigle the ladies, while the ladies went on similar crusades against the gentlemen. The Count and Mr. Bowker came frequently in collision in the course

of their respective canvasses, but no recognition took place. When people were tired of this game, Mr. Bowker established a sort of lucky-bag at his end of the stall, in which were many prizes and very many blanks.

“ Now, ladies and gentlemen,” said Mr. Bowker, in a good loud voice from his place at the stall, “ I am going to establish a lucky-bag, and every person who puts in a shilling will have a chance of winning one of the following valuable articles. Pray have the kindness to look at them, as I tell them over, so that you may see the nature and value of the prizes. Here,” said he, holding it up, “ is a beautiful toilette-table pincushion, with at least two shillings’ worth of pins stuck in to resemble a currant-tree; it is of crimson satin fringed with gold, and tassels of the same costly material—it stood yesterday at the sum of two guineas—you now have the chance of gaining it for the small and trifling sum of one shilling. That, ladies and gentlemen, is the first prize. The second prize is a pair of pea-green velvet braces, embroidered with hearts-ease and forget-me-nots all the way along, which were ticketed thirty shillings yesterday. The third prize is a child’s tippet, made of blue satin, trimmed with swansdown. The fourth is a set of baby-clothes. The fifth is an alabaster egg-cup, and the sixth, a birch-rod.

“ ‘ All ye who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,  
I pray ye flog them well on all occasions.’ ”

observed Mr. Bowker, flourishing the birch.

Having passed these covetable articles in review before the optics of an admiring audience, Mr. Bowker passed them to Captain Shortflat for safe custody, while he prepared the tickets for the lucky-bag. Just as they were ready, and parties were pressing forward with their shillings, two sinister-looking men, in cut-away brown coats, white breeches, and top-boots, advanced, and one of them tapping Mr. Bowker familiarly on the shoulder, observed with a leer, “ I’ll trouble you for a ticket.”

“ *How now!* ” exclaimed Mr. Bowker, pretending to boil up with indignation. “ How now! you ragamuffins, how dare you?”

“ It’s all right,” interrupted the second gentleman, producing a writ as he spoke.

“ Infamous!” exclaimed Mr. Bowker, adding aside to Captain Shortflat, “ This is a trick of the opposite party to get me away — *but I’ll disappoint them!* ”

“ Get me a pen and ink,” said Mr. Bowker, with great dignity; “ I’ll write you a cheque for your money.”

“ You must go with us to the bank to get it cashed, then,” observed one of the bailiffs, with a grin.

“*Impossible!*” replied Mr. Bowker. “You don’t suppose a gentleman keeps a banker at every post town in the kingdom.”

“Must have the *money*, then,” replied the spokesman.

“Audacious dogs!” rejoined Mr. Bowker,—“dirtiest trick I ever knew played in my life.”

“I’ll give them a cheque on my banker here,” said Captain Shortflat, entering the trap, “and take yours on London.”

“Very kind, indeed, of you,” replied Mr. Bowker; “if it was not the bazaar, I’d set off there immediately; but really your offer is so flattering to my feelings, that for once in my life I’ll lay myself under an obligation.” So saying, Captain Shortflat and Mr. Bowker retired with the bailiffs, and cheques were exchanged. The parties then returned, Captain Shortflat flattering himself he had done a spirited act, at no expense, and Mr. Bowker and the bailiffs chuckling at his simplicity.

The lucky-bag then proceeded. Mr. Bowker nothing disconcerted, rather the contrary:—“Twenty tickets! ladies and gentlemen,” said he, “and six prizes! Thank you, sir!—Thank you, marm! Hope you’ll get the pincushion.—Have the kindness to hand that young lady’s shilling over. Now, young gentleman, won’t *you* be tempted? Get a birch-rod, perhaps, for your

mamma to whip you with: dare say you want it.—Thank you, sir—two tickets, you say, and change for half-a-crown—give you a third chance for sixpence—that's all right.—That young lady in the blue bonnet and the very beautiful black eyes wants a ticket.—Thank you, ma'am—hope you'll win the currant-bush pincushion.—The deaf gentleman in the Caxon wig will take one—Hand up your money, sir!—Two shillings a ticket, sir! Deaf men pay double.”

Mr. Bowker's lucky-bag was a decided hit, and Mrs. Barnington saw, with envy, all Mrs. Jorrock's valueless articles turning into money, while her stall remained as full as ever. In vain Miss Mildmay held up children's socks to the gentlemen, or flourished her birch-rods in the air, Mr. Bowker's easy eloquence drew all the money to his end of the room. No sooner was one lucky-bag drawn than another was filled up; and pen-wipers, pincushions, slippers, bags, paper-cases, dolls, cigar-cases, fortune-tellers, shells, mats, watch-pockets, lighters, scent-bags, beetles, butterflies, &c. &c. flew about in all directions.

An intimation having been sent to the Count that he must exert himself in a similar way, just as Mr. Bowker was distributing his sixth lot of prizes, complimenting the winners, and flattering the losers into another trial, the Count presented

himself at the end of the stall, and, taking off his cap, thus addressed the meeting :—

“ Ladies and Gentlemens,—Pray com this vay, and let me see if I cannot make you up as good prizes as dat big bolky Booker, and, by my vord, moch more beautiful. See! I will raffle myself for your satisfaction, ladies, twenty, dirty lots, at von pound von! Vot say you, Mademoiselle Shorrock?” holloaing across to Belinda, “ vill you take von—two lot? von, two pond? Make you Comtesse Fol-de-rol—far petter than living vid dat dem old cocktail onkle of yours, or de English gentlemans vot you ave had at your side all de morning.”

“ Never mind that chattering ape!” exclaimed Mr. Bowker, with an indignant curl of his lip at the Count; “ look what a store of prizes I have to offer,” pointing along the stall.

“ Ah, old Beal!” rejoined the Count, “ vill you sell me a pond of shag?”

“ Now, ladies and gentlemen,” continued Mr. Bowker, “ pray lend me your ears, while——”

“ Lend me your back, old poy, and I vill you flog!” interrupted the Count, flourishing a birch-rod.

“ This lottery, ladies and gentlemen, will contain more prizes and fewer blanks than any of its predecessors.”

“Vill it contain any shag, old Beal!” exclaimed the Count; “any ragamoffin! any rappee!”

“It will contain a horse-whip, which I shall be happy to lay about your shoulders before I deliver it to the winner,” replied Mr. Bowker, brandishing a silver-mounted lady’s whip.

“Soblime tobacco, vich from east to west,  
Cheers de tar’s labor and de Torkman’s rest,”

exclaimed the Count, throwing out his arms.

“*B—— the fellow!*” exclaimed Mr. Bowker, reddening up; “I can’t stand his impudence any longer.

“What’s the matter now?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks, who, with Stubbs, had just squeezed in by the exit-door.

“That d——d fellow’s insulting me,” replied Mr. Bowker; adding, aside, “hitting at the *shop*, you know.”

“Vere’s Barnington?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks; “he should keep his bull-dog in better order.”

“There he is, at the corner of his wife’s stall.”

\* \* \* \*

“Barnington, old bouy,” said Mr. Jorrocks, elbowing his way up; “your Count wants callin’ over the coals,—he’s insultin’ of my pal.”

“*Count!*” exclaimed Mr. Barnington, with a laugh; “he’s no Count.”

“Vot is he then?”

Mr. Barnington in a whisper, “Only an *avant-courier*, that we got down to gammon the girls.—*Kick him if he misbehaves.*”

The bazaar shortly after closed. Mrs. Jorrocks 18*l.* a-head of her competitor on the second day's sale, and 30*l.* 18*s.* on the whole.

Stung with remorse, Mrs. Barnington quitted Handley Cross in disgust, leaving Mrs. Jorrocks undisputed mistress of the field.



## CHAPTER VII.

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“ We know you lawyers can with ease  
Twist words and meanings as you please.”

THE great suit of *Doleful v. Jorrocks* was now the engrossing topic of conversation at Handley Cross Spa. To try this, Mr. Jorrocks, by the advice of his solicitor, Mr. Fleeceall, empanelled a special jury.

Mr. Fleeceall was a great admirer of special juries, for, in addition to their being more expensive, he said they were composed of men in a superior rank of life, who were accustomed to take a more liberal and comprehensive view than special pleading and strict adherence to precedents allowed a mere lawyer to indulge in, and that it was no uncommon thing to hear a judge charge a jury in favour of a very unworthy plaintiff, simply because the cramped rules of law were in his favour, while the bystanders, who know the worth of each party, felt that the

defendant ought to gain. Special juries, he said, frequently corrected this fastidiousness. The jurors brought their local knowledge to bear upon the case, and took the judge's summing-up just for what they thought it worth. Common juries were easily swayed by the Bench : unless it were a question involving a tradesman-like transaction, they rarely presumed to differ.

This logic seemed suited to his case, and Mr. Jorrocks accordingly had one.

The beauty of the system is wonderfully developed on striking one.—When the names are known, every nerve is strained by the attorneys to ascertain the views, prejudices, and feelings, with the probable attendance of each. If Mr. Longways is known to be fond of his bed, his name is struck off on that account ; if Mr. Short-flat is related to the attorney on the other side, his name goes as a matter of course ; and so on through the list, with an apparent indifference, but yet a keenness of calculation and foresight not to be excelled by the betters-round on a race. Should the cause bear at all upon politics, or should either plaintiff or defendant be prominent in a party, then other considerations mingle in the matter, making perplexity doubly perplexing. In the case of *Doleful v. Jorrocks*, the attorney in the country's instructions to his agent in London were to strike off all fox-hunters, while

Mr. Jorrocks' orders were to exclude all "fiddlers, and such like," from the list. The sequel will shew how each party succeeded.

Let us now to the assizes.

\* \* \* \*

A brace of brandy-nosed trumpeters, on long-tailed black cart-horses, dressed in silver-laced cocked-hats, yellow coats, striped waistcoats, red plush breeches, and top-boots, with the quarterings of many generations on their bugle-banners, preceded a lofty coach-and-six, in which were seated Mr. Baron Botherem and his marshal; Mr. Marmaduke Muleygrubs, and his under-sheriff, Mr. Jeremiah Capias, of Walsington. The coach, jobbed from London, and newly done up for the occasion, was dark claret, or Queen's colour, with a flaming red hammer-cloth, and a coat-of-arms, under a sort of red petticoat, on the panel, that nearly filled the whole of the door. Behind, were stationed our two footmen friends in the costume we have seen them in at home, stiff neckcloths and all, with the addition of cocked-hats and silver-headed canes with red and yellow worsted tassels in their hands.

A large body of rural police, with white wands, guarded the coach, and two grooms in cocked-hats, yellow frocks, plush breeches, and top-boots, brought up the rear. In this order the cavalcade proceeded, at a foot's pace, up the High

Street of Walsington; the shaking of Baron Botherem's wig, from the inequalities of the pavement, striking terror into the minds of evil-doers as they eyed him through the coach-window. Just as they passed the end of Cross Street, Mr. Jorrocks, who had driven Mr. Fleeceall over from Handley Cross in his non-taxable gig, fell in behind; and what with the coach, the liveries, the brazen trumpets' sound, the crowd, and the gig with John Jorrocks, M. F. H., painted up behind, things wore a very imposing appearance.—Mr. Marmaduke Muleygrubs was the first high sheriff who had sported six horses.

Great was the rush as the coach drew up at the venerable Saxon archway of the county courts, and it was not until the police had formed a double line that the under-sheriff gave the stiff-necked foot-boy the signal to open the door. Out he popped; next came little Marmaduke himself in a full court-dress, with an Elizabethan ruff, or what, in former times, was called "three steps and a half to the gallows," from the size and number of its folds. Marmaduke had borrowed the idea from a portrait of one of his ancestors, wherein that worthy sporting moustachios, he had very appropriately added a pair to his countenance.

Having descended the flight of steps from the

coach with great caution, as well for the purpose of exhibiting his person as to prevent his tripping over his basket-handled sword, the marshal's turn followed, and the judge having declined the polite offer of the high sheriff's arm to walk into court, the marshal took up his lordship's train, and in they went.

Few are ignorant of the miseries of hanging about a court of justice,—either they have appeared in the characters of injured plaintiffs, or the still less enviable one of unwilling defendants, or they have been subpoenaed as witnesses, summoned as jurors, or waited for those who were. Unlike other crowds, the fever of excitement never flags.—Crowds rush in to supply the place of those whom victory sends rushing out, or whose blighted hopes send stalking unconsciously through the throng.

In the box on the judge's right are the grand jurors of the county,—men who have little to do in court, and less at home, and yet think themselves desperately oppressed by being called on at all. Opposite are the common jurors—tradesmen, mechanics, farmers, and so on, drawn from their homes at a great inconvenience, for four-pence, a verdict, and no thanks. The bench is sprinkled with pretty faces, ranged like milliners' bonnets for sale. Below is the bar-table, round which are wigs and gowns, whose owners

could tell fearful tales of hope deferred and disappointed expectations.

There is a leader, with a bag full of briefs; not a cause is called on but he is engaged; the judge lends his ear, and the fawning juniors flutter at his frown. Next him, with whiskers matching the colour of his wig, is one whose day is gone by, —whose well-stored bag has dwindled to a single brief, the winter of whose discontent is sharpened by the recollection of the prosperity he once knew. The rosy-gilled gentleman on his left is a country practitioner, who reaps a small harvest at assizes and sessions, without enduring the pangs of Westminster Hall, the turmoil of the circuit, or the confinement of inn-chambers. Another great leader follows on; sallow, solemn, and care-worn;—and then come a long file of juniors, with health ripening on each brow, until we come to the pink-and-white youth with the wig and gown of yesterday.

Some judges consider special jury cases peculiarly the property of the rich, consequently have no compunctions about letting them remain to the last, and Baron Botherem was of this opinion. Four mornings did Mr. Jorrocks fall into the rear of Mr. Marmaduke Muleygrubs' coach, each morning shewing the fading finery of the set out: the trumpeters' boots grew less bright, the harness lost its polish, Marmaduke's ruff began to droop, and

on the fourth morning the stiff-necked flunkies appeared in black cravats. Still, despite all the worthy high sheriff's assurances to Mr. Jorrocks, that he would *make* the judge take his cause out of order, Baron Botherem went pertinaciously through the list according to the order in which they had been set down. The fourth day was the last, and there were four special jury cases to be tried, *Doleful v. Jorrocks* being the third, and the briefs in those before it being of such a size as to make the trials appear well calculated to last for ever. The first, however, went off unexpectedly; and at half-past ten the cause immediately before that in which our worthy friend was to figure came on before a full special jury, with a string of witnesses that occupied the court till eight o'clock at night. It was a dull, uninteresting affair respecting the liability of an insurance office, and the verdict was heard with apparent indifference by a crowded court, all anxious for *Doleful v. Jorrocks* to be called on.

The jury-box was at length cleared, the judge supplied with fresh pens and a couple of green-shaded candles, mould-candles in black tin stands were scattered promiscuously about the bar-table, and the crier made proclamation for all special jurors in the action of *Doleful v. Jorrocks* to appear and answer to their names. This was a signal for a general commotion in the court;

jurors fought their ways out, while others fought their ways in; and a messenger having been despatched to the Criminal Court, the high sheriff entered in such a hurry that he tripped over his sword and blobbed headforemost into court at the back of the Baron, who was sadly discomposed by his awkwardness.

Order was at length restored, and five top-booted and five trousered esquires having answered to their names, two gentlemen in drabs and continuations (described in the pannel as merchants), fill up the jury, who, having taken the oath by threes to a book, settle themselves into their box, looking both solemn and wise. Mr. Jorrocks having the *entrée* plants himself behind the judge's chair, and Captain Doleful confronts him below, near the witness box.

Our old friend, the Hon. Mr. Lollington, having muttered something beginning with "My Lud" and ending with "issue," sits down, and Mr. Burley Bolster, a large pasty-faced gentleman, in silver-rimmed spectacles and a patent wig, presents his ample front to the jury. Clearing his voice, he leans with his thumb on the table and scrutinises the jury as he thus addresses them:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff in this case, as my learned friend has told you, in somewhat more technical than intelligible language, is Captain Miserrimus Doleful, a gentleman, not



only holding her Majesty's commission in the army, but also the important and highly honourable office of master of the ceremonies of Handley Cross Spa, a watering-place with which, I make no doubt, you are all more or less acquainted ; and my distinguished client comes into court this day to seek at your hands that reparation which one John Jorrocks refuses to afford him. Jorrocks, he understood, was manager of the Handley Cross foxhounds, a situation that enabled him to obtain all manner of information relative to horses ; and he regretted to see a man whose appearance was respectable so far losing sight of all honour and gratitude, as to avail himself of his superior knowledge to the injury of a friend, to whom he was under the greatest obligations, and who had fought and bled for his country.

“ Captain Doleful, as he said before, was an officer—one whose life had been devoted to the service of his country, and now, in these piping times of peace, he devoted his energies to the promotion of the happiness and hilarity of the public. Jorrocks, in another line, was also a servant of the public, and he could not but regret that services so dissimilar should have been unfortunately brought in collision by the misconduct of either party. He would not trouble the jury, at that late hour of the night, with a detailed account of the obligations Mr. Jorrocks was under to the plaintiff,

not only for obtaining him the mastership of the Handley Cross hounds, but also for introducing him to the *élite* of the aristocratic society frequenting the celebrated Spa ; but he would content himself by shewing how Jorrocks now sought to kick down the ladder by which he had risen to fame by injuring the man to whom he was under such onerous obligations." Mr. Burley Bolster shook his head, as though he felt it desperately, and referred to his brief. Doleful grinned with delight.

"Towards the close of last hunting season, gentlemen," continued Mr. Bolster, "the defendant, for reasons best known to himself, offered the whole of his stud for sale by public auction ; but, among other horses that were not sold, was one called Xerxes, which was afterwards purchased by my client by private contract of the defendant's servant, who, by the direction and consent of his master, warranted the horse sound, — *warranted the horse sound*, I say. It was a long and troublesome negotiation, carried on sometimes by letter with the principal, at other times by conversation with his servant, whom I shall call before you ; but, ultimately, a bargain was concluded, and the sum of twenty-five pounds paid to the defendant as the price and value of the horse.

"*Value*, did I say, gentlemen?" exclaimed Mr. Burley Bolster, suddenly checking himself ; "I

made use of an erroneous expression, for he was absolutely *valueless*; but the sum of twenty-five pounds was paid as the price of the animal. Well, gentlemen, the plaintiff immediately removed him to a most comfortable and commodious private stable, where he had every attention and accommodation that a horse can require—corn the soundest, hay the sweetest, water the purest, grooming the most elaborate and scientific, but, somehow or other, he throve not. My client's amiable and unsuspecting mind never allowing him to imagine that he had so long fostered a viper in his bosom (casting a contemptuous look at Mr. Jorrocks), went on, day by day, and for several days, in the hope that the change was merely occasioned by a difference of treatment or of food, and that the horse would speedily resume his wonted appearance; but, alas! 'hope,' as usual, 'told a flattering tale.' He went on, from bad to worse, and when at length the consuming fever had worked deeply into his constitution, my unsuspecting client, awaking from the trance of confidence in which he had been so long enthralled, wrote to the defendant, representing how matters stood; that individual, so far from expressing his regret at the inconvenience he had caused my client, and offering to take back the horse, actually treated the matter with levity, and added insult to injury, by laughing at the man he had so basely

defrauded. My client, then, has no alternative but presenting himself before a jury of his country, and I am happy to see that the defendant has empannelled a special one, at whose intelligent hands, I feel no manner of doubt, my client will receive that reparation which John Jorrocks so unjustly denies him.

“ Were it not for the appearance of the defendant in court, and the voluminous brief I see before my learned friend Mr. Chargem, I should have imagined that judgment would be suffered to go by default, as in the case of an undefended action ; and even now, gentlemen, I am at a loss to imagine what defence my learned friend’s ingenuity will enable him to offer ; for I submit, under the guidance of his lordship, that it is clear law, that where an article is asked for to answer a particular purpose, the seller impliedly warrants that it is fit for that purpose, so that, even should I fail in my proof of actual warranty, which, however, I do not anticipate, I shall still be entitled to your verdict on the general construction of the agreement ; for, had my client been in want of a coughing, consumptive horse, he would have asked this defendant, Jorrocks, if he had such an animal, instead of which, throughout the transaction, he goes on the principle of obtaining a useful, though not a handsome, horse.

“ And now, gentlemen, one word with respect

to a person of the name of Pigg, whom I shall presently call before you, though, perhaps, he will appear rather in the nature of a reluctant witness. This Pigg is huntsman and general stable manager to the defendant Jorrocks, and seems to be a convenient sort of person, on whom Jorrocks foists such jobs as he does not like to take upon himself, and Pigg will be placed in the witness-box to shew that he was the accredited servant of the defendant, from which a legal axiom arises, laid down by the great Lord Ellenborough himself, in the case of *Helyear v. Hawke* (Espinasse, page 72); that if a servant is sent with a horse by his master, and gives directions respecting his sale, that the servant thereby becomes the accredited agent of his master, and what he says respecting the horse is evidence.

“ And in another place his Lordship adds, ‘ I think the master having intrusted the servant to sell, he is intrusted to do all he can to effectuate the sale, and if he does exceed his authority, in so doing he binds his master.’ Now, gentlemen, I shall prove by a letter, in the hand-writing of the defendant, that Pigg was authorised by the defendant not only to receive the purchase-money, but also to warrant the horse; and having established that point, I shall proceed to prove, by competent witnesses, that the horse was labouring under a mortal disease at the time of the sale.

That done, I feel assured you will arrive at the only conclusion open to sensible men, and find a verdict for my client."

The letters as already given being admitted, were put in, and read amid much laughter, and Mr. Burley Bolster then desired the crier to call James Pigg.

"James Pigg! James Pigg! James Pigg!" sounded all around the building, and passed outside.

"Ar's here!" exclaimed a voice at the back of the witness-box, where he had been sleeping; and presently James Pigg made his appearance in front.

A solitary mould-candle placed on the crier's desk at the side shed a dim light over James's person, shewing the lustre of his eye and the care-worn character of his countenance. He was dressed in a dark coat, with a striped waistcoat, and white neckcloth, upon the tye of which was a large stain of tobacco-juice, which in the gloom of the court looked like a brooch.

"Now, Pigg!" said Mr. Bolster, in a familiar tone.

"Now, Wig!" responded James, in the same way.

"Mind what you are about, sir!" said Baron Botherem, with a frown.

"You are, I believe, huntsman to Mr. Jor-

rocks, the defendant in this action?" observed the learned counsel.

*Pigg.*—"Ar is."

"And you remember a horse he had called Xerxes?"

*Pigg.*—"Ar does."

"Now what became of that horse? Raise your voice and speak out, so that the gentlemen of the jury, many of whom are deaf, may hear you," pointing to the jury-box.

*Pigg.*—"HE DEE'D!" roared Pigg.

"He died!" repeated Mr. Bolster. "Ah, but before he died, whose hands did he pass into?"

*Pigg.*—"Ard Doleful's."

"Now then, Pigg, you seem an honest, intelligent sort of man," continued Mr. Bolster, smoothly, "try if you can recollect what passed between Captain Doleful and you as to that horse."

"A! ar ken nicely—'twas just twenty-five pund."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"No, that's not what I mean—I want to know what inducement you held out to Captain Doleful to buy him."

*Pigg.*—"Ar said nout."

"What does the witness say?" exclaimed Baron Botherem, who had been fidgeting about since Pigg appeared.

*Mr. Bolster*, very obsequiously,— "He says,

my lord, that there was nothing the matter with the horse."

"No, I beg pardon," interposes Mr. Chargem, "I understand him to mean that he said nothing to Captain Doleful."

"Precisely, what I say," rejoined Mr. Bolster; "Captain Doleful asked him what was the matter with the horse, and he said, 'nothing.'"

"The question, as I understand it," said Baron Botherem, "was, what inducement he held out to Captain Doleful to buy the horse? But what answer he gives, I cannot for the life of me make out."

*Mr. Chargem.*—"Precisely so, my lud. My learned friend asks what inducement the witness held out to plaintiff to buy the horse, and the witness in the language of the colliery country from whence he comes, replies, 'Ar said nout;' meaning, I did not say any thing. Perhaps your ludship would have the kindness to put the question."

"Witness—*Pigg!*—attend to me!" exclaimed his lordship. "Tell the gentlemen of the jury what you said in praise or commendation of the horse to induce Captain——What's his name, to buy him."

*Pigg.*—"Ar said *nout*—T'ard man was aye comin' to wor stable, and he axed me one day if hus had had meazles."



“ I can’t understand a *word* the witness says !” exclaimed the judge in despair.

*Mr. Bolster.*—“ He says, my lord, that the plaintiff inquired if the horse had had the measles — Now what did you say to that ?”

*Pigg.*—“ ‘ Measles !’ said I — ‘ aye hoopin’-cough tee !’ ”

“ Measles and hooping-cough too,” repeated Mr. Burley Bolster, with great gravity, to the convulsion of the jury.

Cross-examined by Mr. Chargem.

“ I suppose, Mr. Pigg, you are a pretty good judge of a horse ?”

*Pigg.*—“ Top judge.”

“ What sort of a judge is that ?” exclaimed Baron Botherem in despair.

“ My lud, he says he is a *good*, or *supreme*, judge.”

*Baron Botherem.*—“ Humph!—really we ought to have an interpreter. Well, now go on.”

*Mr. Chargem.*—“ Now, Mr. Pigg, will you have the kindness to tell the gentlemen of the jury, if, in the course of your experience, you ever knew a horse have the measles ?”

*Pigg.*—“ Niver !”

*Mr. Chargem.*—“ Or the hooping-cough ?”

*Pigg.*—“ Niver !”

*Mr. Chargem.*—“ So that, when you told Cap-

tain Doleful that this horse had had both, you meant to say that he had had neither?"

*Pigg.*—"The ard gouk was aye axin' me about the hus, whiles if he slept well, whiles if he had the lumbago, whiles if he liked eatin', and ar was tied to tell him summut."

*Mr. Chargem.*—"But what you said was merely loose, off-hand conversation, and not intended as an inducement to get him to buy?"

*Pigg.*—"Diel a bit! It was nout to me whether the ard sinner bought him or no, se lang as he held his gob, and didn't keep fashin' a' me about him."

"Oh, dear, this subterranean language puzzles me exceedingly!" exclaimed the judge, weary in mind and body; "I didn't catch *one* word of that sentence."

Mr. Chargem interprets,—“He did not care, my lud, whether Captain Doleful bought the horse or not, so long as he held his gob—which, I presume, means his tongue.”

Benjamin Brady was the next witness.

“Now, Mr. Brady,” said Mr. Burley Bolster, eyeing him through his spectacles; “you are, I believe, a servant with Mr. Jorrocks?”

“I'm first vip,” replied the boy, with great dignity.

*Mr. Bolster.*—"You remember the plaintiff in

this action, Captain Doleful, coming to your master's stable about a horse called Xerxes?"

*Ben.*—"Yes; he came werry often."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"Well, what did he say?"

*Ben.*—"The first time he came, he inquired most about the other 'osses, and only axed the pedigree of Xerxes."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"And what answer did Pigg give him?"

*Ben.*—"He gave him our usual pedigree—said he was by President, out of a Vaxy mare."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"Your master keeps but one pedigree, then?"

*Ben.*—"One for 'osses; he has another for 'ounds."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"Then all your horses are by President, out of Vaxy mares."

*Ben.*—"Yes, sir."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"Now you say the plaintiff came very often to your stable; can you tell the gentlemen of the jury how many times, on the whole, he might be there?"

*Ben.*—"Perhaps ten or a dozen times."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"Did he come alone?"

*Ben.*—"No; he always brought one or two chaps with him,—Miss Jelly came once."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"And what used they to say?"

*Ben.*—"Oh, they would look, first at one horse, then at another, and ax about them."

*Mr Bolster.*—" And Mr. Pigg, I suppose, was very glad to see them ?"

*Ben.*—" No, 'deed wasn't he ! He used to swear very hard."

*Mr. Bolster.*—" He's a heavy swearer, is he ?"

*Ben.*—" Uncommon !"

" Very improper," remarked the judge, with a shake of the wig.

*Mr. Bolster.*—" And what questions, in particular, did the plaintiff ask ?"

*Ben.*—" Oh, why, he used to ax if this horse was a good 'un, and that a good 'un ; and Pigg used to swear they were all good 'uns, there wern't no choice among 'em."

*Mr. Bolster.*—" Was that said of any horse in particular, or generally of the stud ?"

*Ben.*—" He said it of whatever horse the captain was axin' about."

*Mr. Bolster.*—" Can you remember the words he made use of ?"

*Ben.*—" ' Best horse goin', ' he used to say."

*Mr. Bolster.*—" Do you remember the captain inquiring if a horse called Xerxes had had the measles ?"

*Ben.*—" I can't say I do,—remember his axin' if he had been innoculating him."

*Mr. Bolster.*—" What made him ask that ?"

*Ben.*—" The horse had been bled, and there was the mark on his neck."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"Now do you remember the plaintiff coming to the stable for Xerxes?"

*Ben.*—"Yes."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"What did he say?"

*Ben.*—"That he had come for Xerxes."

*Mr. Bolster.*—"And what said Mr. Pigg?"

*Ben.*—"He axed for the brass—he could not let him go without."

"He asked for the what?" inquired the judge.

"My lord, witness says that Pigg asked for the brass, which is a corruption of the word money."

"Oh!" said the judge, who thought it was part of the bridle.

*Mr. Bolster.*—"Now, when Pigg asked Captain Doleful for the brass, what took place?"

*Ben.*—"The captain paid him five-and-twenty golden sovereigns, sayin', 'I s'pose he's all right;' and Pigg said, 'Sound wind and limb.'"

*Mr. Bolster*, repeating after the witness, eyeing the jury all the time, "And Pigg said, 'Sound wind and limb.' You give your evidence very creditably," observed *Mr. Bolster* to the boy.

"Yes, sir," said Benjamin.

Cross-examined.—"Is not on the best of terms with Mr. Pigg. Pigg has given him too much of what he calls 'cobblers'-wax oil'—thrashing with a strap. Was not in the stable when the

sale of the horse took place,—was in the loft, playing cards with Tom Turnbin, Mr. George Smith's helper, and Joe Haddock. Saw what took place through a hole in the floor. Is certain Pigg said sound wind and limb—heard him say it twice.”

John Scott is a helper and occasional groom.—“Remembers accompanying Captain Doleful to Mr. Jorrocks's stable, when he bought the horse.—James Pigg was there. The captain said, he had come for Xerxes. Pigg asked if he had brought the brass for him, as he could not let him go without. The captain produced twenty-five sovereigns. Pigg was very angry, swore that his master was an ard gouk, and had sold the best horse in the stable. The captain said, Mr. Jorrocks would soon pick up another. Pigg swore very much. The captain paid the money, saying, ‘I suppose he's all sound.’ Pigg swore he was sound wind and limb, and it would be lucky for the captain if he were half as sound. Witness then led the horse away. In going along he coughed.

Cross-examined.—“Witness has lived in several situations, but has been out of place for three years or so,—maybe for want of a character. Looks after six horses and two flies. Servants in place think two horses and one fly enough at a time.—Makes a great difference whether a

servant is in place or out as to the quantity of work he can do. Had a blow-up with James Pigg about the merits of their masters—that is to say, about Mr. Jorrocks and Captain Doleful. Pigg complained that the captain had not given him a glass of any thing when he bought the horse. Witness told him, perhaps the captain didn't know the custom. Pigg swore it was all his eye, and that he was a nasty, mangy beggar. Witness replied, that the captain was as good a man as his master, and that he, witness, wouldn't stay in a place to be abused as he understood Mr. Jorrocks abused his servants. Pigg said, he'd rather be d—d by his master than dine with mine. Then he said, he wouldn't borrow half-a-crown to get drunk with mine, and a great deal more vulgarity of that sort.

“ Will swear positively that the horse coughed on his way from Mr. Jorrocks's stable to Captain Doleful's. When he got him to the latter place, Captain Doleful borrowed a saddle and bridle, and rode the horse to Bumpmead. Had him in harness the same evening to take him to a tea-party. The night might be wet, but witness does not remember. Does not know how long he waited for the captain,—might be half-an-hour,—might be an hour,—does not think it was two hours. The captain rode the horse to Deepdene Park the next day,—fifteen miles, and back.

Had him in the fly again at night. There was a party at Miss Fribble's, and the captain conveyed all the young ladies from Miss Birch's seminary, there and back, by ten at a time."

Mr. Horsdog, veterinary surgeon.—"Has been in practice three years. Remembers being sent for to attend a horse that Captain Doleful had bought of Mr. Jorrocks. Found him labouring under idiopathic fever in its most malignant form, which soon turned to inflammation of the lungs. Did what he could for him, but without avail. The horse had then been some time in Captain Doleful's possession, but from the appearance he presented on his being first called in, witness has little doubt but he had the seeds of the disease upon him at the time he was sold."

Cross-examined.—"Is not a member of the Royal Veterinary College,—is a self-dubbed doctor. Found the horse in a stable along with a monkey and bear belonging to a travelling showman. The stable was cold, perhaps damp, and witness will not say that the horse might not have caught cold by his removal from a warm to a cold stable. Horses soon catch cold, inflammation quickly follows, and death soon comes after. Is certain the horse is dead,—knows it, because he skinned him." This was the plaintiff's case.

Mr. Burley Bolster having resumed his seat with great self-complacency, Mr. Chargem gave



the front of his wig a pull, and his gown a hitch at the right shoulder, and turned to the "specials."

"May it please your Ludship,—Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I hardly know whether I am justified in trespassing upon your valuable time, particularly at this late period of the night, by rebutting a charge so feebly sustained as the case my learned friend, Mr. Burly Bolster, has laid—has presented to your notice. I hardly know whether I should not be best discharging my duty to my client, by closing my brief, and submitting to your verdict, which I am satisfied will be for the defendant, instead of exposing those fallacies that carry a too palpable conviction along with them. But, gentlemen, lest by any chance it might be inferred that I have not the satisfactory evidence invariably required by a British jury, I will hazard a brief trespass on your time while I glance at the evidence now before you, and call a few witnesses in disproof of the statements of my learned friend.

"The case, gentlemen, I take to be simply this. Captain Doleful, no great conjuror in horse-flesh, treats for a horse in Mr. Jorrocks' stud. There is a good deal of haggling, as you have seen, about the transaction, Captain Doleful offering Mr. Jorrocks less than he asks, and Mr. Jorrocks, on the other hand, insisting on his price.

And here let me draw your attention to the fact, that, throughout the transaction, the plaintiff is the anxious party. Mr. Jorrocks holds out no temptation to get him to buy ; on the contrary, he admits the horse is not first-rate ; but, speaking of him in the language of friendship, Mr. Jorrocks says he is calculated for much useful exertion in the minor fields of horse enterprise, which, I suppose, is a figurative mode of saying, that if he is not fit for a hunter, he will make what the defendant would call a werry good ‘chay-’oss’ (laughter). And again, when the plaintiff hesitates about the price, does my client evince any anxiety to get him to give it? Surely not! So far from that, he says, in one of the letters you have heard read, that if the plaintiff does not like to give the twenty-five pounds, he is to ‘say no more about it:’ and again, when the plaintiff bothers him to take fifteen pounds, and give a receipt for twenty-five, he scouts the idea, and desires ‘the plaintiff will make up his mind one way or other, as he hates haggling.’ Does all this, I ask you, bespeak the man anxious to foist a bad horse off upon a friend, or a man anxious to get rid of a horse at all? I need not tell you who the defendant in this action is. Despite my learned friend’s sneering ignorance, and talking of him in the disrespectful way he did as this Jorrocks and that Jorrocks, he could not conceal

from himself,——still less from you, gentlemen of the jury, that he was keenly alive to the celebrity and importance of my most distinguished client,—a gentleman whose name precludes the idea of his being mistaken for any other, and who, in every relation of life, has worn the broad stamp of probity and honour!”

“Keep the tamborine a rowlin’!” exclaimed James Pigg, causing a roar of laughter throughout the court, and procuring James the promise of a commitment from his lordship.

“And now, gentlemen,” resumed Mr. Chargem, as order was restored, “we come to the gist of the action, as regards the plaintiff. Captain Doleful says he will take the horse, ‘provided, of course, he is all right, *etcetera*.’ That *etcetera*, gentlemen, was once described by Lord Mansfield as the largest word in the English language, and assuredly the plaintiff is of the same opinion, for he intends to make it cover a most comprehensive range over an unlimited period. That *etcetera* is to guarantee the horse from all illness and infirmity, not only at the time he was sold, but for ever after, under whatever treatment he may be subjected, or to whatever vicissitudes exposed. It is to guarantee his safe career over Bumpmead Heath by day, his health in harness at night, and his convalescence in that comfortable abode which he enjoyed in common with the monkey and bear

belonging to a travelling showman (laughter). All this is meant to be covered by this little *et-cetera* !

“ My learned friend, well knowing his weak point, anticipated the failure of his evidence of warranty, and bespoke your verdict on the supposed terms of the agreement ; but I also submit, under the guidance of his lordship, that, in an action on a breach of warranty, distinct and positive evidence of an undoubted warranty must be given to entitle a plaintiff to recover, and no constructive evidence will supply the place of clear and distinct warranty. I grant, that if the plaintiff had wanted a diseased horse, he would probably have asked for one ; but, then, you must also take this along with you, that if he had applied to my client for a horse that would stand all the racking that this poor beast was exposed to, he would have said that nothing but an iron horse would stand such work, and have recommended him to an engine-builder. So that, even supposing my learned friend had made out a case of distinct warranty, still I would submit that the plaintiff's treatment of the animal was not such as a prudent man would adopt, and that so far from the result being matter of surprise, it would have been much more singular if it had not happened. My learned friend places Mr. Pigg, the huntsman, in the witness-box to prove his warranty, with

from himself, —  
the jury, that is —  
and important —  
a gentleman —  
being mistaken —  
relation of the —  
hity and home?

“Keep between  
James Pigg —  
out the —  
of a —

ess I need hardly say. I think his evi-  
at as much against the plaintiff as for  
ext, we have the boy whipper-in, who  
come in for a share of the whip himself,  
ks to a conversation he overheard while  
ards in the hay-loft; and you are expected  
e that this boy could distinguish which  
Mr. Pigg was praising, when, upon his  
amination, he admits that Pigg was in the  
praising them all.—‘Best horse going!’  
at to say of them all.

“And after  
as order —  
the —  
Dol —  
cous, —  
gentle —  
as the —  
and —  
being —  
hundred —  
to —  
by —  
of hay —  
the horse —  
think it —  
witnesses —  
were none —  
and say —

After the boy Brady comes one of those ques-  
die creatures,—a servant out of place, who  
only witness that at all goes to the second  
—supposing the warranty to be proved—of  
horse being unsound at the time he was sold.  
what does he say? Why, that the horse  
gned on his way from Mr. Jorrocks’ stable to  
of the travelling showman. Such evidence,  
will have no weight with you, gentlemen.  
hundred things might make him cough. Per-  
the occasional groom had been trying his  
nd by the usual pinching of the windpipe, or a  
of hay might have lodged in his throat; but if  
the horse had such a violent cold upon him, do  
think it could have escaped all the lynx-eyed  
witnesses the plaintiff had to inspect him? Is  
were none of all that numerous host to come for-  
and say that the horse was unsound at the

time he was sold? None but this gentleman, who, it seems, Mr. Pigg would prefer being damned to dining with (laughter).

“ Such evidence is not worth rebutting. It would be an insult to your understandings to suppose so. Mr. Horsdog alone requires contradiction. He has been in practice for the long period of three years, and says, from the appearance of the horse, he has little doubt but he had the seeds of the disease upon him when sold. To rebut that, I propose placing another veterinary surgeon in the witness-box ; and although by so doing I shall entitle my friend to a reply, yet I feel his case is so hopelessly weak that I shall not injure my client's cause by throwing him the chance, confident as I am of obtaining your verdict.”

Mr. Castley, a veterinary surgeon of ten years' standing, deposed that he made a *post-mortem* examination of the horse. The lungs presented one confused and disorganised mass of blackness. The appearance would lead the inexperienced to imagine that long inflammation had gradually broken down the substance of the lungs. Proves no disease of long standing, but inflammation, intense in its nature, which had speedily run its course. The horse died from suffocation, every portion of the lungs being choked up with this black blood, which had broken into and filled all

the air-cells, by means of which it should have been purified.

Two other witnesses spoke to the healthy appearance of the horse at the time he was sold.

John Brown was the next witness. He deposed that he was pad-groom to Mr. Barnington, a Cheshire gentleman of large fortune, who kept a good stud of hunters at Handley Cross. Was well acquainted with James Pigg and with all Mr. Jorrocks' horses. Their stables adjoin. Was at the exercise on the morning of the sale with James Pigg, who rode Xerxes and led Ginnums. Never heard the horse cough all the time. Was out two hours. Would have been sure to have noticed it if he had coughed. Grooms are always on the look-out for coughs.

Joseph Haddock, a lad of fourteen, being sworn, deposed that his mother was a washerwoman, and he turned the mangle and sought the dirty clothes in a donkey-cart. Is well acquainted with Mr. Benjamin Brady the whipper-in. Was playing cards with him in the hay-loft on the morning of the sale. Mr. Brady lost one and ninepence, and was very angry. The game was blind hooky, and Mr. Brady played without intermission till one o'clock. Is quite certain Mr. Brady never stopped playing to see what was going on below or to listen. Brady is a desperate gambler. Will play at any thing, or swear to any thing.

*Cross-examined.*—Witness remembers the day, because Mr. Brady had not paid him. Believes Mr. Brady had the money, but insinuated that witness had cheated; quarrelled in consequence. Had been very intimate before. Mr. Brady used to let him ride his led horse when Mr. Pigg was not at exercise. Used to gallop and race along the road. Owes Mr. Brady money on the balance of their racing account. The largest stake they ever run for was five shillings, four miles along the Appledove Road. Mr. Brady on Xerxes and witness on Arterxerxes. Mr. Brady won, but witness afterwards heard that he had given Arterxerxes a pail of water before starting, and he refused to pay. Had tossed for choice of horses the night before the race. The case is referred to the editor of “Bell’s Life,” who has not yet given his decision. Expects it in the notice to correspondents. Been before the editor since the spring. Should say that Mr. Brady is what they call a “sharp hand”—not altogether the gentleman.

Mr. Burly Bolster briefly replied, during which Baron Botherem went through his notes, preparatory to charging the jury. He began, immediately Mr. Bolster sat down, as follows:—

“Gentlemen of the jury,” said he, “this action, as you have heard, is brought by Captain Doleful against Captain Jorrocks, both of them filling public offices at Handley Cross Spa, one being



master of the ceremonies, the other master of the hounds; and it cannot but be regretted, that gentlemen in such conspicuous positions should be unable to arrange their difficulties without the intervention of a court and jury; but, however, as they come here, we must endeavour to do justice between them. The action is brought to recover the price of a horse, and the points you will have to consider will be, first, whether there was any warranty at all or not, and if you think there was a warranty, then you must consider to what extent it went.

“The evidence is very conflicting, one witness swearing point blank the reverse of what another one says.

“First, you have James Pigg, the huntsman, who informs us, in his subterranean language—if, indeed, it can be called a language—that he said ‘nout,’ which, I suppose, is meant to imply that he did not warrant the horse; the word ‘nout’ being, I presume, of comprehensive meaning in the coal country from which he comes.

“Then you have Mr. Benjamin Brady—the whipper-in, I think he is called—who says, ‘I was lying in the hay-loft, and heard a conversation between Pigg and the plaintiff, when Pigg distinctly stated, two several times, that the horse was sound wind and limb. Then, on his cross-examination, he admits that the plaintiff was in

the habit of coming into the stable, and asking all sorts of questions, and that Pigg was in the habit of giving the same character to every horse; so that, you see, he might be talking about any of the others, for any thing Brady knows to the contrary. All this is very perplexing, to say nothing of the flat contradiction given by the last witness, Mr. Joseph Haddock, to the material point of Mr. Brady's evidence. I may be wrong, but they appear to me to be what would be called a couple of scamps.

“ Indeed, the only undisputed point seems the death of the horse. One veterinary surgeon says that he has no doubt he had the seeds of disease upon him at the time he was sold; and the other, that the symptoms he saw on the *post-mortem* examination prove nothing of the sort. The plaintiff's occasional groom swears the horse coughed on his way from the stable on delivery. Counsel for the defendant cross-examined him as to his present servitude; but I do not think any thing was elicited that should throw discredit on this witness's testimony. To contradict him, then, I should observe, you have John Brown, who says,—‘ I am *bad* groom to Mr. Jones.’ It seems an odd character for a man to give himself, but I suppose we must take his word for it.”

A titter ran through the court, which the judge, attributing to his wit, proceeded.

“ This witness says he was at exercise on the morning of the day of sale with Captain Pigg, and the horse never coughed : ‘ I should have been sure to have noticed it if he had,’ he adds. So there again, you see, the evidence is at direct variance.

“ Altogether, it is a most perplexing case, and one that we, who have passed our lives in courts of law, are but ill calculated to unravel. I would rather try ten insurance cases than one horse cause. All I can do is to put the points that you will have to decide, and leave you to judge of the worth of the evidence. The points are, whether or not there was a warranty, and, assuming you find there was a warranty, then you must consider whether the horse had the seeds of disease upon him when sold, or acquired them after he passed into the plaintiff’s possession. On the other hand, if you are of opinion there was no warranty, then the second point will not arise, and your verdict will be for the defendant.

“ In the event of your finding for the plaintiff, the measure of damages will be the price paid for the horse ; and —— I think, gentlemen, that is all the assistance I can give you.” Saying which, Baron Botherem bowed.

The jury immediately seize their hats and coats, and, while the usher is swearing the bailiff to keep them in some safe place, without meat, drink, or

fire—candle-light only excepted—till they agree upon their verdict, they betake themselves from the heated atmosphere of a suffocating court, to the chilly, vault-like dampness of the retiring-room ; a rough deal-table, with a bench on each side, is all the accommodation that greets them, while a single candle, shewing the massive gratings of a lofty window, and the dull clank of the lock, as the bailiff turns the key upon them, reminds them of the importance of an early agreement of their verdict. Twelve strangers are thus left to make each others' acquaintance by arriving at the same conclusion.

\* \* \* \*

“ Well,” said Mr. Strong, throwing himself on the table below the window, “ I suppose we shall have no difficulty about this case. We must find for the plaintiff, of course.”

Mr. Strong was one of the three gentlemen described in the pannel as merchants, and was under obligations to Captain Doleful for getting partners for his plain daughters.

“ I don't know that,” replied Mr. Heartley, one of the top-booted gentry ; “ I am neither satisfied that there was a warranty, nor yet that the horse was unwell when he left Mr. Jorrocks' stable.”

“ That's my view of the case, too !” exclaimed half-a-dozen voices, glad to follow a leader.

“ Nay, then,” exclaimed Mr. Strong, “ I think

it seems clear, by the evidence, that Pigg warranted the horse; and, that being the case, the law says, the owner is bound by the representation of his servant."

"I think so too," observed another.

"The evidence on that point is very unsatisfactory," exclaimed two or three.

"I'm afraid we can't make it any better," replied Mr. Strong.

"If there was no warranty, there can be no damages; perhaps we had better divide on that point first. Those gentlemen who are of opinion that Mr. Jorrocks warranted his horse will have the kindness to hold up their hands."

Mr. Strong then took the candle, and waving it round the gloomy room, found he had three in his favour. That was not very encouraging, but he had been in a worse situation and carried his point after all, so he deliberately set down the candle, and pulled a book out of his pocket.

That looked ominous.

The conversation was then taken up promiscuously, the jurymen huddling in groups, with their hats on, talking to keep themselves warm.

"Perhaps we had better have some more candles," observed Mr. Strong, looking off his book; "I suppose we arn't stinted as to them."

"I should hope we won't want them," observed

a shivering youth, who had left his hat in the jury-box.

“Don’t know that,” responded Mr. Strong, pulling a night-cap out of his pocket.

Again they huddle into groups, or walk hurriedly about, stamping, and clapping their arms.

After some half-hour consumed in this way, a knock at the heavy door arrests their attention, and the bailiff announces that the judge desires to know if they are likely to agree on their verdict.

“Yes!” — “No!” — “Yes!” respond half-a-dozen voices, which, the bailiff understanding, informs his lordship that they are not ; so, arranging that the verdict shall be taken by the officer of the court, his lordship awakes the dozing under-sheriff, who rouses the drowsy trumpeters, and as the Town Hall clock chimes twelve, his lordship arrives at his lodgings.

The dying notes of the shrill trumpets fall with clear and melancholy cadence on the ears of the pent-up jurymen, and again the most tractable attempt an accommodation. Mr. Strong only replies by winding up his repeater, and striking the hour.

“It’s as cheap sitting as standing,” observes one of the jurymen, taking his place at the table, an example followed by the rest, to the ejection

of Mr. Strong from the end, and the whole party sit down as if to a meal.

They now begin the case anew, going through the evidence with an accuracy considerably promoted by hunger. One o'clock strikes—two—three—and yet they are as far from agreeing as ever. Day begins to dawn, and at length finds its way even through the iron bars of the dingy prison window.

The jury eye each other like coach passengers who have got in during the night, and Mr. Strong puts out the candle.

Mr. Heartley has a pocket-full of horse-beans, which he begins eating, offering them liberally to his friends, with the assurance that he has enough for a week. Mr. Strong produces a cold tongue, which is in more demand, and he gets little himself. Cold and hunger tell upon his supporters, and at four o'clock he stands alone.

At half-past he gives in.

The joyous jury almost break the door in awakening the sleeping sentinel, and they rush into court to deliver their verdict.

How changed the scene! The heated hall is cleared—Mr. Jorrocks sleeps in the judge's chair, his wig is awry—James Pigg and the crier are nodding, back to back, in the witness-box—Benjamin is curled up on the bar-table—and the attorneys and their clerks are huddled together at

opposite corners. A crier is found in the bottom of the reporter's box—and the officer left to take the verdict, being summoned from his coffee in the gaoler's house, hurries in with Captain Doleful, and hears a verdict for the defendant.

The crier dissolves the court, and James Pigg, frantic with delight, proclaims that he'll be *the death of a sovereign!*



## CHAPTER VIII.

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*“Multum in parvo.”*

THE verdict sank deep into the heart of Captain Doleful.

He returned to Handley Cross long before people were stirring; but Miss Jelly's watchful eye “traced the day's disaster in his morning face.” Taking to his bed, the captain obstinately remained there for two whole days, impervious to the calls of friends and foes. The verdict was one of the severest blows that had befallen him in a somewhat eventful life. The price of the horse was nothing compared to the long lawyers' bills that were sure to follow,—two or three hundred pounds, perhaps. Dreadful!

Consolation, however, came on the third day, and an important change commenced in the fortunes of our captain. Sitting in moody stupor, with a last week's “Paul Pry” in his hands, Miss

Jelly's little girl presented herself before him with a deep black-edged letter, bearing the Clifton post-mark. The captain started at the sight, for though almost alone in the world, the sign of mourning shook his shattered nerves.

He broke the seal with nervous hand, and read as follows :

“ Sir,—We have the honour to acquaint you, that your good friend, and our excellent client, Miss Louisa Crabstick, is no more ;—she expired this morning at half-past six, without pain or struggle. As her confidential advisers, we are in a situation to acquaint you, that a few days since she executed a will in your favour, and it is highly important that you should forthwith repair to the spot, and take upon yourself the direction of affairs. Her property is considerable, and we believe there is a large sum of money and valuables in the house, all of which should be looked to without delay. In making this melancholy announcement, we beg to offer our congratulations on your justly merited good fortune, and to add, that any instructions you may honour us with will be carefully attended to. We have the honour to subscribe ourselves, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servants,

“ PIKE, LAMB, AND LAMBRO,

“ *Shark Street, Bristol.*”

What a state of excitement Captain Doleful was thrown into on reading this! A new world seemed opening before him, and he felt himself hurrying away from the cares, the contentions, and the disappointments of the old one. For once a lawyer's letter conveyed a charm. For some moments he was perfectly childish. He looked at the letter, then he looked at himself; then came the recollection of former days, with a slight twinge of regret that one, to whom he had poured forth his whole soul in mercenary adoration, should now be no more. That was quickly followed by wonderment at getting the money, and a hasty speculation as to the amount. His head was in a complete whirl, and he ordered and ate half-a-dozen calves'-foot jellies with apparent unconsciousness.

That evening saw him off to Clifton *via* London, and surprise at the unexampled extravagance of his conduct having tempted Miss Jelly to cast a hasty glance at the letter as it lay on the table during the captain's absence, sorting his clothes, the confectioner's shop spread the news like wildfire, and half-a-dozen candidates for the office of M. C. sprung up before the captain was well out of the town.

Captain Doleful's acquaintance with Miss Crabstick was one of those intimacies that frequently arise where people are thrown together

in watering-place idleness, and though considerably older than himself, he had no hesitation in making the excess of money balance the excess of years. Miss Crabstick, however, conscious of her wealth, and not despairing of her charms, determined upon trying another season or two, elsewhere, before yielding to the captain's solicitations. That season or two had been protracted into eight or ten, and the captain had almost ceased to think of her. Brighton, Cheltenham, Hastings, and Clifton, had all been tried since first they met at Willoughby Baths, and still Miss Crabstick thought a season at the German Spas would supply the *quid pro quo*, or "equivalent," that she deemed essential to conubial happiness. She died.—Her wealth was great, — more than people imagined, and the captain, with the assistance of Pike, Lamb, and Lambro, soon discovered he might swear the property under twelve thousand pounds, without defrauding himself.

He was now a great man. The M. C. card-plate was thrown aside, and a flourishing new one struck, on which Captain Doleful alone appeared, in the midst of a broad and melancholy-looking black border. The captain was well up in the world. His own wealth, added to Miss Crabstick's, made a man of him.

Poor Miss Jelly's lodgings were deserted, and

he returned to Handley Cross to occupy the best suite of apartments at the Dragon Hotel. He entered the town in a post-chaise-and-four at the hour he knew all the world would be astir, and with a nondescript-looking servant in a black dress-coat and waistcoat, with black velvet breeches, and top-boots, jolting on the splinter-bar, drew up at the Dragon in the most dignified manner. In the carriage he had the dear deceased's baboon, three Angola cats, a parroquet, and a silver squirrel, all especially provided for by will, and charged with his attention, on forfeiture of a certain sum.

Great was the change in the manner of the people. Instead of the captain running about the town leaving cards on new-comers, and refreshing the minds of the old ones with his name, notes, cards, and invitations, poured in apace, and he sat in his rooms considering whom he should honour, and whom he should not. His wealth was magnified into treble its amount, and the old ladies were astonished that so attractive a young man should so long have remained single—"Not that they wished for any thing of the sort now," looking at their daughters, "but before he got all the money, they would have liked it well enough;" just as disinterested old women generally talk, though they know that nobody believes them.

CHAPTER IX.

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" O let me not be mad, sweet heaven !

Keep me in temper ; I would not be mad !"

SHAKESPEARE.

THE monotony of Mr. Jorrocks' summer life seemed likely to be more than compensated by the busy incidents of the autumn.

Scarce were the rejoicings for his victory over Doleful finished at Handley Cross and in London, ere our worthy friend found himself involved in a more delicate and difficult dilemma than ever he had yet known. The report of the action about the horse having done good service to the London papers in the dulness of autumnal news, Mr. Jorrocks' conduct and career had been greatly canvassed by cautious citizens, and among others by his next of kin, with whom our worthy friend had long been on indifferent terms, or rather no terms at all.

To the uninitiated, the idea of keeping a pack of hounds is looked upon as the surest proofs of

riches or ruin; an opinion that is periodically confirmed by the papers, in announcements of the great expense certain establishments are kept up at, which is taken as data to estimate all others by.—Lord Suffield gave three thousand guineas for a pack of hounds, and we read of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire being hunted at an expense of four or five thousand a-year.

Mr. Delme Radcliffe, in his work upon hunting, called the “ Noble Science,” tells the world, that in Hertfordshire, from two hundred and seventy to three hundred pounds a-year is paid for the mere *finding* of foxes, in fees to gamekeepers who would otherwise destroy them as vermin.

The expense of Mr. Jorrocks’ hounds was estimated in a like ratio.

Without impeaching the motives of the parties, or indeed alluding to them in more than a general way, we may briefly state, that our worthy friend’s jollities or eccentricities at length earned for him a commission of lunacy.

After the necessary preliminaries, the Commission was opened in the long room of the Gray’s Inn Coffee-house in Holborn, where the following highly respectable jury were sworn to inquire into the merits of the allegation :

Mark Stimpson, Starch-manufacturer, Pimlico,

John Brown, Greengrocer, High Street, Borough,

Henry Hobbs, Feather and Court Head Dress Maker, Hatton Garden,

Richard Jones, Dustman, Edgware Road,

John Lotherington, Shoemaker, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square,

Thomas Coxon, Poulterer, Hadlow Street, Burton Crescent,

William Smith, Islington, Toy-shop-keeper,

James Rounding, Minories, Cheesemonger,

Albert Dunn, Sweeting's Rents, Newsman,

John Cook, Pentonville, Milkman and Cow-keeper,

George Price, Long Acre, Gin-shop-keeper and Distiller,

John Shaw, Covent Garden, Fruiterer,

Thomas Boggon, Whitechapel, Nightman.

The Commission having been read, Mr. Mark Stimpson was elected foreman of the jury.

Mr. Martin Moonface, the celebrated Chancery lawyer, and Mr. Percy Snobb, appeared as counsel for the inquiry ; Sergeant Horsefield and Mr. Coltman, as counsel for Mr. Jorrocks. Mr. Jorrocks appeared in court, taking his seat beside the learned sergeant, with two papers of Garraway's sandwiches before him, one labelled " beef," the other labelled " ham."



The long room was crowded to excess, the greatest possible interest and sympathy being manifested by the numerous auditors who thronged every part of the house where hearing room could be obtained. An immense number of persons arrived from Handley Cross, and the revenue of the Lily-white Sand Railway was considerably augmented in consequence. The usual preliminaries having been observed, and silence obtained, Mr. Percy Snobb briefly opened the proceedings, during which process Mr. Martin Moonface kept inflating his cheeks, preparatory to his own "let-off." Mr. Snobb having finished and sunk into his seat, and a proper time having elapsed, Mr. Martin Moonface rose with great solemnity, and addressed himself, promiscuously as it were, in a very deep and sonorous voice, thus:—

"I do not know that I can call to my recollection," said he, "ever rising to address twelve honest Englishmen with such mingled feelings of gratification and regret as I experience at the present moment." Here he paused, and ran his eyes along the jurymen to catch a soft one, to whom he could more particularly address himself.

Having selected Mr. Rounding, the cheesemonger, whose ample bald head and staring blue eyes gave sufficient evidence of vacancy, he proceeded:—"Gratification that I should have the advan-

tage of so intelligent — so enlightened — so conscientious a jury, to weigh with poiseless balance the niceties, the delicacies, the subtleties, the intricacies, of this complicated case ; and regret — deep and poignant regret — that such a step as the present should be found necessary against so meritorious and amiable an individual as the unfortunate gentleman against whom I now appear.” Here Mr. Martin Moonface heaved a heavy sigh, and looked at the back of his brief, on which was marked “ 50 guineas ” — “ Believe me when I say, that nothing but that high sustaining power, the moral consciousness of doing right, could induce me to undertake so thankless — so ungracious, a task. No feeling of personal ambition, no consideration of worldly aggrandisement, could tempt *me*—I may say (and the learned gentleman said it with the most dignified emphasis) could tempt any member of the honourable profession to which it is my pride and glory to belong, to enter upon a case where his own honest, conscientious opinions did not convince him of the propriety — I may say, the *necessity* of the step.” Mr. Moonface then unfolded his brief, and proceeded to pick out the first passage marked with a score in the margin.

“ Gentlemen,” said he, “ my learned friend, Mr. Snobb, has stated to you the nature of the business that has called us together this day, and

in doing so, he properly confined himself to the simple outline usually confided to young gentlemen entering the profession, leaving to me the duty of substantiating the case and filling up the narrative in detail. The name of the gentleman whose state of mind you are this day called upon to consider, as my learned friend has already told you, is Jorrocks. It is a singular name, and sensible people will think, that the owner of such a one might rest satisfied with the distinction the cognomen would procure, without having recourse to any extravagances or eccentricities to increase it. But I anticipate. Mr. Jorrocks, gentlemen, is a grocer, carrying on business as the head of the firm of 'Jorrocks and Co.,' in St. Botolph's Lane, in the City of London; and, in his commercial relations, I am free to admit, that his character and conduct is not only irreproachable, but exemplary in the highest degree. Still, as is generally found to be the case in these inquiries, the blameless tenor of his grocer's life is mixed up with a strong undercurrent of eccentricity, which has long been observable; and as the murmuring rill, strengthened by tributary streams, rolls on with growing strength until its force attracts the notice of the world, and calls for measures to restrain the torrent of its impetuosity, so Mr. Jorrocks' oddity has gone on increasing until the present inquiry has become

absolutely and indispensably necessary. And let me here observe, gentlemen of the jury, that the more futile and absurd the chimera, that obtains possession of a man's mind, the stronger and more forcible is the argument in favour of the restraining measure; for, assuredly, the farther an unhappy infatuation removes a man from the occupation of trade and the pursuits of a rational being, the stronger and more urgent is the necessity for supplying, through the medium of a next of kin, the deficiency that calamity has occasioned.

“ I may at once admit that the delusion under which the unfortunate gentleman labours, is one of great novelty, and one that I have experienced very considerable difficulty in making myself sufficiently acquainted with to enable me to describe it to you. You, gentlemen, if I mistake not, are tradesmen, living in the heart of this great metropolis, and, like myself, have passed your lives in honest, industrious callings, in perfect ignorance of the way that men remote from towns contrive to waste that time which to us is so valuable and productive. You will hardly credit me, I dare say, but I speak under the correction of my learned friends on the other side, who will put me right if I err in the detail—you will hardly credit me, I say, when I tell you, that in some counties of England

large assemblies of dogs are annually made, sometimes as many I am told as fifty or sixty dogs —— ”

“ ‘*Ounds, you fool!*’ ” roared Mr. Jorrocks, from the opposite side of the table, indignant at the unsportsmanlike appellation.

“ Gentlemen!” exclaimed Mr. Martin Moonface in astonishment, “ I call your attention to the unfortunate gentleman. I think his conduct might warrant the closure of the business, even at this early stage of the proceedings, but if you, gentlemen, are not so fully satisfied in your minds of the situation that he is in as to render the further prosecution of the case needless, I must call on the Commissioners, in the exercise of the power with which they are invested, to afford me the protection and freedom from interruption to which I am entitled in the discharge of this most painful and difficult duty.” [Mutual shakes of the head and nods having passed between the gentlemen at the end of the table, and Mr. Moonface and Sergeant Horsefield having remonstrated in an under tone with his client, Mr. Moonface smoothed down his feathers and harked back to the point at which he was interrupted.]

“ I was observing, gentlemen of the jury,” said he, again eyeing the cheesemonger, “ that in some parts of the country annual hunts take place, for which large gatherings of dogs are

made, and assemblies of people are to be found. How long this custom has prevailed, is immaterial to the present inquiry, but I believe I am instructed to say, that so far back as the year 1812 Mr. Jorrocks took an active—I may say, a prominent part, in the festivals—for such, I believe, is their character, that have been held in the county of Surrey.

“ I should further inform you, in relation to these fêtes, or festivals, that a master or manager of the revels is annually chosen by ballot or otherwise, and the person so elected has the absolute government of the dogs and their doings during the period of his elevation. Accompanying Mr. Jorrocks onward then from his prominent though subordinate situation in the county of Surrey, we at length find him—I think it was in the course of last winter—elected the premier of a festival (here Serjeant Horsefield intimated in a whisper that the technical term was hunt)—I thank my learned friend,” continued Mr. Moonface,—“ hunt is the term—elected the premier of a hunt, called the Handley Cross Hunt, and it is, gentlemen, his doings in that capacity that you are more particularly called upon to examine, to form an opinion of the soundness or unsoundness of his understanding.

“ I do not know that I am in a situation, nor is it perhaps material to the present inquiry, to

explain the nature of the duties connected with the office of a hunt-master ; but it must be apparent to you all, that if a person accepts a situation so totally dissimilar to his usual avocations, considerable detriment must arise to his private affairs ; and, perhaps, it is not possible to imagine two things more unlike than the calm, reflective genius of a grocer's business, and the noisy, boisterous, clamorous—*riotous*, I may say, accompaniment of a hunt management. Not only are the two occupations totally incompatible, but their natural consequences are utterly dissimilar ; for one is the honest course of sober industry, pointing, with cheering hand, to that brightest, noblest summit of all mercantile ambition, the possession of the lord-mayor's gilded coach and six, with glittering trumpeters and men in armour, while the other points downwards upon unhallowed scenes of riot and confusion, days made horrible with yelling, and nights spent amid the wildest, the most unprofitable debauchery.

“ Thus, gentlemen of the jury, arises the cause of the present inquiry. The promoters of it say that Mr. Jorrocks is neglecting his business, and dissipating his means in mad and unnatural pursuits ; while the law says, and wisely does it say it, that a man is not to be permitted to waste his substance in idle, wild, and unprofitable speculations ; and when acts are committed which mili-

tate against good sense, it becomes the duty of those who are interested in the preservation of a family to call twelve honest, enlightened, conscientious men together to consider the acts that have been committed, and to ask of themselves whether they are the acts of a man blessed with sound discretion, or the acts of one who, though shrewd and intelligent in many respects, is yet visited with some unfortunate weakness that tends to nullify and destroy all the other faculties of which he may be in possession.

“ Now, gentlemen, it becomes my duty to explain that there are two sorts of idiots; one the natural-born fool, that hath no understanding from his nativity, and therefore is by law presumed never likely to attain any; and the other a lunatic, or one *non compos mentis*, who hath understanding, but who, from disease, grief, brandy-and-water, or other accident, hath lost the use of his reason. That great man and commentator, Judge Blackstone, says, ‘ A lunatic is one who hath lucid intervals; sometimes enjoying his senses, and sometimes not, and that frequently depending upon the change of the moon.’ Sir Edward Coke, another great legal luminary, places under the head of *non compos mentis* not only lunatics, but all persons under *frenzies*. I would particularly direct the attention of the jury to that term, conveying, as it does, a nicer



definition of what may be considered sufficient to deprive a man of the custody of his affairs than any other that I am acquainted with. ‘Not only *lunatics*,’ says the learned judge, ‘but all persons under *frenzies*,’—all persons, in fact, suffering from distraction of mind, alienation of understanding, or any violent passion, for such I take it is the meaning of the word frenzy.

“In all times, under all circumstances, the preservation of a man’s property has been considered worthy the attention of a civilised government. By the Roman law, if a man by notorious prodigality was in danger of wasting his estate, he was looked upon as *non compos*, and committed to the care of curators, or tutors, by the prætor: ‘Solent prætores, si talem hominem invenerint, qui neque tempus neque finem expensarum habet, sed bona sua dilacerando et dissipando profundit, curatorem ei dare, exemplo furiosi: et tamdiu erunt ambo in curatione, quamdiu vel furiosus sanitatem, vel ille bonos mores, receperit.’ And by the laws of Solon such prodigals were branded with perpetual infamy.

“Gentlemen, the promoters of this inquiry are actuated by none but the purest, the best of motives; they do not seek, by a long retrospective search, to expose the foibles of the unfortunate object of the inquiry, to brand him with idiotcy

from his birth, or to disturb those commercial transactions with which his name, in connexion with the firm to which he belongs, has blended him ; all they ask is to dissolve the ridiculous establishment of which he is the head, and to cancel the obligations that may have arisen out of it.

“ I have already stated, that in the autumn of last year Mr. Jorrocks allowed himself to be dubbed the Master of the Handley Cross Hunt ; and it is from that period that we seek to annul his transactions, and to declare his incompetency to manage his affairs. A violent, a sudden, an uncontrollable frenzy seems to have seized him at the time ; for not only did he neglect his warehouse, but absolutely shut up his house in Great Coram Street—a house that I am instructed to say is superior to any in that street—and took one in the town of Handley Cross, in order, as he said, to be nearer the Hunt. His acts there became of the wildest and most eccentric description : he arrayed himself in a scarlet coat with a blue collar, something like a general postman’s, and rode about the country, surrounded by dogs, screaming and holloaing, and blowing a horn ; he converted the festivals, which had formerly been few and of periodical occurrence—something, I presume, like the Epping Hunt, of which you all have probably heard—he converted them,

I say, into a regular downright matter of daily business, and whoever did not join him was treated with contempt, and if any one over whose land he trespassed in riotous confusion ventured to remonstrate, he was laughed to scorn, or threatened with violence.

“ I can hardly expect you to credit the assertion, that men moving in the higher walks of life,—men to whom the public are wont to look for precept and example, abandoned their lawful callings and the elegances of life, and joined the infatuated train of this unfortunate gentleman. Train bands of men in scarlet moved about the country, striking terror into the minds of elderly ladies, and disturbing the peaceful course of husbandry and trade. Wherever it was known that one of these field-meetings was to be held, it was made in open defiance of the statute against ‘ riots, routs, or, unlawful assemblies,’ trade was suspended, and the plough stood still. If any one were inclined to censure the present proceedings, or stigmatise it as an act of harshness and severity, I would here entreat him to pause and consider the position in which this deluded,—this unhappy individual has been placing himself and his followers. So far from continuing of that opinion, I think, he will hail it as one of the brightest, most beautiful blessings of our jurisprudence, that the law

steps in through the medium of a next-of-kin, and rescues a man from the consequence of his own unhappy rashness. The wasteful, profligate expenditure of his substance is not the only charge against Mr. Jorrocks; he has outraged the law of the land, and sought the vengeance of offended justice.

“Gentlemen of the jury,” continued Mr. Martin Moonface, very slowly and deliberately, “Jorrocks is, to all intents and purposes, a rioter. So far back as the year 1797, if there is any truth in Chitty’s Criminal Law, a person was indicted for the ancient and apparently harmless custom of kicking about foot-balls on Shrove Tuesday at Kingston-upon-Thames; and surely that will bear no comparison with the military spectacles that this gentleman’s eccentricity has lately presented to the astonished county in which they took place. The law upon the case I take it to be quite clear. It says, when three persons or more shall assemble themselves together, with an intent mutually to assist one another in the execution of some enterprise of a private nature to the manifest terror of the people, whether the act were of itself lawful or unlawful—mark that, gentlemen, I pray you—whether the act were of itself lawful or unlawful, if they only meet to such a purpose or intent, although they shall after depart of their own accord, without doing any

thing, this is an unlawful assembly ; and if after their first meeting they shall move forward towards the execution of any such act, whether they put their intended purpose in execution or not, this, according to the general opinion, is a *rout* ; and if they execute such a thing indeed, then it is a *riot*. In *Clifford v. Brandon*, 2 Campbell, page 370, Chief Justice Mansfield laid it down, that if any person encourages, or promotes, or takes part in riots, whether by words, signs, or gestures, or by wearing the badge or ensign—mark that, gentlemen—by wearing the badge or ensign—which assuredly all the followers of this unfortunate individual did—to wit, scarlet coats with blue collars—he is himself to be considered a rioter ; for in this case all are principals. So that you see Jorrocks has not only placed himself in jeopardy, but all those whose wildness, weakness, or wickedness, induced them to join the phalanx round his standard.

“ What was the cause of its supineness I know not, but government certainly permitted these outrages ; and during the whole of last winter, up to the very outburst of spring, Mr. Jorrocks continued this extraordinary career, without let, suit, molestation, hindrance, or interruption. During the whole of that time he never once visited the city of London, or his commercial concerns in St. Botolph’s Lane, or seemed to

in Great Coram Street, and resumed his attendance in St. Botolph Lane with his former punctuality, to the great joy of his friends, who began to flatter themselves that he had fairly got over his frenzy ; when, unfortunately, it broke out with redoubled violence. The first symptoms of it were visible on the morning of the 2d of October. He had been taking his usual ride round the inner circle of the Regent's Park, when the sight of some black and blighted dahlias, hanging their heads, and drooping in all directions, completely upset his philosophy. It was not the sudden destruction of these bright and many-coloured beauties that struck the feeling chord of a too sensible imagination, and conjured up mournful reflections on the precarious tenure of all earthly endearments, for far different, I grieve to say, were his thoughts on that occasion. ' Hurrah ! blister my kidneys ! ' exclaimed he in delight, ' it is a frost ! —the dahlias are dead ! ' Gentlemen of the jury," continued Mr. Martin Moonface, throwing up his arms, and putting himself in the attitude of a spread eagle, " can you imagine a sane man indulging in such an exclamation on such an occasion ? ' Hurrah ! blister my kidneys ! it is a frost ! —the dahlias are dead ! ' And so, because Jenkins's dahlias were cut down by the frost, Jor-rocks saw cause to rejoice at the circumstance—unfortunate individual ! "

“ You are another individual ! ” roared Mr. Jorrocks, in a rage at being considered a subject for Mr. Martin Moonface’s pity.

[The commissioners interpose with great gravity, amid the uproarious laughter of the spectators ; and Mr. Jorrocks eyes Mr. Martin Moonface as though he would eat him.]

“ Well, then, gentlemen of the jury, as I was observing, the sight of these weather-stricken dahlias had such an effect upon his imagination—and awful, indeed, is it to contemplate such a visitation—that instead of pursuing his ride, as he was wont to do, one-and-twenty times round the inner circle, he immediately turned his horse’s head towards home, ate a hurried breakfast, and set off by the Lilywhite-sand Railway for Handley Cross, without giving the slightest intimation to his poor distracted wife, or sending any notification whatever to his partners in St. Botolph Lane. Three bills of exchange, to a large amount, were presented for payment that day, one being for oatmeal supplied at Handley Cross, of which his partners knew nothing ; and the consequence was that a protest became necessary, to the injury alike of his private character and his mercantile reputation. True it is that the following day he wrote a few hurried lines, ordering his servant, Benjamin Brady, to be sent down ; and I will now proceed to relate the purpose for which he wanted

him, and it is hence that the present inquiry more immediately originates. It appears, that by some unaccountable mystery the sight of these withered dahlias had conjured up recollections of the hunt-festivals of the previous winter, and, determining to eclipse all his former doings, he had gone down to Handley Cross to inspect a numerous progeny of puppies that he had had scattered about the country, which he intended to add to the extensive retinue of the previous season, and which a man he has in his pay, called Pigg, had been left in the charge of.

“ On his arrival at Handley Cross, it appeared that a disease had broken out among the horses of that place, which ended in the deaths of very many. Among others, Mr. Flasher, the gentleman coachman of the Handley Cross : ‘True Blue Spankaway,’ lost eighteen ; Mr. Giles Eden, a post-master, lost ten ; Mr. Duncan Nevin, four ; and various other people lost smaller numbers, amounting, in the aggregate, to fifty-three. Now it would appear, so far as any deduction can be drawn from the conduct of individuals in the unhappy state of this unfortunate gentleman, that on leaving home it was his intention to return either the same or on the following day ; but, hearing of the deaths of these horses had altered his determination, and he resolved to endeavour to turn the misfortunes of others to some advan-



tage to himself; and, certainly, he adopted a system that no one but himself would ever have thought of. He commenced a negotiation with the owners of the dead horses—fifty-three in number, I beg you to remember—and bought up the whole at an average of nine shillings and sixpence a head, hide and all. And, gentlemen of the jury, what do you think he did with them?—buried them under apple-trees?—retailed them to cat's-meat mongers?—dragged them away to distant places to rot without tainting the air? No such thing! He skinned and stacked them for winter use!—actually *stacked* the dead bodies of fifty-three horses that had died of disease in the precincts of the town of Handley Cross! Was there ever such a thing heard of? I ask, was it likely such a thing could be tolerated? Certainly not! The authorities—the churchwardens, overseers, constables, &c., interfered—a fracas took place between them and Mr. Jorrocks and his men while in the act of stacking, which ended in the stackers being captured and taken before the magistrates of Handley Cross. The sequel of the story it is needless to trouble you with. Your intelligent minds cannot require more than evidence of the facts I have imperfectly laid before you to enable you to arrive at the only conclusion that is open on such an occasion. Remember, gentlemen, this is not a case entailing on any party the

infliction of punishment from the law : it is a simple question of domestic policy, performed in public for the safety of the subject. We ask you to save this unfortunate gentleman from himself, and from the consequence of his own acts—in fact to save him from ruin, and keep him in affluence. After the patient attention with which you have honoured me, I cannot for a moment doubt that the circumstances I have related have made the impression on your minds that they must have made on the minds of every one open to conviction ; and though you might not consider the exhibition he made of himself as master of the hunt revels, the profligate expenditure of his substance in support of his fictitious dignity, the tenor of his lectures, taken singly, of sufficient weight to warrant you in depriving him of the management of his affairs, yet, collectively, that they are amply sufficient, even without that great, that crowning feat of all—the stacking of dead horses—to the danger of the lives of Her Majesty's liege subjects.

“ With your permission, then, I will proceed to call witnesses to substantiate the statements I have made.”

The commissioners here intimated they would like to retire for a few minutes ; and, during their absence, the court became a scene of great uproar, Mr. Jorrocks protesting at the top of his voice against the whole proceedings, inquiring most

emphatically—" 'Ow vas I to know, ven I stacked the 'osses, that it was a goin' to turn 'ot weather again?" The return of the commissioners restored silence, and a copy of the "Sporting Review," containing Ego's account of his visit to Mr. Jorrocks, having been put in and read, the commissioners intimated that it might expedite matters if the whole of the documentary evidence was gone through before any witnesses were examined. Mr. Moonface, after a long consultation with the solicitors, selected the following ode to Mr. Olden as a sample of Mr. Jorrocks' poetical powers.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Moonface, turning towards them with a green-backed book, lettered "New Sporting Magazine,"—"Gentlemen of the jury," repeated he, "the learned commissioners having directed a line of proceeding rather different to what we had marked out for ourselves, I will not trouble you with the whole of the odes, essays, and nonsense, that I intended intruding upon you, as I would rather prefer keeping your great intellectual powers fresh for the consideration and digestion of the *vivâ voce* evidence I have to offer; but having mentioned the unfortunate gentleman's performances in the scribbling line, I will just take up the first volume that comes to hand and read you the first specimen that presents itself, by which you will be able to judge of the general nature of his eccentricities

in the writing line. I find here, gentlemen, an ode to one Mr. Olden, and as you perhaps are as ignorant as I was who the distinguished personage is that inspired Mr. Jorrocks' muse, I will read the letter, addressed to the editor of the Magazine, that accompanied the ode, and which is published with it. It is as follows :—

“ ‘ *Great Coram Street.*

“ ‘ My Dear Heditor,—I send a few wersedes o' my *composition*, consarnin' another sort o' *composition* for the growth of 'air on 'osses; and I ventures to stake my werry existence, that it is one of the most wonderfulest diskiveries ever brought afore our foolish old frind Public. I assures you I'm not personally acquainted with Holden, but he's a character I admires unkimmon, cause why? he dewotes his life to the harts and sciences.” (Great laughter interrupted the reading of the foregoing, which the learned gentleman gave with due gravity and emphasis. He then proceeded in the reading.)

“ Your readers are, *sans doute*, as we say in France, werry well aware who Mr. Holden is, and so I shan't say not nothin' no more about him, except that he is the inwentor of the Heukei-rogeneion, or hoil for shavin', the which I uses every mornin' of my life, and right good stuff it is, let me tell ye, for softenin' the beard prepara-

tory to mowin' down the stubble, bein' as easy in the use as the word is 'ard in the spellin'. 'Oping you're all well, and that sort of thing,

“ ‘ I am, yours to serve,

“ ‘ JOHN JORROCKS.”

“ Then, gentlemen of the jury,” continued Mr. Moonface, “ follows the ode, headed by the editor as follows :—

“ ‘ ODE TO MR. HOLDEN,

“ ‘ BY MR. JORROCKS.

Awake, my muse ! all my nerves embolden,  
I sing the praises of one Robert Holden —  
Inwentor sole of Heukeirogeneion !

Soothe of beards ! though shaggy as a lion.

To thee our praise be due, whose process simple  
Bids the blunt razor smoothe the ruddy pimple !

‘ But to my theme, perchance too long delayed’  
(As some great poet hath already said) ;

Mine be the task to bring afore the nation

A great diskivery !—Holden’s happlication !

Spirits of hearth and hair, and nymphs of  
hocean,

Rise to my aid—my theme is Holden’s lotion

‘ For growth of ’air on ’osses !’ Wot if your ’ac’s

Fall on his nose and rolls upon his back ?

Sure as a gun he cuts his knees ; of course

Rubs off the ’air—sad blemish to an ’orse !

On with the lotion—blemish ! I deny it—  
Gone is the blemish, if ye will but try it.  
Swift grows the hair, and longer, stronger far,  
Nor leaves be'ind the westige of a scar !  
All powerful mexture ; sure the devil's in't,  
If it won't cure a spavin or a splint :  
Nay, more than this (I pray thee, sportsman,  
hush),  
I never knew it fail to cure a thrush.  
Now, cease, my muse, for sure you've said enough  
To make all England buy this glorious stuff,  
If I say more you'll think it is a puff !

“J. J.”

“Gentlemen of the jury,” said Mr. Moonface, closing the book, and throwing it down in disgust, “your intelligent, business-like minds cannot but sicken at the sight of a fellow-creature wasting his time in such frivolous, unprofitable productions. Even if the unfortunate individual could rhyme by the mile, like poet Wakeley, he would not be justified in inflicting such trash upon the public. So much for his in-door performances. I will now call witnesses to put you in possession of the nature of his more public exhibitions.

“Call Tony Lumpkin,” said Mr. Martin Moonface, with great dignity, and a diminutive apology of a man, having skipped into the witness-box, proceeded to give evidence, of which the following

is the material outline :—Is a tailor at Handley Cross and Cranbourne Alley, London ; has had an establishment in the former place about three years. Remembers Mr. Jorrocks' entry into Handley Cross when he came to take possession of the hounds, and heard his speech from the balcony at the Dragon Inn—understood the general purport of it, but not the detail. Made him a sky-blue coat lined with pink silk, and two pair of canary-coloured shorts; also changed a green-collar of a scarlet coat into a blue one—understood the green collar was the costume of some other hunt. Often saw him going out with the hounds, but never accompanied him—has no curiosity that way. Might have forty or fifty dogs with him at a time, of different colours—prevailing colour, he thinks, was drab—there might be some buff ones among them.

Cross-examined.—Had a quarrel with Mr. Jorrocks after he made the clothes; not because Mr. Jorrocks considered them ill-made, but because he insisted on witness going out to hunt. Cannot ride. Was paid for the clothes, less the discount. Did not consider Mr. Jorrocks insane because he paid for them. Never said he was cracked or insane. Made sky-blue coats and canary-coloured shorts for many other gentlemen. Perhaps thirty or thirty-five others. Some paid, some didn't—lived in hope. Some of the hounds might be blue.

Thinks there were no green ones among them, but is not sure.

Re-examined.—Might have said Mr. Jorrocks was flighty. Meant that he rode fast; not that he was mad.

Miss Sniffle, a maiden lady, was next sworn.—Lives at Handley Cross, and has done so for the last twelvemonth, for the benefit of the waters. Keeps a pony-chaise and a boy to drive it. Boy wears a gold band, and a red stripe down his trousers; many buttons like peppermint-drops. Remembers the 13th of December; was coming along the Appledove Road, and met an immense procession; many men in scarlet, some in black, but most in scarlet; was dreadfully alarmed. There might be an hundred horsemen; never saw such a sight in her life. Mr. Jorrocks rode second in the procession. A man in a black velvet cap and a scarlet coat rode a little in advance of him. Mr. Jorrocks wore a broad-brimmed hat. Did not see the hounds; might have been there without her observing them.

Cross-examined.—Was staying at Handley Cross for the benefit of the waters, she said, not for the benefit of a husband; does not want one. Is on her oath, and swears she was dreadfully alarmed. Was alarmed at the whole thing, not at Mr. Jorrocks' winking at her as she passed. Did wink at her certainly. Swears she did not



drive in that direction to meet the hounds. Could have turned back when she saw them coming, but her presence of mind forsook her. Would not say whether she had ever been forsaken before or not. Never said Mr. Jorrocks was mad. Came there to state her alarm. Would be alarmed at a herd of cattle. Open to alarm generally.

Re-examined. — Had heard Mr. Jorrocks was deranged. Thinks her maid told her first. Believes Miss Dumpling's maid told her maid, or Miss Crab's maid told Miss Dumpling's maid, who told her maid. Might have said she thought his attics badly furnished. Meant in the literal sense, if she did say so.

Peter Savoy, market-gardener and green-grocer, sworn and examined. — Lives at Mountjoy, five miles from Handley Cross, where he occupies garden ground and a field or two. Remembers the 24th of December. Mr. Jorrocks' hounds met at the toll-bar on the Cadby road. Witness was working among his winter cabbages, when his attention was attracted to the cry of dogs, which grew louder and louder; presently three or four entered the garden at the east end, near where there is a watering-place for cattle, and almost at the same moment a loud crash among the glass at the other end attracted his notice, and he saw a man in a black cap and scarlet coat, and a brown horse, over head in a melon-frame. Ran to take

the man for the trespass, and seized him by the collar, when the man struck him a violent blow in the face and made his nose bleed. Mr. Jorrocks, who had come up in the meantime, stood erect in his stirrups, looking over the fence just by the melon-frame, encouraging the man and blowing a horn to drown his cries for assistance. Has no doubt whatever he would have been killed but for the timely arrival of help.

Cross-examined.—The man was not on the horse when he saw them in the melon-frame. Would appear to have thrown a somerset, and parted company in flying over the fence. Will swear it was a man and not a boy. The blow was heavy and stunned him. Mr. Jorrocks appeared to be encouraging him, crying, "Have at 'em, my beauty! have at him, my darling!" and blowing his horn. Never told Tom Stump, the ostler at the Dragom, that Mr. Jorrocks kept crying, "*Go it, Benjamin! Go it, Benjamin!*" Was not present at the meet of the hounds in the morning. Never was at one. Had never either hunted or gambled in his life. The melon-frame was much injured. Had not been paid the damage in full. The account was disputed. If it had been discharged, does not know that he might have been there. Will not swear that he was in fear of his life. Had had many conversations with Mr. Jorrocks on the subject of the melon-frame, but never

could obtain any final satisfaction. Does not know what the hounds were after, or that a fox had passed through his garden. One of the objections Mr. Jorrocks made to paying the price he set upon his melon-frame was, that the witness had lost them the fox by stopping his man. Should say Mr. Jorrocks was not "all there," though he would not go so far as to say he was mad.

James Greenwood.—Is one of the keepers of the Regent's Park. Lives at the Park Crescent Lodge, and the inner circle is within the bounds of his jurisdiction. Knows Mr. Jorrocks well, and has been acquainted with him for many years—perhaps ten or a dozen. Mr. Jorrocks has been in the habit of riding in the inner circle all that time, almost every morning throughout the summer. Generally comes in about seven o'clock, getting on a little later as the autumn advances. Canters round and round, perhaps eight or ten times, and then walks his 'oss away. Witness has often conversed with him; generally before he began cantering, or after he was done. The canter might have been a gallop. Does not know the difference. Had never received any complaints against Mr. Jorrocks for furious riding. Once had a complaint against him for winking at a nursery-governess. Believes he winks at the nursery-maids; but witness does not consider it any business of his. Their conversation is gene-

rally about dogs and horses. Understands he has a great pack of dogs somewhere. Once offered witness a mount to go out with the Surrey ; but witness cannot ride. Considers Mr. Jorrocks a very agreeable gentleman. Remembers him once riding his 'oss into the ring with a blanket under the saddle. Told witness the 'oss had the tic-douloureux. The blanket was folded when he entered the ring, but Mr. Jorrocks let it down about the 'oss's sides before he began to canter. Remembers the morning of the 2d of October. There had been a sharp frost during the night, and the leaves of many of the shrubs had changed colour in consequence. It was a fine bright morning, and Mr. Jorrocks overtook him on the bridge by the Archery ground, as witness was on his way to the inner circle. They began talking about the frost. Mr. J. thought it had not been so severe as witness represented. Witness shewed him a cherry-tree the leaves of which were quite red, also a purple beech that had turned copper colour. Mr. Jorrocks seemed much pleased, and as they entered the circle he exclaimed, as he looked over the nursery-ground palings, "Hurrah ! blister my kidneys, it is a frost ! the dahlias are dead !" Did not continue his ride, but after a pause of a few seconds gave witness half-a-crown and cantered away. Had not seen him again until he met him on the stairs of this court.

Cross - examined. — Many gentlemen canter their 'osses round and round the Regent's Park, but not many round the inner circle. Never thought there was any thing odd in Mr. Jorrocks doing so. When witness told Mr. Jorrocks the nursery-governess had complained of his winking at her, he said he did it to clear the circle of her, for she was so hugely she frightened his 'oss. The nursery-maids are all fond of Mr. Jorrocks,—he generally carries barley-sugar in his pockets for the children. Does not know whether it is in the shape of kisses or not. Many old gentlemen wink at the maids—some pinch them in passing. Does not know that pinching is altogether right, but should not interfere without a complaint. Witness thinks it was a reddish-coloured 'oss that Mr. Jorrocks said had the tic douloureux. Grooms are not allowed to exercise 'osses in clothing in the Regent's Park. Thinks it probable an 'oss would sweat sooner with a blanket about it than without one. Does not know the object of sweating an 'oss. Mr. Jorrocks never talked to witness about dahlias,—has heard him inquire after the potato-tops,—asked whether they were black or not. Seemed always very anxious for winter—has heard him say, if he had his own way he would strike summer out of the almanack. Once proposed to witness that they should publish an almanack between them, and omit summer alto-

gether,—said, in a general way, summer was merely inserted as a sort of compliment,—three hot days and a thunder-storm he thought was the general amount of an English summer. Never considered Mr. Jorrocks mad—mad gentlemen generally walk in cloaks,—some ride, and have their keepers on 'oss-back in livery after them,—those are of the richer class. Does not suppose every gentleman he sees with a groom insane, but considers it suspicious. Sets every man he sees in the Regent's Park, in a cloak, down for mad, and no mistake. Sees a good many mad gentlemen in the course of the year—they chiefly live in the Alpha Cottages on the west side of the Park. Considers Mr. Jorrocks quite the reverse of insane. If witness was asked whom he considers the first man of the day, he would say Mr. Wakley, the coroner, and member of Parliament for Finsbury. Does not know, but thinks he would place Mr. Jorrocks second. Witness is a rank Radical.

John Strong. — Is constable, and one of the churchwardens of the parish of St. James, Handley Cross. Remembers the 3d of October, ——. Michael Brown, one of the churchwardens, called upon him, and told him that Mr. Jorrocks of London was down, and employing carts to collect all the dead horses, and that they were leading them to Grant's paddock, just at the back of

the Methodist chapel. Went together to inspect the premises—found carts coming in from all quarters with dead horses, and three or four men skinning them. Mr. Jorrocks was not present. Witness returned to his house, and after a consultation with the other churchwardens wrote Mr. J. the following note:—

“ The churchwardens of the parish<sup>o</sup> of St. James, Handley Cross, present their respectful compliments to Mr. Jorrocks, and having heard that you have bought all the dead horses in Handley Cross, desire to be informed what purpose you intend putting them to.

“ Your humble Servant,

“ JOHN STRONG.

“ To J. Jorrocks, Esq.”

Sent the beadle in his gold-laced coat, cocked hat and staff, with it. He found Mr. Jorrocks in the paddock, superintending the stacking of the carcasses, which were placed one upon another like a stack. Mr. Jorrocks, having read the note, took a pencil out of his pocket-book, and wrote at the bottom:—

“ Soup! soup!

“ Yours, &c.

“ J. J.”

and re-directed the note to the churchwardens. Witness and the other churchwardens made a second visit of inspection, about three o'clock, and finding the stack was getting very high, wrote a second note, as follows :—

“ The churchwardens and overseer of the parish of St. James, Handley Cross, hereby require you to desist and abate the nuisance you are now creating in Grant's paddock, by stacking sundry dead horses, or he will proceed against you according to the form of the statute in that case made and provided, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen.

(Signed)

“ JOHN STRONG,

“ M. BROWN,

“ T. HOGGINS,

“ Churchwardens.

“ To Mr. J. Jorrocks.”

Witness sent this note per beadle, in state, as before, who found the stack nearly finished, and a man and a boy dressing off the top with horses' heads. Mr. J. took the note as before, and wrote at the bottom :—

“ You be ——

“ Yours, &c.

“ J. J.”



saying, as he handed it back, "Peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, indeed! Wictoria must have a werry good nose if she can wind this at Windsor."

The special constables were then called out, and, after a desperate conflict, succeeded in capturing Mr. Jorrocks, James Pigg, and Benjamin.

Cross - examined. — There had been a sharp frost at Handley Cross for two or three days before Mr. Jorrocks' arrival,—seemed as if we were going to have an early wiuter. The mortality among the horses was very sudden, they all died within a short time of each other. Had an idea that Mr. Jorrocks was buying the horses up to feed his hounds upon. Don't understand the New Poor Law. Does not know how many hounds he keeps, or whether they could eat a horse for breakfast, another for dinner, and another for supper. Will not swear that Mr. Jorrocks bought the whole fifty-three horses that died—knows that there were a great many by the size of the stack. It was in the usual form of a corn-stack, on pillars, and the slope of the top was formed of horses' heads put lengthways, so that the rain might run off down their noses. Was very cleverly made. Had a novel appearance. Many people came to see it. Flesh may keep a month or six weeks, but witness does not know that it will. Supposing the hounds to

consume three horses a-day, and the flesh to keep for a month, does not know that Mr. Jorrocks' act was otherwise than prudent.

Sebastian Mello, whose name had been called, and bellowed, and vociferated up-stairs and down, and along the passages after the examination of each witness, having announced his arrival by sending his card up-stairs by a powdered footman, vacated his Brougham, and, proceeding up-stairs, tendered himself for examination on behalf of the promoters of the inquiry. Sebastian was got up with uncommon care, and the most scrupulous nicety. His yellow silken locks flowed over his coat-collar, exhibiting the boldness of his forehead and the regularity of his features. He was dressed in studied black, with a snow-white cravat, whose tie entwined among the four lace-frills of a curiously wrought shirt-front. He wore lace ruffles at his wrists, and a massive diamond ring on his right-hand little finger, and a beautiful pearl one on his left, while the corner of a richly embroidered cambric handkerchief peeped from the breast-pocket of his coat.

Mutual salutations being exchanged between Mr. Moonface and Mr. Mello, the former began his examination with the following inquiry,—

“ You are, I believe, Mr. Sebastian Mello, a physician in very extensive practice at Handley Cross Spa ? ”

“I am,” replied Mr. Mello, with a slight inclination of the head.

“And you have, I believe, resided there for a considerable length of time?” continued Mr. Moonface.

“I have,” answered Mr. Mello.

“In short, you are the principal resident, or head of the place, I believe?”

“I am,” said Mr. Mello.

“Now then, sir, would you have the kindness to tell the jury what you know respecting the unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Jorrocks, whose case we are met here to inquire into?”

“Excuse me, sir, if before I answer your inquiry I take the liberty of correcting your description of the person referred to. If the individual you allude to is John Jorrocks, whom I see sitting there,” looking at Mr. J. with great disdain, “I should say, a person conducting himself as he has done is unworthy the flattering appellation with which you have honoured him.”

“True,” observed Mr. Moonface; “but, for the sake of brevity, perhaps you would condescend to waive that point, and inform us what you know about him.”

“Know about him!” replied Mr. Mello, with a toss of his flowing head and a curl of his lip; “I really know nothing about him, further than that he is a great nuisance. He came to Handley

Cross the beginning of last winter, ever since when the place has been in a state of tumult, and the religious portion of the community sadly scandalised and terribly annoyed. For my own part, I have suffered all sorts of indignities at his hands. Besides his ravenous hounds, he keeps a pugnacious peacock that kills all the poultry in the place.

“He took it into his head to stroll every day with his flock of dogs and servants into the open immediately below the front of my house, where he would stay for hours, surrounded by all the riff-raff and irreligious people of the place. Because I stated that my piety was outraged, he got a wild beast-show established there, and paid the band five shillings for every hour they played after nine o'clock at night. The anonymous letters I received were extraordinarily numerous, and full of the most insulting expressions; and when I refused to take them in, baskets and boxes began pouring in by the railway and coaches, containing dead cats, donkey-haunches, broken dishes, and other rubbish. I never saw John Jorrocks out hunting, but I understand his general conduct is of the most extraordinary and extravagant description, and his proceedings subversive of morality and true religion — only to be palliated on the score of downright insanity. I consider him a mischievous maniac.”

“You’re a warmint!” growled Mr. Jorrocks, stuffing a ham sandwich into his mouth.

“Go it, Ned!” continued he in the same strain, as Mr. Moonface, having extracted as much as he wanted out of the doctor, sat down, in order to let his “learned friend” endeavour to counteract what he had said, by cross-examination.

“And so you are a physician in a great way of practice, are you?” drawled Mr. Coltman, through his nose, in a careless, colloquial sort of style, as if he meant to have a good deal of conversation with Mello before he was done.

“I am,” replied Sebastian Mello, with a slight tinge of red on his countenance.

“You are sure of that?” asked Mr. Coltman, carelessly turning over the pages of his brief, as if he were thinking of something else.

“I am,” replied Mr. Mello.

“*You are!*” rejoined Mr. Coltman, looking him full in the face. “Now, sir,” said he, very slowly, “do you mean to *assert that*? Do you mean to say you have ever taken a degree?”

“I mean to assert, sir, that I am a physician in full practice.”

“Will you, *on your oath*, sir, say that you are a regularly qualified and admitted physician? *On your oath*, sir, will you say it?”

Mr. Sebastian Mello was silent.

“Will you, sir, swear?” continued the inexora-

ble Mr. Coltman, "that you have any diploma, save what your own assurance, and the credulity of your patients, has conferred upon you?"

Mr. Mello was silent.

Mr. Coltman, throwing out his hands, made a pantomimic appeal to the jury with his eyes, and then, with a waive of his head, motioned Mr. Mello to retire.

"Werry good," growled Mr. Jorrocks, thrusting the last ham sandwich into his mouth.

This was the case of the promoters; and a waiter, with a napkin twisted round his thumb, having whispered something in the ear of the chief commissioner, the learned gentleman looked at his watch, and, after consulting with his brethren, immediately adjourned the court.

CHAPTER X.

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“How say you, gentlemen of the jury?”

THE court resumed its sittings next morning at nine o'clock precisely, and as soon as the doors were open such a rush of people forced their way in, that every seat and place was occupied, and some time elapsed ere room was obtained for the counsel and professional gentlemen engaged in the inquiry. Mr. Jorrocks was accommodated with a seat in the reporters' place immediately behind his counsel. The jury having all answered to their names, and silence being at length obtained, Sergeant Horsfield rose to address the jury. He spoke in so low a tone of voice at the commencement, that it was with difficulty the reporters could catch what he said; but, with his usual urbanity, he obligingly supplied the deficiency by revising their reports.

“Gentlemen of the jury,” said he, “if my learned friend, Mr. Martin Moonface, with his

splendid talents and vast acquirements, rose under circumstances of difficulty and embarrassment, how much greater must be my perplexity, in introducing myself to your notice, to attempt to grapple with and rebut the grave and voluminous charges with which his speech has loaded the inquiry, standing as I do without the manifold advantages of which my learned friend is so pre-eminently possessed? The learned gentleman well observed, that nothing but that high sustaining power—a moral consciousness of right—could induce any member of our profession to undertake the conduct of a case, and I claim for myself the same degree of credit for a similar assertion that my learned friend bespoke for himself. I ask—I implore you, gentlemen of the jury—I beseech you, as enlightened—as able—as conscientious citizens, to regard my assertions and my protestations of sincerity in the same light—and give them the same weight that you have given to the assertions and asseverations of my learned friend.” Here the learned gentleman made a long pause.

At length he resumed. “In opening this great and important case—great, I may call it, for it involves the liberty of many of the aristocracy of this country, and important it most certainly is, as regards the position of my most respectable client; my learned friend, Mr. Martin Moonface,



introduced Mr. Jorrocks with an exordium upon the singularity of his name. I will not imitate the example of my learned friend, or speculate on the difference a change of name might have produced, but I will endeavour closely and sedulously to apply myself, and the best energies of which I am possessed, to the real merits and peculiarities of the case. As mercantile men, you are doubtless, many of you, acquainted with the exalted position occupied by my client in the commercial world; and if I can shew — as shew I believe I undoubtedly can — that the amusement which he now follows is not incompatible with the honest, industrious habits and occupations of a British merchant, I feel confident I shall receive a verdict at your hands. My client, as you may see," pointing out Mr. Jorrocks in the reporters' place, "is one, whose hey-day of youth has been succeeded by the autumn of maturer years; and shall I surmise for one moment in the presence of a jury, drawn from the very heart of this, the first city of the world — that a man entering trade binds himself irrevocably to the counter — with no bright prospect of affluence and ease to gild the evening of his days, flitting in the vision of his mental horizon? Is a 'youth of labour' no longer to be rewarded 'with an age of ease?' Are the toils, the cares, the speculations, the enterprises of a British

merchant, to end but with his death ? Is trade, in short, to be regarded as but another name for perpetual slavery ? That, gentlemen, is the real question in its pure, unadulterated form, divested of the technicalities—freed from the mystifications and jargon—with which my learned friend's logic and eloquence have attempted to envelope it. How stands the matter ?

“ Five-and-thirty years ago, my client, John Jorrocks, entered the firm of Grubbins, Muggins, Potts, Crow, and Tims, wholesale grocers in St. Botolph's Lane. Mr. Jorrocks was then, gentlemen, just out of his apprenticeship, which he had served with such credit to himself and satisfaction to the firm, that they took him into partnership the moment they were able, and the firm then became Grubbins, Muggins, Potts, Crow, Tims, and Jorrocks. Gentlemen, Grubbins and Muggins shortly after paid the debt of nature ; but so great was the attention and ability of my client, that, instead of adding the number these deplorable events deprived the firm of, by fresh partners, Crow and Jorrocks divided the duties of one partner between them, and took in Mr. Simpkins, who had long filled the office of western traveller, and the partnership deed was then drawn out in the names of Potts, Crow, Tims, Jorrocks, and Simpkins. I need not follow my respectable client through the long laby-

rinth of years that followed, or through the weary mazes of commercial transactions and speculations which throve under his auspices;— suffice it to say, that revolving years found Mr. Jorrocks constant and sedulous at his warehouse, until the man who entered as the junior partner of the house stood at the head of a firm so long and so extensive, that it became necessary to condense its name under the title of Jorrocks and Co. I will give my learned friend the benefit of the admission, that for many years my client was in the habit of devoting his Saturdays to what Mr. Moonface calls hunt-festivals, and I will also give him the benefit of the admission that the county of Surrey was the arena of his operations. So far back as during the management of Mr. Maberly, my client's name appears as a subscriber to the Surrey hunt, and the same punctuality of payment characterises this matter that characterises all his other transactions. My learned friend commenced with a broad general rule, that any man following a pursuit at variance with trade must necessarily follow it to the detriment of the former, forgetting all the while, that though in trade, Mr. Jorrocks is so far independent of it as to be able to recreate himself, how and when he pleases, just as though he never had any thing to do with it. But, gentlemen of the jury, though you, and I, and Mr.

Martin Moonface, may not be aware of it, I am instructed to state that hunting is not only compatible with trade, but may even be followed with advantageous results."

"So it may!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; "so it may! werry good! say it's the sport of kings; the image of war, without——" "*Order, order, order!*" cried all three commissioners at once. "Really, Mr. Jorrocks," observed the chief, "we shall have to order you out of court if you persist in interrupting counsel." "Now do, Mr. Jorrocks," interposed the learned Sergeant, very mildly, "let me argue your case for you, or else take it in hand entirely yourself; for between us we shall make nothing of it."

"True," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "true; too many cooks always spoil the broth; but just say now that 'unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger."

"But though I make this statement broadly and unequivocally," continued the learned Sergeant, without noticing Mr. Jorrocks' suggestion, "I take a still higher ground, and say that my client's means entitle him to follow what pursuit he pleases, regardless of all pecuniary considerations. He is a wealthy man; and unless the promoters of this inquiry can shew that he is spending such a sum upon the maintenance of

his dogs as involves a probability of injury — injury of such an extent, mind you, as to amount almost to utter ruin — unless they can do this, I say, the success of their case is absolutely hopeless. This, gentlemen, I defy the promoters of this inquiry to do. I hold in my hand a number of an able work, by Mr. Blaine, who says, ‘ That the practice of field-sporting is both convenient and useful we presume may be made evident, and it is only when these rural amusements are followed so unceasingly as to rob us of that time, wealth, and energy which were given us for other purposes, that the pursuit of them can be censured.’ *Censured*, gentlemen, you observe is the term; so that even if Mr. Jorrocks had devoted both day and night, and the whole of his income and energy, to the amusement of hunting, *censure*, and not a commission of lunacy to deprive him of the management of his affairs, would be all that he merited.

“ But let me proceed a little farther with this author. ‘ The severest moralist must allow,’ says Mr. Blaine, ‘ that worldly wealth is a desirable possession; but when the miser brings upon himself premature decay, by the extent of his daily toils and nightly speculations to amass riches which he neither uses himself nor permits others to enjoy, the impartial observer sees in

his conduct a flagrant abuse of wealth : — warped by his cupidity, he is poor in the midst of his plenty, and remains fast locked in the embraces of Want, that very fiend he supposes himself to be ever flying from.' So that you see, gentlemen, so far from Mr. Jorrocks' pastime being fitting subject of censure, it even becomes matter of encomium and recommendation. My pursuits, like those of my learned friend's on the other side, have been of such a nature as to afford me but little insight into the detail of these hunting proceedings. I believe, however, my learned friend was right in describing a hunt-establishment to consist of a multitude of dogs, over which the head or chief reigns supreme. It is, I believe, the business of the establishment to muster at a certain hour of a morning, and then find a fox or other wild animal, who leads the mounted field a gallop across a country ; and those who know the pleasure there is in being proudly borne on the back of a noble generous horse can appreciate the sensation of delight that must be experienced in riding at the head of a vast assembly, composed of all the choice and gallant spirits of the land. The very thought is exhilarating ! The clear sky above, the wide expanse of country around, the refreshing air, the jovial spirits, the neighing steeds and chiding

hounds, all in one rush of indescribable joy!  
Who does not exclaim with Shakspeare,

‘ I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in the wood of Crete they bayed the bear  
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near,  
Seem’d all one mutual cry : I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder ! ’ ”

“ Bravo ! ” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, “ werry good indeed — werry good indeed ; say it’s the sport of kings, the image of —— ” The commissioners again interpose, and vow they will turn Mr. Jorrocks out, or commit him for contempt of Court. The sergeant again acts as mediator, Mr. Jorrocks growling something about “ werry ’ard that a man mightn’t kick up a row in his own court ! ”

“ But shall it be,” continued the learned sergeant, “ because a man enters into and enjoys the enlivening scene,—because for a time he casts off the cares of the counter, and ‘ this every-day working world,’ and roves unfettered in Nature’s wildest, most sequestered scenes, that he is to be declared insane and incompetent to the management of his affairs ? Forbid it, reason ! Forbid it, ye nobler and more generous feelings of our nature ! Rather let us suppose, that, with mind refreshed and body strengthened, he returns to the peaceful occupations of his trade, grateful for the

exercise he has enjoyed, and thankful for the means of partaking of it."

"Better to rove in fields for 'ealth unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nasty draught;"

observed Mr. Jorrocks to himself, in one of his whispers, which produced a roar of laughter, during a long pause the learned sergeant made.

"But, says my learned friend, Mr. Jorrocks employed a jester to proclaim his weakness to the world. *A jester*, gentlemen! To think that my learned friend, with all his shrewdness and mental resources, should be so put to it as to have to descend to the petty smallness of calling one who is at once the life, the joy, the pride, the ornament of the sporting world, by the paltry term jester! Tradesmen though you be, I will not pay one of you so poor a compliment as to suppose that you have never heard of Ego — Pomponius Ego — that great luminary — that splendid union of sporting slang and classic lore, who in all meekness of soul and humbleness of mind, inquired,

'Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?'

Who has modestly declared that on sporting subjects his pen shall yield to none — who has chosen this line as the motto on his tombstone,

'Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria,'



to designate his useful — his valuable — his meritorious career. Call this man a jester, gentlemen! Call Socrates a snob — Plato a pedlar — Tully a tinker! I see your honest hearts burn within your bosoms at the recollection of so atrocious — so malignant — so sacrilegious an outrage! Fame, 'that all hunt after in their lives,' calls for the exertions of various minds; one paints the glories of heroic arms, another draws the dangers of naval life, a third, in wilder strains, points to the eminence of forensic fame; but Ego, gentlemen, — Ego reigns in solitary magnificence, Lord Paramount of the sporting world! Ask a man his opinion of So-and-so. He tells you what Ego says of him — says in goodly print; and where, — oh, where, is the man fool-hardy enough to doubt what once he has read in goodly, graceful type? None! I should hope, — none! But let me restrain the honest indignation that, glowing in my bosom, has worked itself into a perfect volcano of passion, — into such a fury, that if I die not this night of spontaneous combustion, it will be an everlasting mercy — let me, I say, restrain my anger, and address myself as calmly as the agonised, outraged state of my feelings will permit, to the real merits of this portion of the inquiry.

“I will dismiss that part of the case as altogether immaterial and irrelevant to the present

inquiry. It can never effect my client's sanity whether an eulogium on his hospitality was cleverly or clumsily done. The principle of publicity, or puffing, is too popular and too firmly established to suffer at the hands of an indifferent performer. It is a principle that has been gradually, but steadily, advancing for the last twenty years, until what was considered the perquisite of the 'Post,' and the privilege of *haut-ton* has become diffused into all the veins and arteries of society. Formerly if a duke gave a banquet of note, it used to be mentioned in the papers; now, if Tom Jones gives a cheese and a barrel of beer to the men at his factory, it is duly trumpeted forth, together with the urbanity of his lady, and the condescension of his beautiful and highly accomplished daughters. It is the fashion of the day, gentlemen, and who shall argue upon a matter of taste, or why should Mr. Jorrocks be debarred from following the fashion if he likes? So much for Ego.

“As to the ode to Olden, that my learned friend read with such emphasis and laid so much stress upon, I think you will agree with me, it is also altogether unimportant to the present inquiry. Poetry is of all sorts, and being a middling poet surely can never subject a man to the imputation of insanity. My learned friend professed to take any piece in any volume at random, but it would

not escape the vigilant eyes of the gentlemen of the jury what a length of time they were in consultation before it was decided what volume and what piece should be selected. There is no doubt that my respected client amuses himself with this species of literature, and though he may not choose a lofty subject for his theme, there is no denying that he sometimes makes very happy hits. It was a good useful ode, and I dare say Mr. Olden was very much obliged to Mr. Jorrocks for the notoriety it procured his composition ——”

“*Sans doute!*” said Mr. Jorrocks, with a nod of his head, “I’ll write a hode to Mello when I gets ’ome.”

“My learned friend’s feelings were shocked at Mr. Jorrocks’ exultation at the sight of the drooping dahlia, and would fain draw a conclusion that a person who rejoices at the return of winter must necessarily be insane; but consider, gentlemen, before you adopt such an idea what might be your situation if the sight of the snow-drop or crocus, drawing from you an exclamation of delight at the sight of returning spring, was to deprive you of the management of your affairs, and, perhaps, of your liberty!

“All you have heard, the evidence of Lumpkin, the evidence of Sniffle,—Miss Sniffle I should say, the evidence of Savoy, and the evidence of

Greenwood, prove nothing but the devotion of Mr. Jorrocks to a highly popular pleasurable sport; and even the constable Strong, when detailing the act which principally caused the issuing of this commission, admitted that, for aught he knew to the contrary, the purchase and stacking of the horses was a prudent and commendable act. Fortunately, however, I am in a situation to prove that whatever Mr. Jorrocks has done in the way of management has been prudent and cautious, that his character is humane and moderate, and his uniform conduct all that can be desired of an honest grocer and a good man. My fervent hope is, that my excellent client may not suffer through the deficiency of his advocate. I am aware that I have not acquitted myself to the unfortunate gentleman—unfortunate in being placed in such a situation—in the manner I could have wished, but I feel confident, when you have heard the evidence I shall now proceed to offer, that you will come to the only conclusion open from the premises; namely, that Mr. Jorrocks is not only a rational, but a highly talented man.”

“Call Mr. Bowker!” exclaimed Sergeant Horsefield, after a short pause.

Bill, “ever anxious” to oblige, with his usual versatility having agreed to undertake the character of fox-hunter, at short notice was “got up,”

as he thought, becomingly for the part. He had borrowed Mr. Jorrocks' leathers and a pair of his top-boots, and had substituted a gilt button with a hare upon it for the coronetted one he sported at the bazaar. His capacious chest was covered with foxes' heads on a double-breasted, worsted-worked, brown waistcoat, and his green cashmere neckcloth was secured in front with a gilt coach-and-four brooch. He had a cane-whipstick in one hand, and a hat with a red cord to it in the other.

"Here!" exclaimed Bill, from the back of the room, where he had been preserving a strict incognito in a huge blue boat-cloak, as soon as he heard his name announced; folding up his cloak and hiding it in a corner, he squeezed through the crowd and presented himself in the witness-box.

"You are, I believe, Mr. Bowker,—a great merchant?" said Sergeant Horsefield, eyeing him intently, as one does a person we think we have seen before.

"Head of the house of Bowker and Co." replied Bill with a slight bend of his body, as he dived his forefinger and thumb into a massive gilt snuff-box set round with brilliants, and a huge mock diamond in the centre of the lid.

"And a great sportsman, I believe?" continued the sergeant.

“And a great sportsman,” repeated Bill, drawing the immense pinch off his thumb up his nose with a long and noisy sniff.

“You have hunted in many countries, I believe?” continued the sergeant, “and are well acquainted with the minutiae of the management of a pack of fox-hounds?”

“Perfectly so,” replied Bill, twirling his hat-string round his fore-finger.

“You are well acquainted with Mr. Jorrocks, the gentleman respecting whom we are met together this day?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“Have known Mr. Jorrocks long and intimately.”

“Then would you have the kindness to state to the Court your opinion generally of that gentleman?”

“My opinion generally,” said Bill running his many-ringed fingers through his sandy locks; “my general opinion is—is—is—that he is *quite the gentleman.*”

“Ah! but the Court would like to know what you consider of him in relation to general life?”

“In relation to general life,” repeated Bill; “I should say he is a very *good relation*,—good as a grandmother to me, I’m sure,—liberal—hospitable—dines at five and never waits for any one.”

“I think you do not exactly understand the

point I wish to arrive at. I wish you, as an old and intimate friend of Mr. Jorrocks, to state the impression that gentleman's general conduct creates in your mind."

*Mr. Bowker.*—Mr. Jorrocks' general conduct, I should say, is very much the conduct of opulent merchants generally,—he takes care of the pence and lets the pounds take care of themselves,—he's very rich."

"Then you consider him a good man of business?"

"Capital man of business—double entry—cash at Christmas, and so forth."

"And in his amusements you consider him sober and rational?"

"Oh, quite! He's president of our free-and-easy, chairman of the incorporated society of Good Fellows, and recorder of the Wide-awake Club."

*Sergeant Horsefield.*—"Are those high offices?"

"Undoubtedly so."

"And conferred on men of talent and standing?"

"Undoubtedly so. A fool would never do for recorder of a wide-awake club."

*Sergeant Horsefield.*—"And in these clubs is he considered a wit?"

"*Premier wag!*"

*Sergeant Horsefield.*—"Does he ever favour them with any of his literary performances?"

“Frequently. Ode to April-fool’s day ; elegy on a gible-pie that was smashed in coming from the baker’s; ode to the Lumber Troop, in most heroic measure ; odes to—I don’t know how many other things.”

“You are, I believe, acquainted with his establishment at Handley Cross, and having, as you say, had considerable experience in hunting matters, will you favour the Court with your opinion of his set out?”

“Certainly,” replied Bill, tapping his boot, or rather Mr. Jorrocks’ boot, with his Malacca cane-whip stick. “His set out is very good—*quite the go*, I should say.”

“Is it larger or smaller than you have been accustomed to?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“Oh, smaller, decidedly. It’s what we fox-hunters call a two-days-a-week establishment. Melton men hunt five or six days a-week.”

“And a five or six-days-a-week establishment is larger than a two-days-a-week one.”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“Undoubtedly so; more boots, more breeches—more breeches, more boots.”

“And requires more horses and hounds?”

“Undoubtedly so ; more hounds, more horses—more horses, more hounds.”

“And the larger the establishment, the greater the consumption of food?”



“Of course ; more hounds, more food—more food, more hounds.”

“You have heard, I suppose, of Mr. Jorrocks’ purchase of horses,—will you tell the Court your opinion of it?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“My opinion as to the merits of the bargain or the prospects of remuneration?”

“No, your opinion of the policy of the step.”

“Upon my word, it is a difficult question to answer. Speculation is the soul of commercial life, and it is only by ventures of this sort that men get rich. If Mr. J. bought the horses to sell as tariff beef, there is no doubt he would have cleared a considerable sum by the spec.”

*Sergeant Horsefield.*—“No ; but confining it to the simple question of buying them for the purpose of feeding his hounds upon, what would you say of the prudence of such a step?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“Oh, I should say it was a very prudent step ; the tariff was sure to raise the price of horse-flesh, and Mr. J. was making himself independent of fluctuations and foreign markets.”

“And you think there would not be more flesh than his hounds would require?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“Certainly not ; suppose they had half a horse for breakfast, a whole horse for dinner, and half a horse for supper a-week. Let me see—one horse a-day is seven horses a-week,

two horses a-day—two horses a-day is fourteen horses a-week, fourteen horses a-week is fifty-six horses per calendar month, and fifty-six horses per calendar month is——”

*Sergeant Horsefield.*—“ Never mind any further calculation. Am I to understand, then, that you consider buying and stacking the horses was a prudent step on the part of Mr. Jorrock’s ?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“ Undoubtedly so ;—tariff and all things considered, he must either have stacked or potted them.”

“ Pray, Mr. Bowker,” inquired Mr. Smith, the Islington toy-shop-keeper, looking uncommonly wise, “ may I inquire if Mr. Jorrock’s is a Poor-law guardian ?”

“ No, he’s not,” replied Mr. Bowker, with a sneer.

Mr. Martin Moonface now proceeded to take Bill in hand.

“ I think I understood you to tell my learned friend that you are a great sportsman ?” observed he.

“ Right !” replied Bill, taking a huge pinch of snuff.

“ Pray do you keep hounds yourself ?”

*Mr. Bowker* (flattered by the supposition).—

“ No, sir, not at present at least.”

*Mr. Moonface.*—“ Then you *have* kept them ?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Why, no, not exactly—thinking of it."

*Mr. Moonface.*—"It will depend, perhaps, upon the verdict of this case?"

*Mr. Bowker* (nodding).—"Perhaps, so."

*Mr. Moonface.*—"Then you merely hunt with other people's hounds?"

"*Mr. Bowker.*—"Merely hunt with other people's hounds."

*Mr. Moonface.*—"Pray whose hounds do you hunt with?"

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Oh, just any that come in the way,—the Queen's, Prince Albert's—Prince Albert's, the Queen's!"

*Mr. Moonface.*—"Then you are not speaking from your own knowledge when you say Mr. Jorrocks' hounds would eat a brace of horses a-day?"

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Not of my own knowledge exactly."

*Mr. Moonface.*—"Then what made you say so?"

*Mr. Bowker* (looking rather disconcerted).—"Why, I suppose they must eat—couldn't hunt if they didn't eat."

*Mr. Moonface.*—"But might not they eat more than a brace of horses a-day?"

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Undoubtedly they might."

*Mr. Moonface.*—"Now might they not

eat three just as well as two, for any thing you knew to the contrary ?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“ For any thing I know to the contrary.”

*Mr. Moonface.*—“ Ah, but say yes or no.”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“ Yes or no !”

*Mr. Moonface.*—“ Come, sir, don’t fence with the question. I want you to give a direct negative or a direct affirmative to that question,—whether, for any thing you know to the contrary, Mr. Jorrocks’ hounds might not eat three horses a-day, as well as two.”

“ What ! *five* a-day ?” replied Bill.

*Mr. Moonface.*—“ No, sir;—might not Mr. Jorrocks’ hounds eat three horses a-day for any thing you know to the contrary ?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“ Perhaps they might.”

*Mr. Moonface.*—“ Well now, sir, having got that question answered, let me ask you another.”

“ Certainly,” interrupted Bill.

“ What would be the value of each horse ?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“ Value of each horse !—how can I tell without seeing them ? I give a couple of hundred for some of mine.”

“ I’m talking of dead horses.”

“ I know nothing about dead horses—I’m not a Whitechapel knacker !”

*Mr. Moonface.*—“ Well, sir, but you talked just

now of horse-flesh rising in price in consequence of the tariff."

"That was *beefologically* considered," replied Bill, with a smile.

*Mr. Moonface.*—"You say Mr. Jorrocks is a good man of business—takes care of the pence and leaves the pounds to take care of themselves,—I suppose from that, you mean to say that he is penny wise and pound foolish."

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Pardon me; no such thing—pounds are supposed to be better able to take care of themselves than pence—Mr. Jorrocks has a very proper respect for a sovereign—*very loyal!*"

"You mentioned some clubs, I think, Mr. Bowker, that Mr. Jorrocks belongs to, pray what is the nature of them?"

"Nature of them, sir—nature of them, sir,—convivial, intellectual, musical—musical, intellectual, convivial!"

*Mr. Moonface.*—"The free-and-easy, for instance, what is that?"

"Convivial, musical—musical, convivial!"

*Mr. Moonface.*—"Where does it hold its sittings?"

"Sky-parlour of the 'Pig in Trouble,' Oxford Street; sign, 'Pig in the Pound'; motto,

'Self-praise, we know, is all a bubble,  
Do let me out, I am in trouble!'

“ Never mind the motto—tell the Court now what are the rules of that society.”

“ Certainly,—sir, certainly. Fundamental rules of the ‘ Sublime Society ’ are, that members eat nothing but chops and Welsh rabbits ; drink nothing but port wine, porter, or punch, and never take offence at what each other say or do.”

*Mr. Moonface.*—“ The members may take all sorts of liberties with each other ? ”

“ Undoubtedly ! cut all sorts of jokes ! ”

*Mr. Moonface.* — “ Call each other names, play tricks, and practical jokes ? ”

“ Undoubtedly so — undoubtedly so ; jokes, tricks, names—names, tricks, jokes ! ”

“ And Mr. Jorrocks is the president of this society ? ”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“ Mr. Jorrocks is the president of this society.”

“ And what are the distinguishing characteristics of a president ? ”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“ All the distinguishing characteristics in the world—sits on a throne—wears the crown and robes—collar, grand order of Jerusalem—passes sentence on offenders—month in a muffin-shop—bucket of barley-water—kiss the cook—no appeal.”

*Mr. Moonface.*—“ And what offences do you try ? ”

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Any thing—not particular—any thing to make fun—try a man for saying a good thing—try a man for saying a bad thing,—whatever comes uppermost."

"And this you consider intellectual?"

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Pardon me, *convivial*."

"Do you admit strangers to the 'Sublime Society?'"

*Mr. Bowker.*—"On certain days—grand days, in fact, when the regalia is used—bishop's mitre, caps and bells, and so on."

"And do you proceed on the free-and-easy principle with strangers?"

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Undoubtedly so."

"Then you must astonish them a little."

*Mr. Bowker* (with a wink).—"Galvanise them!"

*Mr. Moonface.*—"And pray what is the collar with the grand order of Jerusalem like?"

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Gold and enamel—enamel gold, like my lord mayor's."

*Mr. Moonface.*—"And the order of Jerusalem, what is it like?"

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Simply a Jerusalem, suspended to a collar."

*Mr. Moonface.*—"But what is a Jerusalem?"

*Mr. Bowker.*—"Jerusalem—jackass!—jackass—Jerusalem!" (Roars of laughter.)

*Mr. Moonface.*—"And the club has a button, I believe?"

*Mr. Bowker.*—“Jerusalem button — motto, ‘Ge-o, Neddy!’” (Renewed laughter.)

*Mr. Moonface.*—“And where does the Wide-awake Club hold its sittings?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“At the ‘Cauliflower,’ in Cat-eaton Street.”

“And what are the distinguishing features of that club?—What style of men, in fact, is it composed of?”

“All stylish men—velvet collars, Hessian hoots, kid-gloves!”

“No, I mean what class of men is it composed of?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“First-class men—merchants, bankers, private gentlemen.”

“And Mr. Jorrocks is recorder of that society?”

*Mr. Bowker.*—“Mr. Jorrocks is recorder of that society.”

“Does he sit in state there also, in a crown and robes, with a Jerusalem round his neck?” (Great laughter.)

*Mr. Bowker.*—“No; the president is chosen every evening. After a constitution is obtained, the first member that says a good thing takes the chair, and it is the duty of the recorder to enter the saying, and the circumstances that led to it, in the book.”

“And then what do you do?”



*Mr. Bowker* (after a pause).—"Drink brandy and water!"

"And that is intellectual?"

*Mr. Bowker*.—"Pardon me—*convivial*—*convivial* decidedly."

"Then what is the intellectual portion of your entertainments?"

*Mr. Bowker*.—"Oh! why when somebody sings or spouts, that is both musical and intellectual."

"And then you all get very drunk, I suppose?"

*Mr. Bowker*.—"Pardon me—drunkenness is forbidden."

"Then how far may you go with impunity?"

*Mr. Bowker*.—"By the twenty-first canon of the Sublime Society of the free-and-easy club, it is enacted, that no member shall be considered drunk, or liable to the pains and penalties contingent upon intoxication, if he can lie without holding."

*Mr. Moonface*.—"Then, after he is incapacitated from walking, if he can lie still on the floor he is considered sober?"

*Mr. Bowker*.—"He is not considered drunk."

*Mr. Moonface* (eyeing the jury).—"He is not considered drunk." To *Mr. Bowker*, "You may stand down."

"With all my heart;" adding as he went, "I never had such a wiggling in *my* life."

Our old friend Roger Swizzle was the next witness. Time, we are sorry to say—and perhaps port wine—had done little towards improving Roger's figure and complexion. His once roseate face had assumed a very ripe mulberry hue, while his snub nose bore some disfiguring marks, called by the florists grog-blossoms. His bristly, brushed back, hair was still strong, but sadly bleached, and his bright twinkling eyes were about the only features remaining as they were. Neither was his costume more becoming. His puddingy neckcloth was more clumsy, his brown coat more uncouth, his black waistcoat more stained, his drab trousers shorter, and his high lows thicker and more developed.

Sergeant Horsefield received him with a bow. "You are, I believe," said he, "a medical gentleman in extensive practice at Handley Cross, and well acquainted with Mr. Jorrocks?"

"I am," replied Mr. Swizzle.

"Then will you have the kindness to favour the Court with your opinion of that gentleman?"

*Roger Swizzle.*—"Certainly, sir. He's what I should call a very good fellow."

"No, I mean with respect to his intellect. Do you consider him of sound mind?"

"Sound as a bell."

"And capable of managing his affairs?"

“No doubt about it.—Why shouldn’t he?”

“*That’s a trump!*” observed Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself, adding, “*No doubt about it.*”

Mr. Moonface then proceeded to cross-examine Roger Swizzle:—

“You say, Mr. Swizzle,” said he, “that you are in a great way of practice, pray is it among gentlemen afflicted with Mr. Jorrocks’ infirmity?” (Mr. Moonface, putting his finger to his forehead.)

“Why, no,” replied Mr. Swizzle, “principally among gentlemen afflicted with this infirmity,” poking his finger against his stomach.

*Mr. Moonface.*—“Just so—you are what they call a diet doctor.”

*Roger Swizzle.*—“I don’t know I’m sure what they may call me.”

*Mr. Moonface.*—“Suppose they were to call you a ‘lushy cove,’ would there be any truth in that?”

*Roger Swizzle.*—“None whatever!”

“And yet you like your wine?”

*Roger Swizzle.*—“Good wine.”

“And what do you consider good wine?”

*Roger Swizzle.*—“Two bottles of port is the best of all wine.”

James Pigg was the last witness.

“Now; Pigg,” said Sergeant Horsefield, “you are, I believe, huntsman to Mr. Jorrocks, and as

such have the management of his hounds and horses ?”

“ Ar has,” replied Pigg, with a sniff of his hand across his nose, and a hitch of his braceless breeches.

“ And as such you have frequent opportunities of seeing and judging of your master’s conduct at home and abroad ?”

“ Yeas,” drawled out Pigg. “ out a-huntin that’s to say.”

“ Will you now favour the Court with your opinion of it generally ?”

*Pigg.*—“ Why, noo, ar should say he’s a varra good ard man, baith at hyeam and abroad—he gives me monny a shillin, and monny a glass o’ brandy i’ cold weather, and such like times.”

*Sergeant Horsefield.*—“ Ah, but I want to know more about his head-piece, you know—more how you think he manages his establishment in-doors and out.”

*Pigg.*—“ Why, now, ar should say he manishes ’em all gaily well, barrin that bit bow-dekite, Benjimin ; but sink him ! if ar had him, ard soon manish him.”

*Sergeant Horsefield.*—“ And his hounds, how do you think he manages them ?”

*Pigg.*—“ Why, noo, ar think the hunds will be just about the warst thing he does. He’s all for stuffin’ of their bellies till they’re not

fit to gan, and his back casts are perfectlie ridicklus."

*Sergeant Horsefield.*—"Well, but that is mere matter of opinion, isn't it?"

"*Ar, but ar say it isn't matter of opinion!*" roared Pigg. "Ye gan and ax ard Winter, or Hunnum, or any on 'em, if iver they make back casts first!"

*Sergeant Horsefield.*—"But you don't mean to say that, because a man makes back casts first, he is necessarily mad?"

*Pigg.*—"Mad, aye! ne doot! what else could he be?"

The sergeant looking sadly disconcerted, sat down.

"Well, Mr. Pigg," commenced Mr. Moonface, in a familiar tone, "and so you fill the distinguished post of huntsman in this celebrated hunt, of which Mr. Jorrocks is the head?"

"Ar does," replied Pigg, wondering what they were going over the same ground again for.

*Mr. Moonface.*—"And if I am rightly informed, you were selected on account of your great knowledge and experience in these matters?"

"Ar's warn'd ye," replied Pigg; "it wasn't like they'd chose me because ar was a feul!"

*Mr. Moonface.*—"Well, now, you told my learned friend something about back casts. Will you allow me to ask you if you think any man in his senses would make back casts?"

“ Niver such a thing! Not at first hand like ; always make the head good first. Sink it ! ar’s talked, and ar’s battled, and ar’s cussed wor ard maister, till ar’s been fairly aside mysel’ ; but the varry next time — may be, afore iver the hunds have cast theirsels—up he’s com’d, blawin’ his horn, and taken them back o’er the varry same grund, while the fox all the time was gannin’ straight away.”

*Mr. Moonface.*—“ And that you consider very ridiculous ? ”

“ Parfectlie ridicklus ! ”

*Mr. Moonface.*—“ And what no man that knew what he was about would do ? ”

*Pigg* (vehemently). — “ Niver sec a thing! Niver sec a thing! Ax ard Winter, or ony on ’em. Whativer ye de, always cast forrord for a fox ; ” saying which, Pigg hitched up his breeches again, and rolled out of the witness-box.

The Chief Commissioner proceeded to address the jury :—

“ This was a case of great peculiarity,” he observed, “ but he thought of little difficulty, inasmuch as the main question — the existence of a most extraordinary establishment—was admitted, and the only question for them to decide was whether such an establishment was compatible with their ideas of rational life and the steady course of mercantile pursuits. If he mistook not, they were all merchants ; and it was for them to

say what effect one of their body, arraying himself in a scarlet coat with a blue collar; or a sky-blue coat with pink silk lining and canary-coloured shorts; or, again, in the crown and robes of a member of the Sublime Society, with the grand order of Jerusalem round his neck, would have upon their minds. The evidence, though slightly conflicting in some parts, was, he thought, very clear; nor did he think either Mr. Bowker or Pigg had done any thing towards lessening the force of it. Indeed, the latter seemed to consider the very way in which the unfortunate gentleman managed his extraordinary establishment of hounds was strongly symptomatic of incompetence.

“There was no doubt that a man might be mad upon hunting as well as upon any other point. It was for them to consider whether Mr. Jorrocks had carried the thing so far as to amount to insanity. It was immaterial that other men were equally enthusiastic. It was no reason for permitting one madman to remain at large, that there were many others equally mad. The Court would consider their cases, and deal with them if their next of kin thought proper to bring them before it. It certainly did appear a most extraordinary pursuit for a rational being to devote himself to, in the manner Mr. Jorrocks appears to have done; and with that observation

he should leave the case in the hands of the jury."

The jury consulted together for a few minutes without leaving the Court, and, we regret to state, found a verdict of "Insanity," adding that "Mr. Jorrocks had been incapable of managing his affairs since he took the *Handley Cross Hounds*."



CHAPTER XI.

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*Customer.*—What's to pay?

*Hairdresser.*—Two-and-six, sir.

*Customer.*—What! two-and-sixpence for cutting and curling?

*Hairdresser.*—Beg pardon, sir, curled, was it? Five shillings."

*Diamond Cut Simple.*

GREAT was the astonishment, both at Handley Cross and in London, at the intelligence of this verdict.

It was viewed and commented upon, according as the tastes and inclinations of the parties inclined towards mirth or took a serious turn. Some thought it quite right; others, that the commissioners were mad themselves. The Swizzleites and the Melloites divided, as usual. The annoyance of such a thing as a commission of lunacy is enough to drive a sane man mad; and Mr. Jor-rocks' indignant outburst and threatening conduct were construed into violence, and a removal for quiet insisted upon by the promoters of the commission. To Hoxton then he went, to the large brick house, with the pond behind, and the tall poplars before it, which stands so gloomily

secluded as almost to mark itself out for such an asylum.

Among the earliest visitors that called upon Mrs. Jorrocks from Handley Cross was Captain Doleful. Hearing of the verdict, he bethought him that something might be done in the matter of the horse, either by way of total or partial refunding ; and, accordingly, he took a second-class fare by the early train of the Lily-white sand railway, and sought the retirement of Great Coram Street.

Mrs. Jorrocks received him with fervour, for she remembered his attention at the fancy-ball, and, moreover, had an idea that "Jun" had been *rayther* too many for him in the matter of the 'oss.

Both sat silent for some time, Mrs. Jorrocks heaving heavy sighs, and the captain playing with the broad crape that enveloped his newly lined old hat.

"Sad business this, captin," at length observed Mrs. Jorrocks, with a groan.

"Melancholy in the extreme," replied the captain.

"Poor Jun ! it's a pity but he'd stuck to the Surrey—might have gone on with them for long."

"I don't know that," rejoined the captain, recollecting that he was the man who got Mr. Jorrocks to take the Handley Cross hounds ; "it

would have broke out some other way—set fire to his house, perhaps, or some such thing.”

“Oh, dear!” exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, who dreaded fire; “it seems like a hinterposition of Providence, that he did take them then.”

“Been better for me if he’d set fire to his house,” observed Captain Doleful, with a ghastly smile.

“’Ow so?” inquired Mrs. Jorrocks.

“I shouldn’t have been done with the horse,” replied he.

“Ah, true!” recollected Mrs. Jorrocks; “that ’oss business was a bad ’un; Jun understands ’osses rayther too well; but, howsomever, you are rich, and well able to bear it.”

“Mr. Jorrocks is rich, too,” observed Captain Doleful.

“He was afore he took the ’ounds,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks.

“Oh, but the hounds couldn’t hurt him—small establishment—large subscription.”

“I doesn’t know; it’s the ’ounds that have done the mischief, howsomever,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks.

“They might turn his head, but they couldn’t hurt his pocket—at least, if he has what people say.”

“Well, I doesn’t know nothin’ about that,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks, heaving a sigh.

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“ I suppose there’ll be no difficulty in the way of an equitable arrangement about the horse,” observed Captain Doleful, after a pause ; “ it’s hard for me to bear the whole of the brunt.”

“ I’m sure I should be werry ’appy to do wot’s genteel,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks ; “ but I s’pose the chancellor’s the person that must be applied to—he’s to keep the cash-book, I hear. Doesn’t know how he’s to understand about mexin’ the teas, I’m sure.”

“ Then you’ll give me your good word ?” inquired the captain, still harping on the horse.

“ Indeed I will,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks ; “ I’m sure you were always most purlite to me ; that fancy-ball I never shall forget.”

Doleful grinned, and thought how good sometimes came of evil.

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“ And how’s your lovely niece ?” at length inquired Captain Doleful, with a feature-wrinkling grin. “ This business will not defer her nuptials, I hope ?”

“ Oh, I knows nothin’ about nuptials !” exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, an idea suddenly striking her that will develope itself as we proceed. “ I s’pose you allude to Charles Stubbs ?”

“ Exactly so,” replied the captain.

“ *He von’t do,*” replied Mrs. Jorrocks, with an ominous shake of the head.

“Indeed!” exclaimed Captain Doleful; “I’m surprised to hear that—thought he was rich.”

“*Rich*, certainly,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks; “at least he will be; but we must look to somethin’ besides riches in these matters. *Stubbs von’t do.*”

Captain Doleful wondered how that was.

“It’s a awful responsibility wot dewelopes upon me now that poor Jun is ‘non compus,’” sighed Mrs. Jorrocks.

“It must be,” replied Captain Doleful.

“I’m sure I’ve no wish but for Belinda’s welfare, and have neither mercenary nor ambitious views; but that ‘are-brained Yorkshireman can never do. Indeed, her uncle’s malady seems like a interposition o’ Providence on her be’alf. Fancy what a sitivation hers would a’ been had she married this Stubbs, and he’d gone ‘non compus’ down in Yorkshire!—wild, out-o’-the-way country, scarcely inhabited, and nobody to lock him up.”

“Dreadful!” ejaculated the M.C., half laughing at her ideas of the country.

“No,” observed Mrs. Jorrocks, thoughtfully; “if she marries at all, it must be a different sort o’ man—some nice, steady person, wot will keep her right, and be kind to her when her poor huncle and I are gone.”

Mrs. Jorrocks burst into tears at the idea of her dissolution. “Had Jun been dead, she’d have

looked out for another investment before she thought of that."

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"I wonders *you* don't think o' marryin', cap-tin?" observed Mrs. Jorrocks, after a pause.

"Time enough for that!" replied he, with a grin, running his fingers through his straggling hair.

"True," observed Mrs. Jorrocks, "but youth, you know, don't last for ever. Howsomever, I'm sure," added she, "you are lookin' uncommon well; I always said black was quite your become."

The captain grinned, and thought a flirtation with Belinda might not be amiss.

"Then Mr. Stubbs is gone?" inquired he casually, thinking, perhaps, Charles might cast up and kick him.

"Gone, *decidedly*," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "at least, he don't shew here no more."

"Belinda seems a sweet girl," observed Captain Doleful, thoughtfully.

"She's a hangel!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks; "so affectionate, so tractable, and so engagin'! Whoever gets Belinda, gets a treasure." "She'll have a nice fortin'," added Mrs. Jorrocks, casually.

"Will she?" observed Captain Doleful, brightening up.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Jorrocks; "her father left summut 'andsome."

(It was "an 'andsome" amount of debt, for, poor man! he died insolvent.)

"Two or three hundred a-year, perhaps?" observed Captain Doleful, carelessly.

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Jorrocks, "besides wot *we* leaves her."

"It's worth thinking of," thought Captain Doleful.

"You, who are so rich, fortin' makes little matter to," observed Mrs. Jorrocks; "but Belinda's a beautiful figure—all nattural, and not a heap of feathers, like a Jinney Howlet, as some gals are. If Peel had put the bustle-tax on, that folks talked about, he'd a' got nothin' out o' Belinda."

"How nice!" grinned Captain Doleful, thinking what a contrast she was to Miss Crabstick.

"Oh, she's a sweet gal," rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks; "you couldn't 'elp likin' of her if yon know'd her."

"I'm half in love with her already," quoth the captain; "she wouldn't be difficult to come over, I suppose?" inquired he, pulling up his gills, and fingering his straggling whiskers.

"Not by *you*, I dare say," said Mrs. Jorrocks. "The gals can't stand captins."

"Is her fortune in the funds?" inquired Captain Doleful, after a pause.

"Partly," replied Mrs. Jorrocks, "partly in somethin' else; but I really doesn't understand

these matters, Jun used to do them all; but Belinda's a treasure in herself. S'pose you come and dine with us some day, and see her to advantage."

"Most happy, I'm sure," grinned the captain.

"Then come to-morrow at four," rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks; "just we three—*you understand!*"

"*Perfectly!*" replied the captain, dropping on his knee, and imprinting a kiss on Mrs. Jorrocks' mutton-fist.

That was carrying a sudden thought out quickly, and the captain having taken his departure, Mrs. Jorrocks began considering how she should manage matters with Belinda.

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"I have had your old friend, Captain Doleful, here, Belinda," observed she, as they sat at their early tea.

"Indeed!" replied Belinda.

"Lookin' so well and so 'andsome; I really think you'd have been smitten with him."

"*Me, aunt!*" exclaimed Belinda, with unfeigned astonishment.

"And vy not, miss?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks.

"Why, in the first place, he's quite an old man, and ——"

"*Old!*" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, "men are never old!"



“ Well, but he’s any thing but good-looking, and is such a horribly mean wretch ; I——”

“ Fiddle his meanness ! no meaner than other folks. He’s werry rich—a thousand a-year, paid quarterly.”

“ So much the better for him,” observed Belinda.

“ Now don’t be perverse—you know wot I means jest as well as I do myself,” observed Mrs. Jorrocks, looking irate.

“ Indeed I don’t, aunt !” replied Belinda, turning frightened,

“ Well then, stoopid ! I thinks he’s worth you settin’ your cap at.”

“ *Me, aunt !*” exclaimed Belinda, blushing deeply ; “ you know I can’t—*I’m engaged !*”

“ Fiddle, engaged ! soon get off that,—nothin’s finished till it’s done.”

“ Oh, aunt !” exclaimed Belinda, burying her face in her hands, “ don’t—*pray don’t* talk to me in this way—*I cannot bear it !*”

“ Foolish gal !” rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks ; “ don’t know what’s good for you.—The captin’s worth fifty of your fly-away, break-neck fox-’unters,—nice, agreeable, quiet gentleman, wot’ll take his tea with you of an evenin’, instead of snorin’ and sleepin’ as your huncle does, or startin’ up, thinkin’ he’s gettin’ run away with or kicked over a wall.”

“ You are not in earnest, aunt ? ” replied Belinda, turning her beautiful blue eyes, with their silken lashes suffused with tears, upon her aunt as she spoke.

“ Vy not ? ” inquired Mrs. Jorrocks.

“ O, aunt, you *cannot* be in earnest—*you*, who have always encouraged Charles, and encouraged me to like him ; and —— ”

“ It was your huncle wot encouraged him ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, “ *not me !* ”

“ And you, *too*, aunt, ” replied Belinda, calmly, but firmly ; “ don’t you remember the night uncle and he were benighted, and I sat anxiously waiting their coming, trembling for their safety, how you consoled me by praising Charles, and talking of what a nice husband he would make me, and how pleasant it would be visiting us in Yorkshire, and —— ”

“ No doubt, ” replied Mrs. Jorrocks ; “ no doubt—and now that a better chance turns hup, I encourages you to think of it,—a gal should never be without an admirer ; but it’s a reg’lar rule always to take the best,—nothin’ ’s done till it’s finished, as I said before. ”

“ I want no better ! ” exclaimed Belinda ; “ Charles is my first—my only love, and I’ll *never* marry another ! ”

“ *Fool !* ” ejaculated Mrs. Jorrocks ; “ that’s

the way all gals talk!—got your 'ead stuffed full of boardin'-school, novelish nonsense."

Belinda was silent—the eloquent tears chased each other rapidly down her beautiful cheeks.

"Now, don't be foolish!" said Mrs. Jorrocks, in a milder tone; "consider wot hobligations you are under to me and your huncle—brought you hup, and edikated you, and introduced you to people of the first extinction, and all the return I ax is, that you'll oblege me by makin' a helligible match. There isn't a gal in 'Andley Cross but would jump at such a chance. Charles may be a werry respectable young man, but he's wild and thoughtless; besides, we doesn't know wot he has, and it's werry imprudent, to say the least of it, for a gal to fall in love with a man till shè knows wot he has,—*I* didn't do so, I knows."

"He will have enough for me," replied Belinda; "money alone will not constitute happiness."

"Prowokin' gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks; "you are just one of those silly, romancin', love-in-a-cottage sort o' gals that one sees in the plays;" and Mrs. Jorrocks vented an inward malediction on Mr. Bowker, and all patrons and frequenters of the drama.

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“Oblege me now, Belinda,” continued she, after a pause, “by thinkin’ of the captin.”

“Aunt, I *couldn’t for the world!* I know the gratitude I owe—and Heaven knows the gratitude I feel, for all you have done for me, but this can never be ;—I should detest myself could I think myself capable of entertaining the idea.”

“There, again !” exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, reddening up ; “stage-players again ! Wish you would be a little rational. Tell me, now, in plain English, why can’t you entertain the idea?”

“Because you know, aunt,” replied Belinda, slowly and calmly, “that I accepted Charles with the full approbation of you and my uncle.”

“And wot of that ?” inquired Mrs. Jorrocks.

“Simply that my word is pledged, and I am precluded from thinking of another.”

“No such thing !” rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks ; “’appens every day,—sayin’ you love each other is nothin’ towards a match. I tells you, no prudent gal accepts a man till she knows wot he has. Look at Mrs. Wrigglesworth ! She was engaged to Walter Leigh, and her acquaintance congratulated her, and made her bags, and said nothin’ could be nicer, when Wrigglesworth turned hup with just double Leigh’s fortin’, and she chopped over to him, and her friends congratulated her again, and said nothin’ could be

nicer, and made her duplicate bags, slippers, scent-'olders, and I don't know wot."

"Sincere their congratulations must have been," observed Belinda; "I'm sure I should not like to be talked of as people talk of her,—pointed out as the lady who cheated the government by not paying the auction duty on herself, and I don't know what else."

"Let them laugh as wins," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "she has a futman—and would only have had a Betsy with Leigh. But there's no puttin' old 'eads on young shoulders," sighed Mrs. Jorrocks. "Take my word for it, howsomever," continued she, "if you live, you'll see these things in a werry different light;—if you kicks the ball away, you may never have it at your foot again."

"I don't wish for such a ball as Captain Doleful, I'm sure," replied Belinda, smiling.

"And tell me, Miss Pert, wot's the matter with the captin?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks, tartly.

"I'm sure I don't know what is the matter with him, exactly," replied Belinda; "but I should not think he was a man that any woman would ever take a fancy to."

"Fiddle *fancy*!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks; "it's your fanciful marriages wot breed misery—foolish, moon-struck, stage-play sort of bothera-

tions, that breed bastiles, and I doesn't know what;" for Mrs. Jorrocks had only got the smattering of that idea. "I tells you," continued she, "*that you're a fool!*"

Belinda was silent.

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"I do wonders," observed Mrs. Jorrocks, "that any gal can be so ungratefully hobstinate as persewure, in spite of the advice and hadmonition of her friends—wot good can you get by it? If you doesn't like partin' with the books and things Stubbs gave you, I'll tell him you prefers keepin' of them, so you'll lose nothin' by the transaction."

"O, aunt!" exclaimed Belinda, "*don't* torture me thus—*don't* make yourself appear little by insinuating that such an idea could enter *your* head."

"And vy not?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks. "It's nattural that you should like keepin' the things."

"Indeed no, aunt, it isn't. If I could bring myself to think that the connexion on which I have set my heart was not to be, the greatest favour you could do me would be to remove from my sight every trace, every recollection, that could remind me of my loss."

"*Loss, indeed!*" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, sneeringly. "Pretty loss, forsooth! It's wot I should call gainin' a loss — gettin' a nice, steady

captin, with a large fortin', to a harum scarum scamp, that nobody knows nothin' about—nasty, 'oss-copin', ditch-jumpin' beggar !”

Belinda was silent.

“ Vell, you may be perwerse and hobstinate, too ; but, take my word for it, you'll get nothin' by it. I'm mistress here, and I'll be obeyed ; and my horders are that you receive the capt'in at dinner to-morrow, and behave like a lady. Put on your Hindia muslin, or I'll let the Chancellor know ;” so saying Mrs. Jorrocks flounced out of the room.

Having returned to his lodgings at the George and Blue Boar, High Holborn, Captain Doleful reconnoitred his wardrobe, for the purpose of seeing how killing he could make himself on the following day. He had on the suit of black he had turned for Miss Crabstick's funeral. Cranbourne Alley supplied a stiff white stock and a finely flowered front with two rows of little frills. These with a pair of cheap, open-work black silk socks, and French polish on his old pumps, would make him a very respectable candle-light swell.

Passing down Holborn, he was struck with the display in Mr. Frizwig the advertising hair-dresser's window—such wax-busts, such wigs and ringlets ! “ HAIR CUT FOR SIXPENCE.” The captain thought he would have a clip.

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The obsequious "perruquier" ushered him into the cutting-room through the shop, and Captain Doleful, divesting himself of his coat and gaping mohair stock, got his person enveloped in a buff cotton covering.

Taking a hard brush out of his apron-pocket, Mr. Frizwig proceeded to brush the captain's lank locks over his flat head. He then produced a comb and scissors.

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"'Air getting rayther thin on the crown, I'm sorry to *perceive*," observed Mr. Frizwig.

"That's no news," growled the captain, eyeing his unbecoming appearance in the unbecoming mirror against the wall.

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"Your 'air requires a good deal of moisture," observed Mr. Frizwig, nothing daunted by his customer's gruffness.

"Does it?" growled the captain.

"Thin in parts—strong in parts," continued the perruquier, snipping, and clipping, and combing. "The grand Scandinavian extract of Patagonian cream would restore it all ;" adding, half to himself and half to his foreman, "Must have had a fine head formerly."

The captain grinned. "What is it a bottle?" inquired he.



“All prices,” replied the hairdresser, wondering the extent of his customer’s gullibility—“all prices, from two-and-six up to ten shillings. The largest pots cheapest in the end.”

“How long is it in acting?” inquired the captain.

“Depends upon how you use it: well rubbed in twice a-day, it would begin immediately. Renovates what’s gone, and imparts a beautiful healthy gloss to what’s left.”

“A *lectle* off the whiskers?” inquired he.

“A *little*,” replied the captain, with an emphasis, thinking there was not much to spare.

“Just the p’int<sup>s</sup> off,” observed the hairdresser, pretending to be very exact.

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“If I might take the liberty, sir, I would recommend one of my patent, self-ventilating, porous zephyr scalps with invisible spring d’Orsay whiskers—the most surprising deception ever witnessed!—Impossible to detect!”

Captain Doleful was silent, for he thought they would be dear.

“Sell an immense number of them,” continued Mr. Frizwig, still trimming the whiskers. “Perhaps you know Captain Orlando Smith, the gentleman who stood for Taunton at the last election?”

The captain said “No.”

“Indeed! s’cuse the liberty, but you are so

like, I thought you might be brothers. Well, his 'air was just like yours—thin at the top, strong behind, and I rigged him out with a scalp and whiskers, so neat and so natural that he won all the girls' hearts in the borough. If they'd had votes he'd have been returned. Girls like whiskers. You never see a new-married man but his whiskers have always increased."

"And what is the price of them?" inquired the captain, recollecting how Miss Jelly had admired him in his fancy-dress whiskers.

"All prices, sir! all prices!—Twenty shillings upwards. Allow me to shew you some. Enoch!" calling to his foreman, "bring half-a-dozen patent zephyr scalps, dark, with invisible spring d'Orsay whiskers."

While the apprentice was looking them out, Mr. Frizwig took a pair of large scissors and cut a great patch off the captain's thin-haired crown.

"What are you after now, man?" exclaimed he, jumping off the chair.

"Only preparing a place for the spring to act upon," replied Mr. Frizwig, coolly. "You are exactly like Captain Orlando Smith, the gentleman who stood for Taunton at the last election. He would have that I had spoiled him when I did that, but, my word! when he saw himself in his new ornaments, I heard no more of that. — *Allow me now, sir,*" continued he, bowing most obse-

quiously, and pointing to the chair, "to have the honour of rigging you out the same way."

Captain Doleful, somewhat testy, but hoping for the best, then resumed his seat, and Mr. Frizwig, with the aid of Enoch, proceeded to exhibit sundry scalps and whiskers. "Too light," said Mr. Frizwig, rejecting three or four in succession. "Too dark," continued he, holding one to Captain Doleful's head. "Haven't you one with a shade of grey in it?"

"There is a *slight* tinge of grey in your 'air," whispered Mr. Frizwig confidentially, as Enoch returned to the shop, "which, I have little doubt, the grand Scandinavian extract of Patagonian cream will entirely remove; but, as you only intend wearing the scalp until your own 'air gets strong, it will be better to match it now, than to get a scalp of the colour your 'air will be 'ereafter."

"But I haven't made up my mind to have one at all yet," observed the captain, snappishly.

"Ah, you're exactly like Captain Orlando Smith, the gentleman who stood for Taunton at the last election," repeated the audacious perruquier. "Nothing could persuade him that I was not cheating him, and, indeed, he threatened to call the police; but, when he saw himself, he was so delighted that, in his 'urry to shew himself, he left his new gingham umbrella and cotton gloves

on the counter. Ah, now this'll be the ticket!" added he, taking an iron-grey scalp out of Enoch's hand—"Allow me, sir," to the captain, putting the scalp on his head and dropping the d'Orsay whiskers under his chin.

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"Delightful!" exclaimed he, getting in front and looking the captain full in the face.—"A leetle farther back, Enoch. That'll do. Now fasten the clasp. Charming match! Don't think I ever saw a better."

"But I don't look a bit like myself," exclaimed the captain, eyeing his hirsute appearance in the glass.

"Paradoxical as it may appear, sir, my motto is 'art before nature,'" replied Mr. Frizwig. "This scalp and whiskers possess an elegance and gracefulness of contour almost unattainable. Stop till you're used to them a little," added he, giving the horse-hair-looking beard an inward twitch. "There may be a leetle fulness round the chin, but that is easily remedied," added Mr. Frizwig, taking the large scissors and cutting about half-an-inch off. "Now," said he, "how do you like it?"

"Why, it's more like the thing," replied Captain Doleful, grinning through the great collar of horse-hair; "but I should say it is still much too full."

“ You *must* have it full, you know, or where would be the use of having a porous zephyr scalp and d’Orsay whiskers at all? I should say you look now as you ought to do, and as you did before your ‘air got so thin. Wouldn’t you, Enoch?” Enoch thought it a charming match and fit, too.

“ The hair matches well enough, perhaps,” observed the captain; “ but it is the whiskers I object to. They are too large—too bushy, and look altogether too much like what one sees on a barber’s block.”

“ That’s the perfection of the thing! They look like art naturalised. Nobody would even suspect that they were not your own whiskers. They’re too large to be false. As you walk up street now, you’ll hear the ladies exclaim, ‘ What beautiful whiskers!’ Just as they did, to Captain Orlando Smith, when he stood for Taunton.”

The captain twitched and pulled the whiskers and beard, and scanned himself minutely.

“ If you would allow me to cut off the remnants of your own whiskers,” observed Mr. Frizwig, “ these new ones would sit much closer and have a more natural air;” saying which he gently lifted a whisker, and with his large scissors laid one cheek bare before the captain had time to say nay.

“ Confound it, I wish you wouldn’t be *quite* so

handy with your scissors," observed the captain with a frown.

" Beg pardon," bowed the obsequious barber, " but I think you'll agree with me, that that's a *decided* improvement—Isn't it, Enoch?"

" Looks uncommon well now," replied Enoch, grinning, " Does'nt the gen'leman think so himself?"

Doleful did not deign a reply. He sat twisting and turning and examining himself first in the mirror, then in the hand-glass, then in the hand-glass and mirror conjointly, trying if he could make himself believe he looked as he did when he came in. The whiskers certainly were tremendous—strong, coarse, black hair, with a uniform inward curl. Still we do not mean to say that we have not seen as big a pair, though certainly not on so unhealthy a soil as the captain's cheeks.

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" What's to pay?" at length inquired he, adjusting his embroidered collars over his mohair stock, and putting on his coat: " you'll not charge for *cutting*, of course?"

" Let me see," replied Mr. Frizwig, rubbing his hands—" any 'air-brushes, tooth-brushes, sponges, soap, wanted?"

" No," said Captain Doleful, dryly.

“Just a ten-shilling pot of Scandinavian extract.—No curling-fluid, tooth-powder, lavender-water? Got some uncommonly genuine Eau de Cologne.”

“*No! No!*” interrupted the captain; “I only want a half-crown pot of extract, that, and a shilling discount off the sovereign, will be a guinea and sixpence — say a guinea.”

“Beg pardon, scalp, six-and-twenty.”

“How’s that? you said a sovereign.”

“*From* a sovereign.”

“I understand you to say that *a* sovereign was the price, or I wouldn’t have had one.”

“Beg pardon, sir, you quite misunderstood me. No doubt you could have one for a sovereign, but it would be a thing like a door-mat, without the invisible spring d’Orsay whiskers.”

“Invisible spring d’Orsay fiddle-sticks!” growled the captain, “I wanted nothing of the sort.”

“Beg ten thousand pardons, sir,—shall be happy to take it back, I’m sure.”

“And what am I to do without my own whisker that you cut off?” inquired the captain angrily.

“The Scandinavian extract ’ill soon restore it!”

“Scandinavian devil! ——Well, come, six-and-twenty,” repeated the captain, producing his old leather purse.

“ Scalp, six-and-twenty ; invisible spring-whiskers, ten. — one pound sixteen.”

“ *Hold!*” cried the captain, “ I won’t be imposed upon ! ”

“ Sir ! ” exclaimed Mr. Frizwig, in a tone of dignified astonishment, drawing himself up.

“ I tell you, sir,” said the captain, “ that you gave me to understand the scalp and whiskers were a pound.”

“ I don’t know what your comprehension may be equal to,” replied Mr. Frizwig, rubbing his hands, “ but I assure you, one pound sixteen shillings is my price, and one pound sixteen shillings I mean to have, or you may doff your head-dress as soon as you like. Enoch, mind the door ! ” giving his foreman a wink.

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“ *Take it then !* ” screamed the captain, dashing the money on the counter ; “ and if ever I set foot in your —— shop again, I hope I may be ——.”

“ Shut up shop, Enoch !—shut up shop ! ” exclaimed Mr. Frizwig to his apprentice. “ It’s all over with us : this ourang-outang says he won’t come back ; ” saying which master and man burst into a loud guffaw, in the midst of which Captain Doleful hurried away.

Mrs. Jorrocks received the captain as a lady



would her intended nephew. She was somewhat struck with the change in his appearance, but said nothing; and Belinda, not having seen him for some time, and not understanding the management of whiskers, thought nothing of it.

Dinner being announced, Mrs. Jorrocks motioned the captain to take Belinda, while she followed complacently in the rear, admiring Belinda's beautifully rounded form, set off by the simple drapery of Indian muslin, and the captain's gaunt figure—the handsomest couple she had ever seen—seemed made for each other—the usual “common form,” in fact, as Bill Bowker would say.

They had mutton-broth and mackerel for dinner, roast-beef, boiled chickens and tongue; and the captain, having only had a second-class coffee-room breakfast (bread with one egg), played an uncommonly good knife and fork—rather better, perhaps, than might have been expected, considering the delicacy of his situation. Belinda trifled with her dinner, for the sake of drowning the comparisons that every moment arose between her death's-head-looking neighbour and he who so long had sat at her side.

Immediately after dinner, at least immediately after her second bumper of port, Mrs. Jorrocks had arranged to be called out by Betsy; and

answering the summons, she desired Belinda to entertain the captain until her return.

Our hero now began to take fright, and wrinkling his face like a man with a very tight shoe, he attempted to force a conversation about indifferent things : “ Did she like Handley Cross or London best ? Great Coram Street was certainly a very charming situation, airy and clean. But nothing could be nicer than Diana Lodge. Supposed she knew the Barningtons were not going to return — had gone to live at Boulogne, where they were quite the head people of the place. Hoped the hounds would not be given up at Handley Cross, and had she heard of Mr. Stubbs lately ? ”

This last was too much for poor Belinda. Her utterance became choked. She rose from her seat and hurried out of the room.

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“ Is that you, Belinda ? ” inquired Mrs. Jorrock, in a suppressed tone of anger, hearing a light footstep pass the drawing-room door and proceed up-stairs.

Without waiting for an answer, our hostess hurried out to see, and caught a plimpse of Belinda’s petticoats whisking round the landing-place.

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“ Didn’t I tell you to sit with the capt’in till I came down ?” inquired Mrs. Jorrocks, in a voice stifled with rage, “ and here, you minx, you have the unmannerly imperance to leave him all alone — *Vot do you mean ?*” screamed she, closing the door.

“ Aunt,” replied Belinda, firmly, “ you can’t frighten me. Where no hope is left, is left no fear, and I tell you most decidedly, that sooner than marry — oh ! sooner than *think* of, that horrid man, I’ll throw myself out of the window !”

“ FOOL !” ejaculated Mrs. Jorrocks, hurrying down-stairs to the captain.

\* \* \* \*

“ And ’ow do you get on ?” inquired she, entering the parlour with a smile on her countenance.

“ Oh, pretty well, I think,” replied the captain, who had taken advantage of Belinda’s absence, to fall foul upon a preserved orange, with which he had his mouth plentifully crammed. — “ She’s shy, you know, but I make no doubt she’ll soon come to.”

“ All gals are shy at first,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks ; “ indeed they wouldn’t be fit for wives if they wern’t. Bless us ! I remember how frightened I was the first hoffer I got. — You mnst be gentle with her, poor thing ! — she’s never

been used to no 'arshness," continued Mrs. Jorrocks, as the captain scraped up the syrup with a spoon.

"That I will," said he, licking his lips; "she shall have every thing she wants — sable tippets, chinchilla muff — phaeton — foot-man ———"

\* \* \* \*

Tea followed, and Mrs. Jorrocks having apologised for the absence of Belinda on the usual plea of headach, and the captain and she having played at cross purposes about the relative fortunes until each were tired, he, at length, took his departure, promising a speedy return.

Mrs. Jorrocks then applied herself seriously to the consideration of Belinda's case. She was sadly bothered how to manage her.

The captain evidently was to be had, but how to get rid of that "'orrid Yorkshireman" was more than Mrs. Jorrocks could devise.

She had certainly encouraged Belinda to like him, and there, perhaps, she was to blame, (without knowing what he had), but then Mr. Jorrocks was the great promoter of the thing, and she had only now acquired the power of putting a *veto* upon it. That power she was determined to use.

Mrs. Jorrocks was a woman without personal friends; all her acquaintance being the acquaintance of her husband, and partaking more or less

of his honest integrity. Long and anxiously did she ruminate who she could call to her counsels, and who would be most likely to aid her. Mrs. Barker would blab, Mrs. Brown would rather hurt her than aid her; if she let Mrs. Flower into the secret, she would try to get Charles for one of her own "ugly gals," and altogether Mrs. Jorrocks was very much puzzled.

The only person to whom she thought she could with safety apply was Mr. Bowker, and to him she addressed the following note:—

"Mrs. Jorrocks' comp<sup>s</sup>. Mr. Bowker, and I will thank you to come and see me as soon as you can.

*"Great Coram Street."*

\* \* \* \*

"Curse your impudence! What do you mean by knocking that way, you little brazen bastard!" exclaimed Mr. Bowker, opening the door of old Snarle's chambers to a long and loud *rat-tat-tat-tat-tan* from our friend, Mr. Benjamin Brady.

Mr. Bowker was deeply engaged, looking out "common forms" for a settlement for parties "in a hurry," and Mr. Brady's summons startled both him and old Snarle.

"What an audacious little rascal you are!"

continued Bill ; “ you knock, I declare, just as if you were a Queen’s counsel.”

“ And so I am a *Queen’s* counsel,” replied Benjamin,—“ counsel to the old gal in Great Coram Street ; and here, I’ve brought you a brief,” presenting Bill with the note.

\* \* \* \*

“ Curse the old fool ! what can she want with me ?” muttered Bill as he read it. “ *Mischief*, I’ll be bound,—ungrammatical old jade ! ‘ Compliments Mr. Bowker ’—Mr. Bowker wants none of her compliments !”

\* \* \* \*

“ Make my compliments to your mistress,” said Bill, with great dignity, “ and say I’ll be with her at dinner-time—that’s to say, one o’clock, or a little after ; and see, the next time you come, that you knock a little quieter, or I’ll knock your head off your shoulders !”

“ Vill you ?” rejoined Benjamin ; “ you’ll find yourself in the wrong box, if you do,” said he, spitting upon Bowker, and running down-stairs as hard as ever he could go.

\* \* \* \*

“ Nasty little beast !” exclaimed Bowker, returning from the chase, and wiping his tights as he ascended the stairs ; “ that boy ’ll be hung as sure as a gun !” with which comfortable assurance

Bill returned to his office, and busied himself with his common forms, and in thinking what Mrs. Jorrocks *could* want.

\* \* \* \*

When one o'clock came, instead of repairing to "The Feathers," or to any of his familiar dining-houses, Mr. Bowker wended his way to Great Coram Street. Many were his conjectures as to the cause of his summons, his ideas partaking of the character of the streets through which he passed—gloomy when in narrow ones, and brightening as he entered upon the wider expanse, and purer atmosphere of the Foundling Hospital and Brunswick Square. At length he stood at Mrs. Jorrocks' door—that door at which he had so often stood in sadness and in joy, but which he had never re-passed uncomforted.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Jorrocks was alone in the front drawing-room. The chintz covers were on the chairs and screens, and a blue cloth covered the round table at which she sat, with a pile of bills, letters, papers, and memorandum-books before her.

"Good mornin', Mr. Bowker," said she, in a melancholy tone, motioning our friend to a vacant chair on the opposite side of the table.

Bowker pulled a long face, and, unbuttoning his leopard-like Taglioni, sidled a respectful portion of his person on to the chair, and, bending

forward, rested his right hand on his gold-headed cane.

\* \* \* \*

“Sad business, this, Mr. Bowker,” observed Mrs. Jorrocks, with a sigh.

“*Very sad, indeed,*” replied Bill.

“You never suspected nothin’ of the sort, did you, Mr. Bowker?”

“Oh, never, indeed!”

“Werry shockin’,” continued Mrs. Jorrocks; “don’t know what’s to become on us.”

“I should hope there’s no fear of your being well provided for,” observed Bill.

“Oh, it arn’t myself that I cares about, Mr. Bowker,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks; “but what’s to become of that poor dear child—she who has lived with us so long, that I looks upon her in the light of a darter?”

“Oh, I should hope there will be no difficulty about her,” replied Mr. Bowker.

“They won’t allow nothin’ for her keep,” continued Mrs. Jorrocks, wiping her eye.

“Indeed!” replied Mr. Bowker.

“They say the Chancellor’s to manage matters, both here and in the Lane, and I shall only have as much as will keep myself genteel.”

“Indeed!” replied Mr. Bowker; adding, “But what is Mr. Stubbs about? Why doesn’t he marry her?”



*"Don't mention his 'orrid name!"* screamed Mrs. Jorrocks. "I werrily believes he's been the cause of all the mischief."

"Indeed!" repeated Mr. Bowker, wondering what had happened.

"Idle feller!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks.

"He certainly was not a worker when he wa with us," observed Mr. Bowker; "but he'll have a nice fortune, won't he?"

"Oh, I knows nothin' about fortin'," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "money alone won't make 'appiness."

"True," observed Mr. Bowker, thinking it went a long way.

"I should like to see her marry some nice, quiet, respectable person, wot would be kind to her when her poor huncle and I are gone," sobbed Mrs. Jorrocks, covering her face with a dirty linen handkerchief.

Mr. Bowker was beat for an answer; he couldn't see his way.

"Such a man, now, as Capt'in Doleful," resumed Mrs. Jorrocks, finding Mr. Bowker remained silent; "any religious, quiet, charitable person, rather than that hare-brained Yorkshireman. Fox-'unters are all queer," added she, putting her finger to her forehead; "get shook out 'unting."

"Captain Doleful's a very nice man, I suppose,"

observed Mr. Bowker, looking at his Hessian boots.

“ Oh, he’s a *charmin’* man,” responded Mrs. Jorrocks; “ you don’t know what a comfort he was to me at the Spa.”

“ Indeed !” observed Mr. Bowker, “ very genteel, too, isn’t he ?”

“ He’s quite the go at ‘ Andley Cross,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks.

“ Then he’d be the go any where, I should think,” observed Mr. Bowker, tucking the ends of his blue satin neckcloth into his red tartan waistcoat, and contemplating his drab stocking-net pantaloons and Hessian boots.

\* \* \* \*

“ Mr. Bowker,” said Mrs. Jorrocks, after a long pause, during which she shuffled among some papers, and applied a large blue smelling-bottle to her nose,—“ Mr. Bowker,” repeated she, “ in lookin’ through Jun’s drawers, I find some mems. about some money you owes him.”

“ Indeed !” said Bill, colouring up to the edness of his waistcoat.

“ A hundred pounds and interest,” continued Mrs. Jorrocks, eyeing him intently.

“ One year’s interest on fifty, and half a year’s on the same sum ; I have it all down in my cash-book, in Eagle Street. I’ll give you a cheque for it now,” continued Bill, diving into his back

pocket in search of his cheque-book—a search that he might have continued some time, had not Mrs. Jorrocks relieved him by observing that she didn't want the money, she only wished to know that all was right.

“*Quite right!*” repeated Bill, in his usual off-hand way; “interest on fifty, for a year, two pund ten; on fifty, for half a year, one pund five—three pund fifteen, and principal, a hundred—a hundred and three pund fifteen—you can have it any day for sending for. We always have as much in the till as will answer that.

“Mr. J. 'ill be a great loss to society,” observed Bowker, in a melancholy tone, anxious to turn the conversation.

“*Poor man!*” responded Mrs. Jorrocks, with a sigh.

“Don't know who we shall get for chairman of our Free-and-easy, or president of the incorporated society of Good Fellows; the recorder-ship of the Wide-awake Club will be vacant, too. Do you think Captain Doleful would take office?” inquired Mr. Bowker.

“Not of them sort of things, I should think,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks, with a toss of the head; “the capt'in's more a tea-and-Terpsichore sort of man—*werry genteel.*”

“True,” observed Mr. Bowker; “but just for the sake of popularity, I thought, perhaps, he

might lend us a hand. The recordership's a high office."

"He cares nothin' for poppularity now," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "wot should a man with a thousand pounds a-year care for poppularity?"

"True," assented Mr. Bowker, wishing he had half of it. "Why shouldn't *he* make a good match for Miss Belinda?" inquired Bowker, willing to help Mrs. Jorrocks to her point.

"That's just what I've been a plannin' of," replied Mrs. Jorrocks, with a knowing leer,— "that's just what I've been a plannin' of. Now," continued she, after a pause, during which she scrutinised Mr. Bowker and bagged her dirty pocket-hankerchief, "it's no use you and I 'umbuggin' each other."

Bill bowed assent.

"Well, then, I may as well tell you at startin' that I knows all about the money and the shop—*you can no more pay me than you can fly!*"

Bill coloured brightly.

"But if you can't pay me in cash, you can pay me in kind," continued Mrs. Jorrocks, anxious to relieve her visitor's uneasiness. "You think Capt'in Doleful will do for Belinda?"

"Undoubtedly, if he has what you say, and will keep her a gig." (The possession of a gig was the summit of Bill's worldly ambition.)

“ A *fe-a-ton* ! ” replied Mrs. Jorrocks, with a look of exultation.

“ *He must be had !* ” observed Bill, with a wink and a nod.

“ So say I,” replied Mrs. Jorrocks; “ the thing is how to get him.”

“ There can’t be any difficulty, I should think,” observed Bill. “ Beautiful, blue-eyed girl — nice foot and ankle — swelling figure — just leave them together a bit, he’ll soon come to, I warrant.”

“ Oh, *he’s* all right,” said Mrs. Jorrocks. “ It’s Belinda that bothers me.”

“ She’ll surely take your advice,” observed Bill, in a tone of confidence—“ at least, if she wont, you can make her.”

“ But there’s that confounded Yorkshire scamp in the way ! ” said Mrs. Jorrocks ; “ and she vows nothing shall make her marry another so long as he remains faithful.”

“ Silly girl ! ” exclaimed Bowker ; “ that’s the way with them all — just as if there weren’t as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. She should be whipped for throwing away such a chance. Far better to ride about town in a *fe-a-ton* than pad the hoof in the country,” observed Bill, looking at the slanting heels of his Hessians.

“ Far ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks.

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"Girls are queer cattle," observed Bowker, after a pause. "Lucky when they have older heads than their own to keep them right."

"'Deed is it!" said Mrs. Jorrocks; adding, with a shake of her head, "Belinda's werry obstinate."

"Pity!" said Mr. Bowker, who was a great admirer of beauty. "I always thought she was very amiable."

"*Fiddle hamiable!*" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, angrily. "Hugly girls are hamiable."

"Well, but I thought she'd have done what you liked," said Mr. Bowker. "I'm sure she ought, after all your kindness."

"Well; but it's not never of no use speckilatin' on wot she ought to do," rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks, anxious to make her point, "I tells you she *won't*, and that's poz!"

"Then we must see if we can't make her," said Bill, somewhat reluctantly; for, rogue as he was, he had still a tinge of kindness left in his composition.

"And you'll 'elp me?" said Mrs. Jorrocks, inquiringly.

Bill bowed.

"Well, now, I'll tell you wot," said Mrs. Jorrocks, turning Bill's I. O. U's. over in a careless sort of way, "if you can manage to choak Stubbs off, and get the capt'in on, I'll put these writin's in the fire."

“ I’ll do my best, I’m sure,” said Bill, delighted at the prospect of a clearance.

“ It must be managed gingerly,” observed Mrs. Jorrocks.

“ ‘ Love may die by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away,’ ”

replied Mr. Bowker, flourishing his right hand as he spoke.

“ You’ll manage it, I think,” said Mrs. Jorrocks, cheerfully.

“ If she’s of womankind,” replied Rill.

“ Get Stubbs off, and there will be little difficulty in getting the capt’in on,” said Mrs. Jorrocks.

“ None, I should think — at least if he’s of flesh and blood,” continued Mr. Bowker, looking at the rotundity of his own legs. “ But my hour is almost come ! ” added he, starting up, as he drew a richly chased pinchbeck watch from his waistcoat-pocket, and saw it wanted but ten minutes to two, at which time he had “ to render up himself ” to old Snarle and present him with a ship-biscuit for luncheon. He bid Mrs. Jorrocks a hasty adieu, and half happy, half wretched, retraced his steps to Lincoln’s Inn.

“ Needs must when the devil drives ! ” said Bill, as he hurried along ; “ but I’d rather do any

thing than injure that poor blue-eyed beauty. Nice little thing, with her pretty taper fingers, that used to shake hands with me so kindly ;” and the more Bill thought of his task, the less he liked it. Still he saw no way of helping himself, for well he knew that Mrs. Jorrocks was merciless, and having got him in her power, she would grind him to the ground.

He wanted no dinner, for his appetite had fled ; added to which, old Snarle was in the sulks, and did nothing but abuse him for bringing the wrong common forms.

Difficult was Mr. Bowker’s task. He paced round his little cage of an office like a wild beast on the fret. No settled plan of proceeding occurred to his inventive genius. We question if he could have succeeded single-handed ; but wisely judging, that where women are concerned women would be the best advisers, he enlisted Mrs. Bowker’s cunning in the cause, by the lure of a long-wished-for swans’-down muff and tippet.

A third person was afterwards added in Miss Slummers, or rather Miss Howard, of Sadlers’ Well’s Theatre.

The following letter will explain the contrivance of the trio :—

“ Dear Mr. Stubbs,—It is, I assure you, with feelings of the greatest reluctance that I am com-



pelled to address you on a delicate topic, deeply involving the happiness, and, I fear, the honour, of one both near and dear to me.

“ My sister-in-law complains, for that whereas, previous to the month of January 18—, and ever since you have been on terms of familiar intimacy, procured by the voluntary and often-repeated promise of making her your lawful wife, and that (to follow up the quaint language in which the declaration is couched), though often thereunto requested, as well by herself as by her lawful attorney, John Brown, you wilfully. maliciously, and with malice aforethought, obstinately and perversely refuse to ratify and complete your solemn and voluntary compact and obligation, to the damage of the said Susan, and against the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen, &c. Wherefore, &c. Action, &c, Damages—One thousand pounds.

“ I trust, my dear sir, I need not say with what reluctance it is I make this communication. I, as you know, am no tight-laced Methodist, and so long as I thought the matter was confined to a little innocent flirtation and pulling about in my back-shop, I never should have thought of interfering; but, now that the truth of the matter has transpired, and bids fair to become public, through the medium of the cursed legal document before me, the outraged feelings of a

relative banish the delicacy that attends a London gentleman, and compels me to address you — for whom, God knows, my regard is both disinterested and sincere—in language that our relative positions may not at first glance appear to justify.

“ Susan’s health is grievously impaired. Her legs, the admiration of pit, gallery, and our mutual friend in the boxes, have shrunk to nothing. Her professional prospects are blighted, unless you at once redeem your promise of making her Mrs. Stubbs. She requests me to return you the accompanying wheat ear-drops, the gift of a better and a happier hour.

“ Entreating you to save the scandal of publicity, and preserve a friendship that has been the bright star of my chequered life, I beg to subscribe myself, dear Mr. Stubbs,

“ Yours most faithfully,

“ WM. BOWKER.”

“ To Charles Stubbs, Esq.

“ Barlow Biggen, Boroughbridge,

“ Yorkshire.”

Charles was almost frantic when he received the foregoing. Whatever might have been his earlier frolics with the symmetrical-limbed actress, connecting her corporeal grossness with his present bright “ emanation of another world,” was perfectly disgusting.

Two days elapsed ere he summoned composure to write the following :—

“ Dear Sir,—Yours has astonished me more than I can express. That I (in common with other of old Snarle’s pupils) may have been tempted into liberties with Susan, the returned earrings may be some proof, but that I ever promised, or ever thought of marrying her, is utterly and unequivocally false. I don’t know the time when I was alone with her in Eagle Street, but I have frequently seen men in the back shop as I have been passing along, or looked in for a cigar, I trust she will not be foolish enough to risk an action, which can only end in her own exposure. Still the accusation annoys me excessively—particularly at the present time, for reasons superfluous to mention ; and I do hope and trust you will exert your influence in getting her kept quiet. I enclose 50*l.*—it is all I have in the world—indeed, more, for I have had to borrow 5*l.* of it from my sister ; give it her, or do what you think best with it, but I pray and beseech you not to let me hear any thing more on the subject,

“ Yours, &c.

“ C. STUBBS.

“ To Mr. Bowker,

“ Snuff and Cigar Merchant,

“ Eagle Street, Red Lion Square, London.”

\* \* \* \*

“By jingo, there’s a hanl!” exclaimed Bill, slapping his thigh, as the clean crisp 50/-note, with the raspberry-tart mark in the corner fell on his counter. “Distant, perhaps, but civil,” continued he, conning the letter. “Might have put Esquire, I think. However, he directs ‘Red Lion Square,’ instead of Lamb’s Conduit Street, which is always something, — *square* sounds well in the country.”

Bill then returned to the contents of the letter.

\* \* \* \*

“Give it her, or do what you think best with it,” read he over again. “*I* think the best thing will be to keep it myself. There’s that Prince Le Boo nigger down in Shadwell, I’ll go and buy it, and re-furnish my shop, and make my fortune yet;” so saying, Bill slipped on his old bargain-making clothes, and partly by walking, and partly by bussing, arrived at the “marine store,” where the object of his errand stood. Prince Le Boo was a magnificent nigger, six feet high, stout, and well formed. He had a splendid diadem, full of party-coloured feathers, and wore the dress of a savage chief. He had been the property of some East-end Bowker, who, in classical language, had “gone to the wall;” and Bill, in his nautical perambulations, had often admired the stately ease with which the Prince

faced the street, offering the contents of his snuff-box to the world. When the owner failed, Bill traced the Prince to his purchaser, and often, on a Saturday afternoon, he would stroll down to see if he was safe, and envy the possession of him. The reader may judge with what joy Bowker placed his prize in a cab, and drove up to Eagle Street, as proud as though he were riding alongside the Prince of Wales. The new purchase threw the blue-jacketed, red-stripe-trouserred predecessor into the back-ground, and Bill spent 10*l.* in advertising his establishment as Bowker's "Splendid Prince Le Boo Snuff and Tobacco Warehouse, and Cigar Divan, &c. The Trade supplied."

A sparkling paste necklace propitiated Mrs. Bowker for the apparent extravagance, and Bill replaced Stubbs' wheat earrings, and added a coral necklace and a false-diamond bandeau as an equivalent for Susan's share in the venture and prize-money.

The same day that brought Bowker this letter saw the following arrive at Barlow Biggen for Charles:—

"Mrs. Jorrocks' Comp" Mr. Stubbs, and, sir, I am shocked and surprised beyond all mensuration at his unprincipled conduct to my niece, which must be extremely painful both to Mrs. Jorrocks'

pride and delicacy ; and Mrs. Jorrocks begs to say most implicitly, that upon no consideration can she admit Mr. Stubbs at my house in Great Coram Street again any more.

“ Mrs. Jorrocks considers it an interposition of Providence that has disclosed Mr. Stubbs’ wickedness, and saved Mrs. Jorrocks’ niece from Mr. Stubbs’ rascality.

“ P.S.—The hat and trousers you left with her are left at Mr. Bowker’s ; and the books and things Mr. Stubbs gave Belinda, Belinda will prefer keeping if you have no objection.”

Belinda also wrote :—

“ Dear Charles,—Words cannot express the anguish that distracts the heart of her who now addresses you for the last time. With my dearest uncle’s sanction I am not ashamed to write that I was proud to receive your attentions. That admission will prepare you for the expression of indignation, with which I learn of your duplicity, to myself and another. But, Charles, I will not upbraid you. What is passed cannot be recalled. Womanly pride requires a communication from my hands, and manly honour, I feel assured, will induce you to allow this to close a communication, the recollection of which can-

not be otherwise than productive of the bitterest misery to

“ Yours, &c.

“ BELINDA JORROCKS,

“ *Great Coram Street, London.*

“ To C. Stubbs, Esq.

“ Barlow Biggen, near Boroughbridge.”

This letter, so unexpected, so determined, and apparently so deserved, completely stunned poor Charles. He could not reason on the subject. He read it, and put it into his pocket, and took it out of his pocket, and read it again. He thought the woman must have gone to Belinda. Then he recollected his letter to Bowker, and the 50*l.*, and wondered whether he had said any thing that might seem to commit himself. The more he thought, the more confused was his recollection. Bowker could never be such a rogue as peach. The woman never would have the impudence to go to Belinda;—and yet she seemed to be bringing an action. He had given her the earrings long since, when Belinda was at school. As to marrying the woman, he had just as much thought of marrying the dairy-maid. The more he thought, the farther he was from arriving at a conclusion.

## CHAPTER XII.

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“Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon ; and, after it is digested, it comes too late. There is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.”—T. SHANDY.

“Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,” muttered Mr. Bowker ;

“And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought ;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action,”

continued he, pacing home from old Snarle’s to Eagle Street.

The shades of night were drawing on. The gas men hurried from pillar to post ; early shops were shutting up ; and it was time to illumine the cigar-divan for the genteel young people they were letting loose.

Mr. Bowker was unhappy — Prince Le Boo had not brought him the comfort he expected. The snuff-merchant was conscience-stricken—he



had had no peace since he sold himself to Mrs. Jorrocks. Still he couldn't help himself, nor could he help repeating the lines already quoted. Belinda, as he had often seen her at Mrs. Jorrocks', appeared before him—so young, so graceful, and so agreeable,—

“ Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn ;  
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy.”

Then he thought of Stubbs—recalled his first coming to chambers—his open, hearty manner—and, above all, how differently Charles treated him to the generality of old Snarle's pupils. What might he be doing then ? Perhaps brooding over his misfortunes—racking his brain, to remember any thing that had passed that could be construed into a promise of marriage.

“ Why have I done all this ? ” asked Bill. “ Oh, curse the day that saw me in the clutches of that old hag ! ” continued he, as his interview in Great Coram Street came to his recollection. “ ‘ Who would fardels bear to groan and sweat beneath a weary life, but that—’ B— boy's shoved the corner of the shutter right into the pit of my stomach ! ” exclaimed Bill, breaking off, and doubling himself up ; “ Cursed little scamp ! ” added he, straightening himself, and seizing the boy by the cuff of the neck, and bastinadoing him with his cane. “ What do you mean by flourish-

ing your shutter about in that way?" whereupon Bill gave the boy two or three more hearty whacks, and then kicked him into the hosier's shop.

"Little unmitigated scamp!" continued Bill, hurrying on, muttering as he went, "By G—d! it would have been just the same thing if I'd been the lord-mayor."

Fearing he might be followed, Bill cut on as quick as he could. He kept close to the wall, and rounded the corner into Red Lion Street at something between a walk and a run. Unfortunately, a gentleman had just stepped aside to tie his shoe-string, and Bill went a somerset over him, with his face and hands in the kennel.

\* \* \* \*

Great was the hubbub! Women screamed—dogs barked—men stood and laughed—and boys jumped about, cheered, and clapped their hands.

Bill was sadly damaged; both hands and one cheek were covered with mud, and his drab tights were split across the knees.

\* \* \* \*

"G—d d—n you, sir!" roared Bill, gathering himself up, and addressing the gentleman; "what the d— did you do that for?"

"I was only tying my shoe-string!" replied a timid-looking little powdered man in black, eyeing Bill with unfeigned fear.

“TYING YOUR SHOE-STRING!” roared Bill; “d—n you, sir, you’re *always* tying your shoe-string. I’ve a devilish good mind to commit you for an assault!—*Confounded* good mind to commit you for an assault! By G—d, I *will* commit you for an assault! D—d if I *won’t* commit you for an assault! *What’s your name?* I’ll send you to Newgate!”

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Bowker’s temper was sadly ruffled. His neighbour Bullpit’s apprentice shouted and roared, and Mrs. Bowker even was graceless enough to laugh at him, as he entered his shop fresh from his fall; added to which, she had done no business during the day, and Mrs. Jorrocks had sent to say she wanted to see him again.

\* \* \* \*

As he was purging himself from his contempt, as he called it, and beginning to regain his usual equanimity, a cab rolled rapidly up the street, and, passing his door, pulled up short before his window.

“*That’s here!*” exclaimed Bill, from the back shop, where he was washing; “why don’t you light up, woman, and let our clients see where we live?” inquired he of his wife, hurrying on his night-coat, and bustling behind the counter.

A man in a weather-beaten, white macintosh,

jumped out of the cab, and entered the shop. The collar was up, but Bowker immediately recognised the hat and eyes.

“Did you get a letter from me?” inquired Charles, hastily, undoing the collar of his macintosh as he spoke.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Bowker, confusedly, “all right.”

“*All right!*—but it’s not all right,” repeated Charles,—“I think it’s all wrong. Who told Mrs. Jorrocks?”

“Mrs. Jorrocks!” repeated Mr. Bowker; “Mrs. Jorrocks—Mrs. Jorrocks—the old girl in Great Coram Street! ‘Faith, I don’t know.

“Real Havannahs, those, sir,” turning to a customer who had just entered the shop. “The ship only arrived the day before yesterday, and I took the whole cargo—two hundred ton in my warehouse. Thank ye, sir—want a case to put them in—great variety in the window—all prices. New one there!—Prince Albert in kilts, Shooting in Scotland—most popular pattern—sold three dozen to-day—*only* five shillings. Thank you, sir. You don’t snuff, I suppose?—got some of the purest Lundyfoot I ever received—forty barrels—four hundred pounds worth, in fact!”

The customer did not, and therefore took his departure.

“ Now, Bowker, tell me candidly,” said Charles, as soon as he was gone, “ what all this means — tell me the worst at once.”

“ ‘Faith, I have no *worst* in the matter,” replied Bill; “ you seem to know just as much about it as I do.”

“ Nay, don’t say that — don’t deceive me — you’ve seen old mother Jorrocks — you’ve some idea what she’s driving at.”

Bill was silent.

“ Isn’t the story about Susan all made up?”

“ Not a bit,” replied Mr. Bowker — “ Here’s the bill of Sadler’s Wells Theatre,” taking the play-bill out of the window, “ and you can see if Susan’s name’s among the performers.”

“ Oh that has nothing to do with it — that’s easily managed.”

“ You don’t mean to insinuate that I would lend myself to any thing of the sort, I hope, sir?” observed Bill, indignantly.

“ Not in the least,” replied Charles; “ I make no doubt you believe Susan’s story, and think me in the wrong; but there’s a way of arranging these matters, and as a mutual friend I think I may claim your services. You know I can’t marry both her and Miss Jorrocks.”

“ Why, really,” replied Bill, looking very solemn, “ I should be very happy to befriend you in any way in my power, but there’s an old

saying, Blood's stronger than water; and I must consider my wife's sister first. It's painful to my feelings as a gentleman, but I could not recommend her taking less than the sum laid in the declaration — a thousand, I think."

"Oh! that's all nonsense," interrupted Charles; "she might as well claim a million."

"I fear the law must take its course then," replied Bill: "it is a matter, you know, out of my branch of the profession — lies between the attorney and the pleader — but I know that they think they have a strong case; indeed, I believe there is a consultation to-night about moving to increase the damages to twelve hundred."

"They won't be a bit nearer getting it by laying them at twelve thousand," replied Charles, "because I'm *perfectly certain* that she has no grounds; at the same time you know the charge is capable of injuring me most materially; and if I am to be racked with suspense until cleared by the Court, there is no saying ——"

"Come, old Bill," exclaimed a well-musked youth in a blue Spanish cloak, with a profusion of ringlets and rings, "sarve me out a couple of your d—d dried cabbage-leaves, you brandy-faced, big-bellied blackguard."

"Certainly, sir," replied Bill, strewing a handful along the counter — "there's no standing your insinuating manner! Your politeness

exceeds your beauty. Those cigars, sir,—though I say it,—are not to be equalled.”

The youth lit one of them, and sticking his back against the counter, proceeded to draw long respirations, puffing out volleys of smoke at intervals. His great unmeaning eyes rested first on Prince Le Boo, then on the other nigger, next on Charles, then back on the Prince, then again on the nigger.

Mr. Bowker lighted the revolving fan-light in the window, which, with the gas on the counter, made a goodly illumination. He leaned with folded arms against the well-canistered shelves, and Charles seated himself on the make-believe snuff-barrel in which Mrs. Bowker kept her muff.

Bowker eyed Charles intently. Anguish had bleached his cheek, and there was a subdued melancholy in his dark eye that told of intense suffering.

“ B— it, Bill!” exclaimed the smoker, taking the cigar from his mouth, “ what’s that d——d old nigger got his fisherman’s boots on for?”

“ They’re not boots, they’re his black legs,” replied Mr. Bowker, snappishly. “ Don’t you know that a nigger has black legs?” inquired he, in a tone of contempt.

“ They look uncommon like boots by this

light," replied the smoker, "I wonder you don't gild his toes to let people see what they are."

"He's not a candle-light beauty," replied Mr. Bowker, carelessly.

The smoker threw open his cloak, and, jumping up, seated himself on the counter.

"You're *flat* old chap!" observed he to Bill, after a long puff—"no *jump* in you to-night—what's the matter?"

"Bad tooth-ach," replied Mr. Bowker, putting his hand to his cheek.

"Poor beggar!" replied the customer, "why don't you smoke one of your own cigars? It'll either cure you or make you sick—come, accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and let's off for the night—Coal Hole, Cider Cellar, Offley's, or somewhere."

"I think not, shall return myself for *Bedfordshire* before long," replied Mr. Bowker, yawning and stretching his arms—most heartily wishing his customer gone.

In vain Mr. Bowker tried to get rid of him; the smoker was evidently one of those who consider tobacconists public property—bound to find conversation and house-room.

\* \* \* \*

At length he went.

"Mr. Stubbs," said Bowker hurriedly, as he



passed round the counter where Charles sat, and laid his hand upon his arm. "Lend me your ear—I mean, let me have a word with you. You'll think me a scoundrel, I dare say," said he, his utterance almost choked, "but if you knew my necessities you'd pity me: I can't bear to see the misery I'm creating. *The story about Susan's all my eye.*"

Bill burst into tears.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Charles, brightening up; "what's the meaning of it, then?"

Bowker, more composed, proceeded to tell him. When he came to the end, the recollection of the way in which he had spent Charles's money so enraged him, that seizing a heavy ruler on the counter, he aimed such a blow at Prince Le Boo's head, as sent it flying through the milkman's window on the opposite side of the street.

\* \* \* \*

Day-dawn saw Mr. Bowker and Charles driving to Hoxton. The lunacy verdict had been canvassed by the papers, and those in the country had found much fault with the finding of the cockneys. An application to the Chancellor was recommended.

After much parleying and bullying from Mr. Bowker, they at length got admission, and found our old friend much as a pent-up fox-hunter

might be expected to be. He had been digging in the garden, and as they had deprived him of his wig, he had supplied its place with a red pocket-handkerchief.

“ Now this is werry kind o’ you !” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, running to receive them ; “ werry kind, indeed,” continued he, jumping about on one leg, exhibiting a pair of clogs in which he had been digging ; “ these are most comfortless quarters. I’ve had nobody to talk to,” continued he, “ since I came here, except yon poor booby among the cabbages, and a most uneasy companion he is. Thinks he’s made o’ glass, and that the bouys are slyin’ stones at him. I tells him, he’d better be mad upon ’unting than mad upon such nonsense as that—*haw ! haw ! haw !* But come, sit down—make yourselves at ’ome, in fact, and tell me the news o’ the willage.—Trade brisk or only middlin’ ?”

Thus Mr. Jorrocks rattled on in his usual strain, first on one subject, then on another, and not always waiting for an answer to his questions.

Of course Dr. ——— maintained he was mad. He had lucid intervals certainly, but as soon as ever the subject of hunting was mentioned, off he went at a tangent. Charles said he had seen many men that way, and the doctor’s eyes

glistened, for he thought he'd like to fill his house with them: call it the "United Fox-hunter's Asylum," or some such name.

Mr. Bowker rather disconcerted him, when he hinted that he would like the Chancellor to see Mr. Jorrocks; and when he proclaimed himself to be a gentleman of the law, and talked about a "*habeas corpus*," the doctor's countenance fell amazingly.

After much shuffling backwards and forwards work, many protestations from the mad doctor, that the indiscretion of his friends would very materially retard, if not altogether prevent, Mr. Jorrocks's recovery, the solicitors at length agreed upon requesting a private examination by the Chancellor, which was kindly vouchsafed, his lordship having been struck by the perusal of the proceedings as published in the newspapers, and having, moreover, some little curiosity to see the distinguished subject of the inquiry.

Accordingly it was arranged that Mr. Jorrocks should wait in his lordship's private room for the rising of his court. Thither our friend went, accompanied only by his partner, Mr. Simpkins, and Charles Stubbs. Mr. Bowker presented them to the usher, and returned to old Snarle. The court sat late. His lordship's train-bearer lent them a newspaper, and, stirring the fire,

advised them to sit round, and make themselves comfortable.

Accordingly they did.

Several people looked in upon them;—a footman, an usher, a laundress, but nobody seemed inclined to stay.

Towards dusk a tall elderly gentleman made his appearance, who seemed more at home in the apartment than his predecessors had been. He was a fine handsome man, with a mild expression of countenance, that set every one at ease that looked at him.

“Is Mr. Jorrocks here?” inquired he, after surveying the party by the fire.

“Mr. Jorrocks is here!” replied our hero, getting up.

“Don’t let me disturb you, pray,” rejoined the gentleman, bowing, and motioning Mr. Jorrocks to be seated. Our friend, however, being up, took a coat-lap over each arm, and turned his back to the fire, and his front to the enterer.

“Coolish evening, this, Mr. Jorrocks,” observed the gentleman, rubbing his hands as he approached the fire; “I hope your accommodation is comfortable at Hoxton?”

“Any thing *but* comfortable,” replied Mr. Jorrocks; “at least I shall be werry glad to let you have it if you like.”

The gentleman smiled. “Rather be in the

City, perhaps, among your bills and books ;—do you know how the funds are ?”

“ Indeed I don’t,” replied Mr. Jorrocks ; “ consols were at eighty-nine and a quarter when they shopped me ; don’t know what they may be now.”

“ You understand money matters, I suppose,” observed the gentleman. “ Can you tell me the difference between discount and interest ?”

“ I should think so,” replied Mr. Jorrocks. “ Catch a merchant not understandin’ that. Discount’s a premium paid in hand for the loan of money for a time yet to come, and the chap wot gets the discount can lend the discount out again, while the chap wot gets the interest has to wait his time afore he has it to lend.”

“ They feed you pretty well where you are, I suppose ?”

*Mr. Jorrocks.*—“ Tol-lol—*mutton ! mutton !—*  
*toujours mutton*, as we say in France.”

“ What ! mutton every day ? Can you tell me how many legs a sheep has ?”

“ Dead or alive ?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

“ They say you are mad about hunting, I understand,” observed the gentleman after a laugh at Mr. Jorrocks’ acuteness.

“ Ah—’unting’s the thing !” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks—“ the sport of kings—but, however, never mind, we won’t talk about that,” added he,

checking himself, and saying, "I wish the old gentleman would come."

"I suppose hunting's a fine amusement," observed the gentleman, after a pause. "Did you ever hunt with the stag-hounds?"

"Once," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "Once, I should think, would be enough for any body."

"How so? I thought they were popular."

"They may, but I thinks nothin' of them. The *fox* is the thing! Confound it? *There goes*," observed Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself.—"Well, never mind, I'll tell you something," continued he, after a pause—" 'Unting exemplifies wot the grammarians call the three degrees of comparison: —stag-'unting is positively bad, 'are-'unting is comparatively good, and fox-'unting superlatively so. There's a wrinkle for ye!"

"Your lordship's carriage is at the door," announced a footman in undress livery.

"My vig!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, starting; "have I been talking all this nonsense to the Chancellor? Oh, dear! oh, dear!" continued he, wringing his hands and stamping, "wot a confounded old jackass I am! Dash my vig! I don't think I shall ever grow wiser."

"Don't alarm yourself, my good friend," observed the Chancellor, mildly; "I am glad to have seen you in this way, for it has given me an opportunity of judging how you are. You

may be an enthusiast; but I think, sir," turning to the doctor, "Mr. Jorrocks seems perfectly able to do without your assistance, and I should recommend your letting him go home quietly from here," so saying, his lordship bowed and retired.

\* \* \* \*

"Dash my vig! but that's somethin' like a Chancellor!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as his lordship got out of hearing, and seizing the mad doctor with one hand, and desiring Charles to take him by the other, they danced three reels till the mad doctor could dance no longer, when Mr. Jorrocks having kicked out the mad doctor's hat-crown, politely placed the remains on his head and shoved him out of the door. Joining arms with Bowker, who had now returned, and Stubbs, he then strutted away most consequentially for Great Coram Street—just as they did on the first night of Charles's introduction.

\* \* \* \*

"Now," said he, when he got to the Hunter Street turn, producing his sneck-key as he spoke, "we'll give 'em an agreeable surprise."

Having arrived at the Great Coram Street door, he gently opened the latch, and motioning them to enter on tiptoe, as quietly closed the door after him.

There was a solitary candle in the passage, and a strong smell of dinner below. Knives and forks were going in the parlour.

He quietly opened the door. There sat Mrs. Jorrocks, in a fine red and gold turban, at the top of the table, Belinda with her back to the door, and Captain Doleful in the host's chair, in the act of diving a fork into the breast of a boiled turkey.—“*Holloa! old bald-faced baboon!*” roared Mr. Jorrocks, an exclamation that caused Captain Doleful to drop his fork, his whiskers to fall from his face, and Mrs. Jorrocks to swoon on the floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six weeks after James Pigg was seen reeling down Great Coram Street with a large tobacco-stained favour under his chin, holloaing out “*Keep the Tamboreen a rowlin’!*” and proclaiming “that he had been the death of a guinea,” and meant to be the death of another when young Stubbs was christened; but as Mr. Colburn has sent a most polite note, intimating that the printers have copy enough, the author waits the pleasure of the public to know whether they would like to hear any thing more about “Jorrocks and Co.” or not.

THE END.

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